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EXCURSIONS

IN

DENMARK, NORWAY, AND SWEDEN.

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EXCURSIONS

IN

DENMARK, NORWAY, AND SWEDEN,

INCLUDING

NOTICES OF THE STATE OF PUBLIC OPINION
IN THOSE COUNTRIES,

AND

ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS.

83393

BY

ROBERT BREMNER, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "EXCURSIONS IN THE INTERIOR OF RUSSIA," &c.

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NORWAY.

A

SUMMER TOUR IN DENMARK, NORWAY, &c.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST STEPS IN NORWAY; AND SCENE OF CHARLES THE TWELFTH'S DEATH.

Bold Scenery—Kind Reception from a Prisoner of War—Frederickshaid — Fortress of Frederickstein — Monument of Charles XII.—Reflections—Soldiers' Evening Hymn—Inns and Eggs—Night Watchmen.

The frontier between Sweden and Norway, at Swinesund, presents one of the most impressive scenes in the world. We had for a time been travelling across a rocky mountain, through woods of tall and aged trees, so close that nothing could be seen but the narrow strip of light above us. All of a sudden the view opens in front—the blue sky of June lies clear before

us: we advance a little, and behold a scene of the most appalling grandeur. We are on the summit of an immense precipice, so steep that it would seem impossible to creep down in safety. Wherever the eye is directed, both far above and deep below us, are seen whole mountains of granite, heaped high and higher in the wildest confusion.

At the foot of the descent lies one of the most indelible frontier lines ever traced by nature—an arm of the sea, deep and sullen, but only a few hundred yards broad, washing a line of rocks so lofty that the mast of a passing ship looks like a toy beneath them. The scene is altogether so overwhelming that the gazer pauses in speechless wonder. In some places the rocks are scattered in broken groups, all bleached and bare, without a single tree for the invader to lay hold of, should he think of scaling such a rugged barrier. At other spots, however, the wildest of the cliffs present a solitary pine of enormous growth, rooted in a mossy crevice, from which its branches droop wild and free on every side—such a pine and such a scene, as might tempt our Thomson from his fair Duddingstone,—for they are such as his taste most delights in, and such as his pencil alone does justice to.

While our carriage, retarded by strong boughs twisted among the wheels, was sliding timidly down the steep, we clambered up the most accessible of the nearer points, in search of some mosses that glistened temptingly on a broad ledge, where we stretched ourselves to gaze over the brink on the beautiful chaos around, and could not tear ourselves from the spot till the plash of the boatman's oar summoned us impatiently to embark. On descending, the only houses which we found at the foot were a boatman's hut at the nearest side, and the Norwegian custom-house on the other. At the latter our passports were demanded the moment we quitted the huge boat; for though Norway and Sweden are under one crown, they still, absurdly, keep up all the formalities of separate kingdoms in regard to travellers passing from one to the other. The person in authority at this place, however, is very unlike his brethren in other countries. He seemed determined that our first impressions of old Norway (Gamle Norge, as he called it) should be favourable, and welcomed us with as much kindness as if we had been friends. Who ever heard of a passport-inspector treating strangers to a glass of sherry? The man deserves a monument as high as the rocks that tower over his dwelling.

The small fee would scarcely pay for the wine we drank.

The cause of his attention to English travellers is honourable alike to him and to his guests—he was once a prisoner of war amongst us, and thinks himself bound to behave well to all Englishmen in return for the kindness shewn to him when he most needed kindness; and he is not the only one we have met abroad who retains a grateful recollection of the treatment they received in England under the same melancholy circumstances. Their gratitude struck us the more from its being at variance with the statements of many French writers, who still represent our conduct to prisoners as having been disgracefully harsh.

After doing all honour to our new friend's hospitality, we were conducted through his handsome house, which had been but recently finished, and is well worth examining as a specimen of Norwegian comfort and elegance. All the rooms are large and well lighted, and display a great profusion of showy prints. The drawing-room, tastefully papered, and floored with beautiful fir deals thirty-two feet long, opens on a verandah, resting on elegant pillars, which, springing immediately from the deep water, recal something of Venetian tastes; but

how different is the view among these cliffs rising high into the clouds, and reflected in a transparent basin, full seventy feet deep, from the view presented on the rockless shores and shallow lagunes of the Adriatic! We recollect few scenes in all our wanderings that struck us more than this. There is something so imposing in its lonely grandeur, that even the warlike Bernadotte, whose tastes do not lean to such indulgences, never passes to Christiania without resting here to enjoy the magnificent sight.

Two hours' drive brought us to the ancient town of FREDERICKSHALD, interesting to the traveller as the place where Charles XII. was killed. No language could describe the mixed singularity and grandeur of its position. It spreads irregularly round the foot of a huge rock, whiter, more rugged, and loftier than the Castle rock of Edinburgh, but, like it, rearing a place of strength on its summit—the famed fortress of Frederickstein. Other rocks, or rather mountains of rock, are scattered at some distance over the whole horizon, with such wild variety of shape and position, as if Nature had been in sport when she planted them. The town stands at the termination of the Sound, which winds round one mountain and then another, like a river flowing inland. We had

passed some fields of good land before reaching the town; but, in its immediate vicinity, the eye rests on nothing but ridges as bleak as if a hundred miles away from cultivation. The streets are wide and regular, presenting many handsome houses, which, except in the side lanes, are generally two stories high, and all with a freshness of look but too well explained by the terrible conflagration, by which nearly the whole place was reduced to ashes only thirty years ago. It has recovered rapidly from this disaster, and now enjoys a considerable trade in timber, &c. The little stream which crosses the town is literally covered with deals, floated down from the saw-mills among the mountains. The population may be near 5,000, at least such is the common estimate; for, judging by the silence and deserted aspect of the streets, we should not have believed it to contain more than 3,000 souls.

The fortress stands four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is still very strong. Our first visit, however, was to the spot where Charles XII. was killed by a shot from this same castle which he was besieging. After climbing long and wearisomely round the fortified height, we came to a wide hollow on the top of the rock behind the castle, between it

and another point, which is also fortified. On crossing this green hollow, now chiefly occupied with pleasure-walks, we reach a small cluster of rocks hanging giddily over the deep valley in which the river flows; and at their base, within a space neatly railed off and adorned with shrubs, stands a monument, which indicates that here fell the kingly Swede. No wonder that he was marked from the castle walls, for he was scarcely more than gunshot distance away from them, and almost on the same level. The monument consists merely of a slight pyramid, four or five feet high, resting on a low base eighteen inches square; it bears nothing but the words, "Siege of Fredericks-hald, 10th September, 1718." It is overhung by a luxuriant aspen, whose fresh leaves rustle against the bosom of the jagged rock; the seats erected beneath its shade, thickly inscribed with names and dates, show that the spot is often visited by strangers, some of whom, in search of memorials of the warlike monarch, have mutilated the edges of the graceful monument. The spot is a favorite holiday resort with the towns-people; for the view on every hand is one of the grandest that eye can look upon—mountain waving beyond mountain like the troubled sea, with forests, waters, rocks—such rocks

as Norway alone can boast of—all mingling so grandly and so profusely, that no spot in the world could be found more fit for a hero to die upon. We thought too, as we mused on his strange career, that he died a fit death for a hero and a soldier king. How few great warriors like him have died the death to which they had led so many thousands of their fellow-creatures! As we thought of this fact, and recalled his self-denial, his perseverance, his bravery, we forgot his reckless love of glory—forgave him his errors, and plucked a leaf from his tree with something of the feeling that would have been inspired by the memory of a better man.

Standing on this spot it was impossible not to look back on the constant wars in which these northern nations were involved, both under Charles XII. and all their other sovereigns; but it was equally impossible to resist the delightful reflection that though so long torn by discord more fiercely than perhaps any other part of Europe, they now scarcely know what war is. What a contrast for nations which were either incessantly at strife with each other, or disturbed by rival parties at home, as Denmark, Sweden, and Norway always were until now! Probably in the whole of their

history they never before enjoyed twenty years of peace. Let us hope that here and in other nations the taste for these unnatural discords is dying away, and that men will not again return to what for a time was almost their only occupation. The terrible struggles from which Europe is now reposing cost her children dear, but humanity will have no reason to regret her sacrifices, if they have at last produced disgust of the bloody trade of war, and taught us that there are other occupations more worthy of rational and immortal beings.

We descended through the fortress, the sentinels allowing us to pass without a word, notwithstanding our unceremonious gaze at their smart accoutrements, and especially their formidable bayonets, the largest surely in Europe. Many of the buildings are now greatly dilapidated; for, so far from having been recently put in complete repair, as the foreign newspapers had been asserting, both this and all the other fortifications we had yet seen in these countries are in a state of the greatest neglect: we did not see a single mounted cannon in the fortress, though many fine guns, with bombs, &c. are lying on the turf outside. From the appearance of some of the buildings, it is too obvious that the castle, strange to say, suffered much in

the conflagration already mentioned. How the flames could have reached these rocks is very surprising, but so fierce were its ravages that the barracks and prisons, as well as the gun-carriages, were all destroyed. The buildings are very numerous, and cluster so strangely among the rough peaks which rise in the very heart of the fortress, that in many places it is difficult to distinguish the walls from the solid rock. Altogether, nature and art have combined to make it one of the strongest fortifications in the world. The side nearest the town is so steep that the roughly causewayed path, even with its countless turnings, is nearly precipitous.

It was while descending this path, that we were arrested by sounds, so pleasing, yet so mysterious, that we were at first at a loss to discover whence they could proceed. The sun had set—the hour of repose was come—the slow and solemn music which floated up to us from a hundred voices was the evening hymn of the young soldiers, drawn out in the open air before retiring to rest. We looked in vain for the place where so many could be assembled—the large barrack was hid from us by a projection of the rock near the bottom. This beautiful custom of joining together in praise of the Almighty,

at the fall of night, is universal among the troops in Norway and Sweden.

We got excellent rooms at a private house in the town, with the best of fare and attendance. When the bill was presented next morning, however, we were at once reminded that we were no longer in Sweden. Its excess was defended on the ground that, there being no hotel, we ought to be thankful to have got under cover at all. The only consolation we had, after paying it, was on hearing that another travelling party who left the house about the same time, were charged so high that they paid just *one-half* of what was put down against them, and drove off without further parley; a lesson which may be useful to the Norwegians, who are noted for charging high when it can be done with impunity. It may be thought that the landlady, in our case at least, had good reason to charge handsomely, when we state that among the profusion of broiled salmon and other good fare at breakfast, were *ten* fresh eggs: the people of the country eat enormous numbers of them; ever since we had left Denmark we had exactly *ten* set down to three of us each morning. Only once was the legal number departed from,—they could not muster more than *nine* in the whole village.

The watchmen of Norway, who are famed for their serenades, did not fail to give us "a taste of their quality" the very first night we slept within the frontier. Oftener than once were our slumbers disturbed by the low lazy chaunt of the man on duty in the street, who, every time he came opposite our windows, drawled out a long ditty about himself, the weather, and the hour, mingled with pious wishes for the well-being of those whom he guarded; and then left us to fall asleep again—if we could.

CHAPTER II.

COAST OF THE SKAGGERAK.—CONTRASTS BETWEEN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

Convicts—Cross the Glommen—*Moss*—Scene of Saw-mills—Awkward Resemblances between the Norwegian and Swedish Languages—Ferocity of the Peasants—Extortion—Roads—Posting—The Norwegian Pony—Snow Ploughs—Houses—Dogs—Cows and their Bells—Flowers—Birds—*Carrioles*—Midnight Entrance to Christiania.

HAVING a long day's work before us, in order to reach Christiania before night, we started from Frederickshald by seven, when none of the inhabitants were to be seen in motion, except some convicts cleaning the streets, in a coarse dress of striped black and white, and a heavy chain on the leg.

In the first part of our drive the country was generally flat, and, near the road at least, well cultivated; at some distance forests were seen stretching away in all their pristine rudeness. Generally speaking, however, the country, for a long way after leaving the wild and singular scenery of the Sound, does not present any of

the grander features of Norwegian landscape. Yet we must not forget, that, in the second stage, we reached one of the noblest sights that these countries afford—a river of such magnitude as our island imaginations can form little idea of—the Thames and the Severn put together, with the Tweed and Spey to aid them, would not form half such a volume of water. It was the Glommen, the largest river of Norway, and by pre-eminence known as the *Stor-Elv*, or Great River—a most magnificent tide, rolling in resistless majesty through low and unvaried banks. It issues from Lake Miösen, and, after a winding course, enters the Skaggerak (a short way below the point where we crossed) at Frederickstadt, a place of 2,000 inhabitants, with a fortress and arsenal, and the seat of a considerable trade in deals and iron. There is a fine fall in its course, the Sarpefos, whose roar reached us when miles away. We found the banks encumbered with logs and deals of great beauty; for we were now fairly in the forest regions of Norway. The stream is very wide, and the passage is rendered precarious by a strong whirlpool in the middle, occasioned chiefly by the tide, which flows up thus far; but our stout rowers took the large and crowded boat across in great safety.

The town of *Moss*, where the treaty of union between Norway and Sweden was signed in 1814, is the only place of importance in our long drive. Its inhabitants, about 1,600 in number, are nearly all connected with the export of iron and timber, for both of which the place is in great repute. The houses, small and mean, spread down an uneven hill-side, in a state of confusion very rare in the Scandinavian peninsula, which generally may be called the land of straight streets and uniform houses. The scene, as we leave the town, is exceedingly singular, but at the same time quite characteristic of Norway. The moment we passed the last houses we were saluted with a discordant crash, which would have been enough to startle unaccustomed horses: on looking round, we saw that we were amongst saw-mills, torrents, wheels, dams, thrown about in such disorder, that room is scarcely left for the road. All were in motion, and all helping each other; the water from one mill wriggling away to another on a lower level, and some of the wheels sending out a long creaking arm to help some other concern fighting away beside it. Some of the water-courses run along the road, some are carried *over* it in long troughs, with the water dripping from them as we pass; some

are straight, some curved, some zigzag; some double, some single—foaming in white lines down the side of the height, which ends in the bay. After doing all this work among the two-and-twenty saw-mills, the tortured stream re-unites its strength, and, before joining the sea, renders man one service more, by driving the bellows of a great iron work, very advantageously situated a short way from the road.

For a good many miles before entering this place, the road had led through close forests, with fewer mountains in sight, and cultivation less frequent, than in Sweden. Now, however, the country became for a time more varied; vale and forest, interspersed with streams and small lakes, being scattered about in rich variety on every side. We travelled on so pleasantly, that we galloped through two stages without halting, and took them for only one; the Schutzbonde, who attended us and would have stopped us at the intermediate station-house, being so badly mounted that he soon fell hopelessly behind.

As the postmasters are forbidden to take horses off the hands of travellers, unless in the presence of their owners, we had to wait for our lagging friend at the poor post-house of *Sooner*, where, having already found the Nor-

wegian peasantry very quarrelsome, we fully expected to have a warlike rencontre on his arrival; but either the fear of punishment for having loitered behind, or the satisfaction of having gained a double day's work, kept him prudently silent. An examination of the small church beside the inn occupied part of our leisure; it is a complicated wooden structure—a perfect specimen of Norwegian architecture; consisting of a large hump swelling high in the centre, and of four lesser humps, two at each end, descending gradually, till the last is little higher than the church-yard wall. The grassy graves seem to be the bleaching-green of the few families living near; they were now covered with linen from side to side.

While loitering here we discussed a few of the differences which struck us on entering Norway. Among them must first be mentioned the difference between the Norwegian and Swedish languages; the change is apparent even to an unpractised ear, all the tones which now salute us being much harsher and louder than those of the Swedish. Nor is it merely in sound that they disagree; they differ so widely in sense also, as to render it difficult for the lower classes to make themselves understood in both. It is a singular fact regarding

the two tongues, that though many words are the same in both, yet these words often have quite a different signification on crossing the border. The consequence is, that people who intend to employ the politest terms frequently make very offensive blunders in complimenting their friends in the language they are least familiar with.

No change is more perceptible on entering Norway than that which takes place in the character of the people. We found our new acquaintances rude and contentious to a high degree. With the Swedes we scarcely had a single ill-natured word; but, on crossing the frontier, we found the peasants, and many of the people at the stations, as savage in their manners as they are in their looks. Among other amiable qualities, they have a great desire to overcharge in every way: in the course of a fifty miles' journey, we had repeatedly to resist their demand of payment for *four* horses when they had supplied only *three*. This they claim on the pretext, that when the two horses in our carriage belong, as they generally do, to two different people, they have a right to send a man on horseback for each, to attend and bring it home. Though it would have been rather absurd to have seen a small carriage

parading the country with two outriders, we were perfectly willing to pay for the fourth horse, had he been produced and put to the carriage; but as only one was sent, the extortion was resisted, on which there generally arose such loud words between our interpreter and the people of the post, that we had difficulty in escaping without a regular battle. In fact, he says, that he never comes amongst the Norwegians without being in terror for his life. Some gentlemen who passed this road the same day, were so much impeded at one place, that their servant actually came to blows with the Schutzbonde, and at last tumbled him into a cart as the only way of bringing him along in quiet. At another post, where they resisted a demand for more horses than they had been supplied with, a fellow hurried off to raise the village against them. These things made us ask, What can have given rise to the fables about Norwegian courtesy and Norwegian honesty?

Posting becomes dearer on crossing the frontier; in place of $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ we now pay $10d.$ per mile (still about seven of ours); and on leaving towns, three times that amount is charged, making $2s.\ 6d.$ for each horse per Norse mile. At the country stations, also, there is a fee of four skillings, order-money, for every horse.

It is a source of grumbling with the Swedish farmers near the border, that they cannot get as much for their horses as their less-taxed neighbours. This additional expense is compensated neither by an improvement in the horses, nor in the roads, which are not so well made, nor kept in such good repair, as those of Sweden. A great part of the route near the Sound is covered with heavy sand; yet there is immense parade about the keeping of the roads; there being stuck up at every two or three hundred yards a little painted board, exhibiting some figures, and the name of the farmer who is charged with the maintenance of that particular bit.

The horses, though a good pair may be seen now and then, are not in general equal to those of Sweden. The real Norwegian race, which is one of the hardiest and most valuable in the world, does not begin until we go much further north.

We afterwards got better acquainted with the Norwegian pony; and should say that it is one of the best little animals in Europe. They are small, but fit for a great deal of work; fast goers, and very hardy in keep, &c. They would be invaluable in England, as beasts of all-work. About a gentleman's place in the country, for riding occasionally, for a light cart

or gig, for the gamekeeper, and even for the master himself on a pinch, these active creatures would beat all our own breeds. Some are occasionally sent to Leith, by ships from Christiania and other parts of Norway, but only when commissioned. The best of them are of a yellow colour, with black manes; but there are also horses of all colours from bay to roan.

The rule of the road, to the stranger's great embarrassment, changes immediately on crossing the frontier: in Sweden, you keep to your own *right* in passing; in Norway, to your *left*. Large triangular snow-ploughs, of very simple structure, are placed in readiness for winter all along the road. Each farmer is bound to clear a certain portion when the snow falls. The machines are pushed from behind by as many men as can be mustered; near a dozen labourers are needed before much good can be done.

The houses in Norway, more especially those in the country, nearly all have an open gallery along the front and one end. In place of being set on a basement of stone, as in Sweden, they are perched on thick wooden pillars about two feet high, which prop them securely at the corners, and leaves the wind free space to wanton below them, pretty much as among "cornstacks" in Scotland. There is one plan

of houses particularly ugly: you at first see no glass, but merely two or three large square holes, where windows *should* be; it turns out that the windows are inside of these—the dull wall is merely an outer shell, required in this severe climate, to protect the real houses, which have their windows opposite the holes. Many of them being unpainted, these timber structures become grey with the weather, and have a most gloomy appearance.

Pigs of a large and excellent race are seen poking busily about every house; we wondered that they did not occasionally succeed in undermining the little squat pillars on which the fabrics rest. At many of the doors we see a large and beautiful wolf-dog, with broad white breast, said to be very bold in assailing the foe. The cattle are superior to those of Sweden; the cows, in particular, are very fine: we saw many that would not disgrace the paddocks of Holland. Each cow has a bell tied to her neck, and as the sheep also are similarly decorated, though with a much smaller bell, there is always abundance of that soft music which we had often heard with delight in other parts of Europe, but never under such romantic associations as among the glades of the Hartz mountains. These soft tinklings are always allied with

dreams of pastoral happiness, and, by one who has wandered on the Continent, can never be heard without calling up pictures of rural sunsets and rural peace.

The pastures are all adorned with the large golden cups of the marsh marigold (*Trollius europæus*), a plant which, under one name or other, seems to be a favourite with the peasantry of most countries. As "water-blobs," the flowers are held in great regard in some parts of Yorkshire; and Allan Ramsay celebrates them, under a different name, when he describes his swains as

"Pu'ing *lucken-gowans* frae the bog,"

a pastime almost literally imitated by the peasants of Norway; for they make a very beautiful use of these flowers, gathering them with care from the meadows, and strewing them on the floors of their best rooms with liberal hand. We thought this a very pretty custom, but, as lovers of flowers, were almost sorry to trample on the large golden cups, which alone are employed, the stalks and leaves being cast aside. Plants of the common lilac tree are seen by many of the doors in full blow; and altogether there is a much greater love for flowers and gardens than in Sweden.

The swallow twitters in thousands near every

house: of other birds we see almost none, except the blackbird and yellow-hammer. Of the more poetical sights of rustic life, only few present themselves to the passer-by. Our rural sympathies were completely shocked at one of the most sequestered passes in the forest, by the apparition of a poor chimney-sweep, whose begrimed face was sadly out of keeping with these free scenes. In general, we meet few people travelling: little neat gigs now and then glide past us, in some of which ladies are seated, driving with much science. The best vehicle of all, however, is the carriole, still smaller than the gig; it is the smartest thing ever mounted on wheels.

After leaving *Sooner* we had frequent delays in procuring horses; in fact, we had been unlucky enough to overtake our forebud, and were compelled to loiter at the dull solitary post-houses, without entertainment for mind or body. It was thus near eleven before we reached the stage entering Christiania; yet so clear is the northern night in June, that even at this late hour we saw to read and write in the carriage. We had still many hills to climb and descend, some of them sufficiently tedious; but the precipice, for such it seemed, leading down to Christiania, put our nerves to the worst test

of all. The sky being very gloomy, for the night was now at its darkest, the descent appeared even worse than it is; and matters were not improved on reflecting that we had no drag-chain, and were at the mercy of horses which like better to gallop down a hill than to walk. Our skilful Swede, however, brought us to the bottom in great safety, in spite of all the deep ruts and sharp turnings. A few minutes more took us through the miry suburbs of Christiania, where our appearance at such an unusual hour startled the helmeted watchmen sauntering from street to street. We met with a kind reception from mine host of the *Hotel du Nord;* and although, when we betook ourselves to rest, day was already breaking through our windows, the soft persuasion of the eider-down pillows drove all remembrance of our "hair-breadth 'scapes" to speedy and dreamless flight.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTIANIA.

Beautiful Situation—Dullness—The Norwegian Ladies—Scarcity of Shops—Few Carriages—Walks by the Shore—Our Table-d'hote—Company and Fare—Bread—Living not Cheap—Norway Rats—A Dear Bill—The Duke of D——Visit to the Fish-market—Harbour and Trade—Complaints of Norwegians against the Duties on their Timber in England—Qualities of Pine—Trade of Bergen—Lobsters, &c.—More Rats.

CHRISTIANIA is the dullest capital we ever set foot in. Fortunately, however, its dullness is in some degree redeemed by the romantic beauties of its unrivalled situation, and the charms of the surrounding scenery.

This ambitious little capital stands at the termination of a bay of the same name, on a low slope, which gradually rises backwards from the shore to a waving line of mountains, four or five miles distant. From each end of this line a range of hills sweeps down to the bay, so that Christiania and its uplands form a kind of horse-shoe, ringed in by heights of the most beautiful out-

line. The little river Agger, which enters the bay at the town, is of great use in driving the saw-mills, of which there are many nests a short way above; but it is too insignificant to form any ornament to the landscape.

Seen from the adjoining heights, the town, with its painted or white-washed mansions—the islets of the bay, scattered beautifully in front—the country-houses and their sheltering tufts of trees or shrubs spreading over every knoll—the varying mountains, still covered in most places with lofty pines—all unite to form a landscape of no ordinary beauty. But enter the city—see its unpaved approaches, with ditches of stagnant water in front of the mean hovels on either hand—its monotonous houses, even when you reach the best of them—its gloomy, deserted streets, without side-pavement or elegance of any kind—see all this, and more of dullness and misery than we dare to dwell upon, and you will agree with us that Christiania can be no very attractive place to the stranger. Except the University (used also as the Storthing, or Parliament-house), which has the very national ornament of clumsy wooden pillars in front, there is not a single building with any claim to architectural attractions. Many of the houses, like those of Norway in

general, have such a dull look that they remind one of a deserted spinning-mill; at first they appear to be all built of wood, but many are of brick; and now, in consequence of the frequent ravages of fire, a law has been passed, enjoining that all new houses shall be constructed of stone. The last great fire was in 1819; it destroyed the wood-yards—a loss which was the more severely felt from its occurring in the spring, the very season when they are fullest in preparation for foreign demands.

Christiania has sometimes been compared to Kirkwall, but there is no resemblance between them. The Orcadian capital is one of the most picturesque, old-fashioned, delightful little places in the world, with a Gothic cathedral, princely ruins, pepper-box turrets, high-peaked castles, and overhanging alleys, sufficient to make it a rival to the most picturesque towns in the Low Countries; not one of which attractions are to be found in the city we are now speaking of. Christiania stands nearly in the same latitude (59° 55½′) as Lerwick (60°); but it is said not to gain by a comparison even with the remote capital of Zetland.

There is nothing to enliven the streets, except the useful but not very handsome fountains, which may be seen at many of the places where

two thoroughfares cross; they consist of a great square box, or trough, with a little spout to each, always most furiously active.

That Christiania should have such a gloomy appearance is scarcely to be reconciled with the undeniable fact that it is in a very flourishing condition, as is well proved by the wonderful increase of its population, which in 1810 was only 10,000, but now exceeds twice that number. This rapid increase is generally attributed to the impulse given to trade, by the establishment of an independent national legislature, which holds its sittings here. An University has also been founded, together with other seminaries of high character, all of which of course attract a large additional population. The little capital is not difficult to govern; a president, or mayor, with two assistants (aldermen), rule over it with gentle sway. The governor of the province is also governor of the city.

The gloominess of the streets is partly owing to the almost complete absence of the fair sex from them. Few women of the better, or indeed of any, class are seen walking about. Walking, indeed, seems to form no part of their amusements; if you watch well, you may see perhaps four or five in the streets in the course of a day. We once actually saw as many

as three at one time going a-shopping, which can be no toilsome duty here, as shops are very scarce, and many of them contain a most convenient though strange concatenation of articles—thimbles, gloves, and lace, side by side with tea, tobacco, and treacle; so that there is no excuse for wandering far in order to make purchases. We are compelled to admit, that the charms of the fair ladies who occasionally shew themselves in the streets, by no means give a high idea of Norwegian beauty. In fact, both in look and manner, the ladies of Christiania are far inferior to those of Sweden. They are emphatically large, and dress in a way that would not be tolerated in a country-town with us.

The people of Christiania do not appear to have imbibed the rage for carriages, by which their Danish friends are characterized. We did not see anything entitled to the name of a "gentleman's carriage," all the four days we remained. A stray carriole, and in general a very shabby one, may occasionally be seen creeping through the streets.

Another defect of this city is, that it has no public walk; for the Botanic Garden can never be made a place of indiscriminate resort. In fact, nothing has been done to turn to account the very remarkable natural beauties of

the neighbourhood. No city we have ever been in has greater capabilities for becoming one of the finest in Europe. This conviction was strongly forced upon us as we lay in the evening on one of the rocky islets of the bay, commanding such a panorama as no other spot presents. The heights studded with country-houses rising abruptly from the shore, would afford walks of endless variety and beauty; while the sweet islands within a few minutes' distance, would form enchanting retreats in the soft evenings of summer; on such waters the lover's bark would glide smooth, and the lover's song sound tender — * * * but the bright sky enabling us to write, though it was only one hour from midnight, and the drawl of the watchmen, reminded us that this was not the land of gondolas—that neither lute nor mandolin had ever echoed on these hyperborean shores.

Some days the only symptoms of life displayed in Christiania, were in the court-yard and attics of our hotel. The dinner-party at the *table d'hôte* was always very numerous, and, so far as dispatch could make it so, sufficiently lively. Dinner was served at the primitive hour of two, in a large room decorated in the old and not very delicate French taste. We had always a great number of the members of

the Storthing with us, but as the dinner is discussed by them with the same brevity as projects of law, there was little to be gathered from them in the way of information. The dishes are good, but not very varied; sweetmeats with cream generally close the feast. Our companions were well-boned, healthy looking men, delighting, as all Scandinavian gentlemen do, in very large red faces, very long blue surtouts, and very white dimity waistcoats. After the sallow faces of Germany, and the dirty linen of France, the Norwegians have a fresh clean look, very acceptable to an English eye. How far the rubicund tinge on the cheek may be aided by the midnight carouse, it is not for us to say; but long after we had left the more frequented parts of the house, we often heard them singing patriotic songs with no common fervor, and making their glasses ring loud as they drained deep bumpers to their loved Norway. Drunk or sober, sad or cheerful, the independence of their country is the Norwegian's first and dearest theme.

French wines are drunk, but of such quality that the beer of the country is preferable. Coffee appears to be in little favour; it is to be had at most of the places on the road, but always watery and flavorless. That the people of these

countries care little for it, compared with those of the south, is evident from the fact that France with a population of thirty-two millions, annually consumes 29,650 tons of coffee, while Norway and Sweden with five millions of inhabitants take only 1,470 tons.

The bill presented to us when about to leave, reminded us that we were in a land where flour-bread is still a luxury; for this inevitable document contained a distinct charge of two-pence per head for *white* bread at each meal; the only instance in which we ever saw a separate charge made for this article; but it is not to be wondered at in a country where wheat will not ripen, and in a large portion of which even oats and rye often completely fail. In all the principal towns of Norway we found the bread very good; but in most country places we were presented with wet black lumps, so sour that we could seldom swallow a second mouthful.

Living in Christiania has often been represented as very cheap; but, considering the accommodation, we thought it one of the dearest places we were ever in. The landlord, however, charges nothing for hunting over his rat-preserves, which are well stocked, and most commodiously situated. In spite of the numbers slaughtered during the day, we heard them every night

careering over us so gallantly, and making the ceiling at each new charge ring so loudly from side to side, that the notable expedient resorted to by Jean-Paul's rustic vicar, who used to beat an old drum when he wanted to keep the rats from disturbing his wife's rest, would here have been totally superfluous.

Altogether, the Hotel du Nord, notwithstanding the dark ups and downs of its attics and corridors, is much superior, at least for a short stay, to the nondescript hotels, or lodging-houses, of Christiania, the landlord of one of which made a noble duke pay so high for seeing Norway, a few years since. His grace remained only one day and a night in the house; he had four servants with him, and gave very little trouble; but as it is not every day that an English duke comes so far north, and especially a duke so well known for wealth and munificence, a bill of 50*l.* was sent in for accommodation, which would have been more than paid by a fifth part of that sum. As it would have been a bad precedent to have satisfied such an exorbitant charge, one of our consuls on the Baltic, who was of the party, advised that payment should be refused. A prosecution being raised, however, the noble defendant, after a twelve months' delay, had the satisfaction of paying,

not only the original 50*l.*, but also 150*l.* more for lawyers' expenses! So much for Norwegian cheapness and Norwegian law. These canny folks stick by each other so firmly that a stranger has no chance amongst them.

But it is now high time to assure the reader that Christiania is not so very "naught" as the foregoing surly remarks might lead him to imply. We were in bad humour with the city; not so much on its own account, as on that of certain exaggerating friends and travellers who had previously given us too high a notion of it. But though we did not find it the paradise of splendour and luxuries which it had been described to be, we can safely assert that any one who repairs to it with reasonable expectations will find it a very interesting unsophisticated little place. On setting out to explore it in detail we first inquired our way to the *market-places*, and were accordingly conducted to the square in which fish is exposed; but it presented few novelties, beyond a liberal supply of the hornpike, and some specimens of that ugliest of the finny tribe, the sea-cat. Lobsters and mackerel were very abundant. Among the buyers, our presence appeared to excite no slight sensation; one girl in particular marvelled greatly at our inquiries about the basket-

full of yellow flowers which she was taking home to strew the house with on Sunday.

The *harbour* presented a livelier sight than we were prepared for. Some ships of considerable size, especially a West-Indiaman, having lately arrived, there was great activity and bustle where usually all is silent. The bonding-houses, and ware-rooms, are nearly all of wood, and of course afford no security against fire. Timber and iron are the principal exports. The annual imports from England, according to the testimony of Norwegians, are of little value compared with what they would be were we more liberal in admitting their timber. The merchants of Christiania tell us that many articles which they now take from France, because the French admit their timber on fair terms, would be imported from England were the present duties against Norwegian timber once modified. So unfavourable are these as they now stand, that timber from Prussia—we are repeating the words employed to us by an eminent member of the Storthing—may be carried all the way to America and brought back to England, yet after all this voyage of two or three months, may be sold in London cheaper than timber from Norway, which can reach England in a few days. The Norwegians do not demand nor expect that

their timber shall be admitted on the same footing as that of our American colonies; but merely that they should enjoy the same privileges as other northern states. They have long been endeavouring to get the trade with Great Britain placed on a more favourable footing; and at the time of our visit, Baron Wedel von Jarlberg, the most influential proprietor in Norway, was on a mission to London for the express purpose of endeavouring to prevail on our government to modify the duties complained of.

England, France, and Spain take their wood in deals and logs; Holland alone takes rough trees. There are no *fine* saws in Norway; but so numerous are the hands employed, one way or other, in preparing the timber, that the entire population of some districts may be said to live by it. Large forests are sometimes bought and cut down by contractors or companies; but many of the proprietors cut and dispose of their wood themselves.

Two kinds of fir are sent from this country: one, known when cut up as the *red* plank, is the common Scotch fir (*Pinus sylvestris*); the other, known as the *white* or Norway deal, is the Spruce (*Pinus Abies* of the *Species Plantarum*, *Pinus excelsus* of Decandolle). The latter is held in high estimation, and is easily known by its de-

licate white colour, and fine grain, which is more even than that of most other firs. From being always planted in a close plantation among other trees, the spruce is never seen in its full beauty in England, and seldom even in Norway, where the close forests leave it little freedom. The true place to see it in perfection is when growing alone in a patch of rich soil sheltered by rocks, where no other trees dare to encroach upon it; those travellers in Norway who speak of the pine as an ugly tree have surely made a poor use of their eyes, for a pine in such a position as this, drooping its branches to the very ground, and diminishing beautifully to a small point in the sky above, appears to us one of the finest objects in nature. It often reaches the height of 145, and even 150 feet; it takes eighty years to come to its best, and when cut generally yields three lengths of good timber, each twelve feet long. Some districts produce only the spruce, while in others the red pine alone is found.

Next to timber, *lobsters* form one of the greatest articles of Norwegian export. On the rocky coast of Christiansand they are found in greater numbers than in any other part of the world; and from Bergen, which lies further to the north, as many as 260,000 pairs have been exported in

one year. In fact, the trade of that port is in every respect by far the most important in the kingdom: dry and smoked fish, salt herrings, salted roes, train oil, and other savoury articles, are annually sent from it in great quantities. Without aid from Bergen no Lent could be kept in Italy and Spain. Holland has lately taken from it great quantities of the moss used by dyers

In speaking of the exports of Norway we must not forget to mention—notwithstanding the allusion already made to the game preserves of our hotel—that this country has had the honour of producing one of the three things which, sailors say, have made the circumnavigation of the globe, and are now to be met with everywhere. Pigs, Spanish dollars, and Norway rats compose this widely ramified alliance; and that the regular supply of the last of the firm is not likely to be soon endangered we were at once convinced of, on glancing at the storehouses of the harbour, which are as grey and dingy as the rats themselves. Better nests for them to thrive in could not be desired, and vessels come so near that the whiskered adventurers can ship themselves for foreign parts without the smallest risk of detection.

CHAPTER IV.

VISIT TO THE STORTHING.—GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE NORWEGIANS.

Place of Meeting very plain—Becoming Simplicity—Appearance of the Members—Mode of conducting Business, no Time lost—Pithy Speech—Rank and Descent of the Members—No Nobles in Norway—The *Bonder* or Peasant Proprietors—Circumstances of the better Classes, and of the Peasantry—Their Occupations—People too fond of Ardent Spirits—Passion for Dancing—Want of Religious Feeling—Bad Observance of the Sabbath—Principal Church of Christiania—Treatment of Jews.

It was greatly to our disadvantage in Christiania, that of the few introductions which we had brought with us, the most important was unavailable. This was a letter for the distinguished Baron Wedel von Jarlberg, famed as much for his hospitality as his attainments; but as this patriotic nobleman (now, to the great delight of the nation, appointed viceroy of Norway), had just left Christiania for England on important public duties, we had no opportunity of learning any thing of the manners or private

life of the citizens. We took care, however, to see all the public institutions that can interest a foreigner, and shall now mention the more remarkable of these.

We considered ourselves fortunate in visiting Christiania in the year which happened to be that of the Storthing, or national parliament of Norway.* The sittings being at all times open to every comer, we repaired to the place of meeting early in the forenoon of our first day in the capital. It stands in one of the principal streets, and is easily recognized by the clumsy wooden pillars encroaching on the pavement, as well as by the few loiterers generally seen about the gateway. After traversing the court, a small side-door leads to a narrow stair, at the top of which we found ourselves in the gallery appropriated to the public, where all may come or go at pleasure, there being, from first to last, neither door-keeper, policeman, nor sentinel to parley with.

The members were seated in a long low room, filled from end to end with five or six rising lines of semicircular pews, looking to the windows, which are all on one side. A space, three or four feet wide, which intervenes between

* For constitution, mode of election, and general character of the members of the Storthing, see Chapter VI.

the windows and the seats, is occupied by the simple chair of the president, with tables for the secretaries, &c. close beside it. Nothing can be more plain than the appearance of the whole place. Idle ornament and mere architectural effect have been most studiously avoided; the only superfluities we could discover were a strip of carpet and a few unoccupied stools near the president. There is neither mace, nor wig, nor uniform of any kind—not an inch of rag or tinsel representing the embodied dignity of the Norwegian people.

The gallery for the public is of the same breadth, and would contain nearly as many people as the members' division, behind which it rises so little that a paper might be handed from the one to the other: it commands a complete view of the whole house, and those in front hear as well as the president. It is at once evident that the public here count for something, and attend by right, not during the good pleasure of their representatives. We saw no ladies in the gallery, however, and believe that it has never entered into their heads to come and help their lords in their legislative labours.

If the plainness of the hall impressed us with a favourable opinion of the Norwegian legislature, that opinion was raised still higher by the

honest-looking unpretending appearance of the members themselves. The attendance was very full; and the grave, business-like aspects of all, at once gave us the idea of men come here to work not to talk. They were very variously dressed, but the greater part had the look of respectable farmers, or small country proprietors. We should describe them in general as plain but not vulgar men, chiefly from forty to fifty years of age, though many of course are much older. We saw none of the peasants whom others have found here in their homely old-fashioned costumes. In fact, there was nothing in the dress of a single individual to point him out as belonging to a particular class or profession, except when a clergyman would rise, whom, even without his "bands," we should at once have recognized by a manner indicating greater familiarity with the art of public speaking than was possessed by those about him.

The mode of conducting business is very simple. The president reads from a paper the proposition to be discussed; a member stands up in his place—there is no tribune nor rostrum —and makes some remarks in a quiet earnest tone, and at the end of five or six minutes gives way to another speaker, who replies in the same calm manner and with equal brevity. Of all

the legislative assemblies in Europe it is the most dignified and the most orderly; no one seeks to *make a speech*, and no one loses temper. There is no conversation carried on amongst the members—nothing to prevent the most timid from being heard. In short, the calmness of their proceedings might furnish a lesson to assemblies where there may be more of the splendour of talent, but assuredly not so much of the calm dignity and impartiality which we expect among legislators.

On again visiting the Storthing a day or two after, we found the public gallery very crowded, there being great excitement about the discussion of the budget which had just been opened. In fact, it was expected that there would be a stormy opposition to some demands of the government; yet even under this excitement the greatest order prevailed, both among the members and their auditors. The first speaker who rose after we entered was a clergyman in his gown and bands, who was eagerly listened to throughout a philippic of some six or eight minutes' duration. The president then called another name from his paper, and the person indicated spoke with equal brevity, but with equal determination, against the proposed measure. Truly there is no waste of words in a

Norwegian parliament. Let it not be thought, however, that though there be little speaking, the duties of a member are either few or trivial; on the contrary, nothing can be more severe than the labours of their short session. They have no night sittings, but scarcely an hour of the day is left unoccupied: for the practice is to meet immediately after breakfast and sit till one, when they have an interval for dinner; after which they meet again in the afternoon. In consequence of these excellent arrangements they are always able to do full justice to every measure proposed, and to dissolve in sufficient time, when the season calls them to attend to their own affairs in the country.

So much for the Norwegian House of Commons. Of its House of Lords, we can say little, except that it is a body elected by the Storthing from its own members (hence its name Lagthing, "division"), with powers in most respects corresponding to those of our upper house, with this important distinction, that it has no power to originate any measure; it merely examines, amends, and remits for consideration. It will thus be seen that the legislature of Norway in reality consists of three bodies: the Storthing already spoken of, and consisting at present of ninety-six members; the Lagthing of twenty-four, and the

Odelsthing of seventy-two members, which last is nothing else than the Storthing, minus the members of the Lagthing. Each member of the legislature is paid one dollar and a half, or 5*s*. 9*d*. English, a-day; which, small as it may seem, is more than most of the members know how to spend in this cheap country.

Yet, primitive in manners, and unpretending in appearance as these peasant proprietors are, many of them can produce a pedigree as old as that of a Howard or a Montmorency. It is no uncommon thing to find them tracing their descent to the ancient Jarls and Sea-kings of Norway; and travellers who journey westward to the Bergen-Stift may convince themselves of the validity of these claims by an actual inspection of the well-attested documents still preserved in many families of that rude province. Taking the term "noble" in its ordinary sense, however, it may be said that Norway contains none enjoying that distinction: we heard of only *one* family that has a title, and it expires with the present holder. The want of a titled aristocracy, however, has not led to that rudeness of manners among the upper classes which some would expect. The lower ranks may be hasty and uncouth, but their superiors are extremely courteous and well-bred.

There is about the Norwegian gentleman a native dignity which almost justifies a patriotic author for saying, that "a burgher of his country is as polite as a Danish nobleman."

It is but just to state, that in abolishing hereditary nobility, the Norwegians were not animated by a mere vulgar hatred to titles. The measure was founded on the absurdity of retaining high titles in a country where, after the enactment of the law which requires the equal division of a father's property among all the children, there was no longer a possibility of keeping together fortunes sufficient to maintain the dignity of noblemen. Titles without fortunes, they justly thought, would only make the possessors and the nation ridiculous; or, what was equally fatal, they saw that those who held them would of necessity be driven to seek the means of maintaining their dignity in intrigue and subserviency; considerations which surely were sufficient to justify the sad expenditure both of blood and treasure made by the nation in extorting this measure from Sweden in 1821.

In consequence of the subdivision of property just referred to, large fortunes are now rare in Sweden. Some families, however, still enjoy very considerable wealth, and live in elegance.

We are far from agreeing with those travellers who place the *bonder*, or peasant proprietors of Norway, on a footing with the yeomen of England. Neither in wealth, intelligence, nor general position, do they bear the slightest resemblance to each other. We should rather say, that the Norwegian *bonder* correspond to the *feuars* of a Scottish burgh of barony—a highly respectable body of men, it is true; but whom no one would ever think of comparing with the yeomanry of England.

Of the circumstances of the people generally, some idea will be formed, when we state that the great bulk of the population is employed in one or other of these four ways—farming, preparing timber for the market, fishing, and navigation. A few are engaged in the copper and other mines; but of manufactures there are none in the country. Generally speaking also, the division into trades and handicrafts which prevails in the rest of Europe, is scarcely known here. This is particularly the case in the rural districts, where every family, besides making its own cloth and linen, furnishes also its own sempstress, its own tanner, its own shoemaker, and its own blacksmith. Everybody can work in wood; though far from possessing the neat-handed ingenuity of the peasantry of the Tyrol, who carve

with marvellous facility everything demanded of them from a Madonna to a bunch of flowers, yet the Norwegians often surprise the traveller with proofs of singular skill in the use of the knife. Domestic implements, ornaments for doors, windows, or roofs, certain musical instruments, &c., are all made by the peasants themselves.

In fact, the Norwegian is naturally ingenious, and might be made much of were he more industrious; but the midnight "branle" and the brimming glass, have too many claims on his time. To miss an opportunity of hob-nobbing with his friend, of drailing bumpers to "Old Norway"—a toast which fires the Norseman's blood to madness; or to lose the chance of dancing with the prettiest lass in the glen, would be omissions for which he could never forgive himself. All classes are passionately fond of dancing. In towns scarcely an evening passes during winter without a ball in every other street. A country-dance of eighty couples—and this is no unusual number on such occasions—danced with a partner bouncing about with true Norwegian vivacity, must be a very serious affair to the unpractised stranger. In the country, when a marriage or baptism takes place, the dance is kept up till the week

be out; and in summer, even on ordinary occasions, the long day is often closed with a round upon the green. This passion the Norwegians carry with them to other countries; in the Baltic, when vessels from various nations are becalmed together towards night, the Norwegian ship may always be distinguished by the sound of the rude jig carried on to the music of some screeching violin. At home the pipe and the tabour give measure to the rustic revel.

The Norwegians, as is well known, are all Lutherans; but that their religious feelings are not of a very warm character, many proofs, unhappily, might be brought to show. Even of *external* respect for religion, there is much less among the people than we could at all have believed possible in a Protestant country, and one of such primitive manners. The Sabbath, for instance, is very ill observed. This struck us in Christiania in particular. There were indeed few signs of business in the principal streets; but, as we passed through the market-place, we found fish exposed for sale, and met people carrying their purchases home the same as on ordinary days. Boys also were playing some games near the harbour; and though all other kinds of week-day engage-

ments were suspended, we were told that *Sunday is a favourite day for theatrical entertainments!* This in *Protestant* Norway!!

It was on Sunday that we visited the Cathedral, which stands in a garden at the lower extremity of a sloping square. It is as large and tasteless as Norwegian fancies could require, and is principally composed of one long and lofty aisle, of very singular appearance, crossed by a shorter one about its centre. The pulpit, a huge gilded structure, is placed at one of the angles of the cross aisle. The altar is very large, and richly ornamented; but all the seats in the body of the church being painted white, with black edges on the doors, the place wants the solemn look of a house of prayer. Though the Roman Catholic religion has disappeared in Norway, yet much of its pomp and form has been retained.

All sects of Christians are tolerated; but Jews are unsparingly excluded from the country: there is not one allowed to settle in the whole kingdom; and even those coming here on business, are strictly prohibited from remaining beyond twenty-four hours. A Hamburg banker, one of the richest Jews of that city, who came to Christiania on business last year, had great difficulty in obtaining leave to remain

long enough to settle his affairs. Finding themselves excluded from Norway, the Jews seem to have taken shelter in Sweden, which contains about four hundred of them, among whom are some of the wealthiest merchants of Stockholm.

CHAPTER V.

UNIVERSITY OF CHRISTIANIA.—NORWEGIAN CHURCH AND PERIODICAL PRESS.—CONVICTS' PRISON.

Professors—Mode of Teaching—No Fees—Degrees—State of Literature—Too many Periodicals—Newspapers—Museum—The Senatus—Natural History—Ancient Coins—Holst—Holmboe—The *New Palace*, slow Progress, Expence—The *Castle*—Convicts—Mode of Treatment disgraceful to the Government.

Our last day in Christiania was chiefly devoted to the University, one of the most distinguished members of which, Professor Holst, favoured us with much useful information during our short stay. Judging by the appearance of their houses and general way of living, we should say, that the professors of Norway are in much more comfortable circumstances than their German brethren.

Though this institution is among the youngest of the continental universities, it already enjoys a high reputation even in other countries. It was founded in 1811, by the Danes, whose zeal in behalf of education we have already had

occasion to admire. That it must have been liberally endowed, we infer from the fact, that the professors do not charge any fees; they are allowed to take money for *private* courses, but never do so. It is, in general, modelled on the system of the German Universities, but differs from them not only in regard to the non-payment of fees, but also in its remarkable preference for examinations: these are so numerous that the professors scarcely get *time to lecture;* or at least much more time is devoted to the former than to the latter branch of college duty. The number of students varies from six to eight hundred. Here, as in Germany, degrees below the rank of doctor of philosophy are seldom conferred; and even the D.P. itself is little sought after, except by those aspiring to be professors. A course of study at Christiania does not qualify for office in Sweden; but as most appointments in Norway are, in the first instance, in the gift of the crown (at least so we understood our informant), influence at Stockholm is required before a young man can get forward in his profession.

The income and *status* of the clergy being highly respectable throughout Norway, the greater proportion of the students devote themselves to theology. The number of unemployed

candidates, however, in every department is now so great, that it is wished to diminish rather than increase the attendance at the university. The disposal of vacant livings in the church is vested in the hands of the bishops, and of the state council of Norway, who are said to exercise it very impartially.

That the church should be the favourite profession did not surprise us, when we heard that it affords incomes which, for this country, must be pronounced very high. For instance, each of the bishops (of whom there are four for the whole kingdom) has at least £766 (4000 species dollars) of yearly income; while the pastor of a town parish often has £254 (1600 dollars); and most even of the remote country parishes yield £191 (1000 dollars), and none less than £153 a-year. These sums are raised from a tithe on grain, now converted into a fixed money payment, so that the clergy are never brought into obnoxious collision with their parishioners. Fees, however, are paid for certain duties. Besides this good income, there are in every parish several excellent glebe farms, with suitable parsonage houses; it is an admirable regulation in regard to these farms, however, that one of them (we believe that on which her husband dies) always belongs for life to the

widow of the former incumbent. When we state that the whole kingdom is divided into no more than 336 parishes (here called *prestegilde*), it will be readily conceived that some of them are of immense extent—equal, in fact, to several English counties put together. We heard of one which actually covers a district one hundred miles long, stretching all the way from the sea-coast back to the mountains of Sweden! The extent of the parishes is, in fact, the greatest defect of the church establishment. Whether the Storthing will ever discover that smaller parishes, even though there should be smaller incomes for the clergy, would not be better than large parishes and large incomes, it is not for us to say; but, under the present system, many of the people are left completely without religious instruction. In the remote places they live as they may, and we fear die as they may; the clergyman cannot see them from one year's end to the other.

It has long been known that many of the clergy are very highly educated. On visiting the University, we found that every means is provided for their instruction in the sciences, as well as in their own more immediate studies. Almost the only collection, however, of which the University can yet boast, is a small Museum

of Natural History, but it is precisely of the kind that a *national* institution ought to *begin* with, till increasing funds enable the conductors to procure something more efficient. We should like to see one of the same description formed in every similar institution at home, not only because it is more likely to inspire the young with a taste for the natural sciences than any thing of the kind which can be put within their reach; but also, because it is so unexpensive that it may be formed where deficiency of funds renders it impossible to establish any other musuem. It consists of a complete collection of the birds of Norway, arranged in three or four small but handsome apartments; there are in all about four hundred species, with some badly stuffed specimens of the elk and reindeer keeping watch amongst them, aided by the huge and formidable lynx-cat of the country. Were it not treason to the fine eagles, we should say, that the capercailzie is legitimate monarch of this beautiful assembly; there is a curious specimen between him and the black-game. There are some owls of enormous size, but the varieties of them are not so numerous as in the German forests.

Among other University curiosities, not the least curious was the Academic Senatus itself,

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have also been discovered. Among these are six hundred of the thin worn coins of Canute's reign, and several of our Edgar and Ethelred. The collection, however, also contains a series of Arabic, Spanish, and English coins, found at Roda, about fifty miles from the capital; amongst these is one of Haroun al Raschid. But the most interesting object of all is a Byzantine coin of one of the Constantines, which was found at Eger, and has given rise to much controversy. Of the Arabic coins, an account has been published in good Latin by Holmboe, professor of Oriental languages and numismatology, who accompanied us in our visit to the rooms over which he presides. If it cannot vie with the more famed museums of the south, this little collection is worthy of mention as a proof of what zeal may accomplish, even in a short period and on limited means.

In addition to the University, Christiania boasts of a *Military Gymnasium*, in which mathematics, geometry, engineering, and every other branch connected with such an establishment, are taught with a care and success, which have induced some German travellers to place this institution even higher than those of their own country.

But while every attention is paid to advance

education in Norway, its literature does not appear to be in a very flourishing state: little issues from the press, except periodicals, and even of these many are mere second-hand *rifaccimenti*. Some of the poets, such as Zettlitz, Olsen, Harsen, and others, enjoy considerable popularity; but, generally speaking, the Norwegians are as yet too much engrossed with attention to their political and practical interests to make rapid progress in literature. That they are capable, however, of attaining high stations in this walk, is well proved by the example of their gifted countryman Steffens, now at Berlin, who has long been one of the brightest ornaments of German literature, as well as one of the ablest and most popular of German professors.

We are persuaded that Norwegian literature would be in a more flourishing condition, were there fewer of the ephemeral publications just alluded to. Norway, like Denmark, languishes under an excess of periodical cropping. There are weekly and monthly journals, in every division and sub-division of literature and science: criticism, antiquities, military tactics (!), natural history, &c., has each its separate manifesto. Who, under such a deluge of loose paper, would expect any growth of a really

substantial character? It will always be found that where periodical literature flourishes to an excessive degree, national literature declines. The genius of authors dilutes itself down to the prevailing taste, and the public mind, enervated by an excess of trashy food, ceases to demand—

"——— the fare immortal
And the drink for gods."

The Norwegian press is perfectly free, not in name only, but in reality; and no tax of any kind is levied on newspapers; of these, consequently, there is a great abundance. No less than twenty-one newspapers are published in the kingdom, and of these eight appear at Christiania; they are very impartially conducted, and it is said are much read. It struck us, however, that the reading of the newspaper does not fill up such a large portion of the idler's day as in other countries. All the time we were in Christiania, we did not see a newspaper in anybody's hand at the hotel or in any other public place: if you want to read one, you must *ask* for it—it will never be lying in your way. In the country districts and in the provincial towns, wherever we travelled, you might as well ask for a bunch of fresh grapes as for the last newspaper. To be sure, we

could not have read it had we got one; but to the traveller there is always some satisfaction, even in *looking* at a newspaper, though he understands nothing more than the title and the printer's name; it is a link connecting you with those you have left,—something telling you, could you but make it out, that men are still stirring, hearts still beating, in the world you have been flying from.

Among the few public structures in Christiania, still remaining to be mentioned, we must not omit the new *Palace*, our visit to which confirmed what we had heard of the length of time likely to be required in building it. More than ten years have already been spent on it, and, to all appearance, as many more will still be required; for we saw nothing but bare walls, and even these not nearly finished. In a land where materials of a more solid nature are so abundant, we could have wished a less liberal use of brick, especially in a national edifice. It is of vast extent, and from its size and position—for, from the state in which it was, we cannot speak of its plan—rising as it does on an elevation behind the town, it will form a great ornament to the landscape. The Storthing has shewn much liberality in voting the necessary funds. For

a long time the people grumbled sadly at seeing nothing but holes in the ground, and great abundance of cellarage, in return for their thousands on thousands of dollars. There was, in fact, some mismanagement at first; but now all goes well, though there is no prospect of its being completed under a total outlay of 1,500,000 species dollars, or in round numbers £300,000 sterling. Whether the king had any share in retarding its progress is not distinctly known. The constitution requires that either the king, or the heir apparent, shall reside part of each year in the Norwegian capital: but it is believed that they were not very anxious to fulfil this provision, and a good excuse was at hand for coming only when agreeable, so long as no suitable residence existed. When the palace is finished it is thought that the Prince Royal will make Christiania his place of residence. The only mansion hitherto set apart for the royal family is a small building, one story high, in the centre of the town, fit only for a private individual. There is a little garden near it, scarcely larger than a poultry-yard, into which we tried to penetrate, thinking anything of the king's would be open to the public in this land of equality; but the sentinel scared us fiercely away.

Another public structure, of a far more interesting character, still remains to be described, *viz.* the little neglected Castle of Aggerhuus, which is finely situated on a point jutting into the bay, and forms from every side one of the most beautiful objects in the landscape. Though at one time considered strong, it is now much more remarkable for the fine views it affords, than for its importance as a fortress. In passing through its grass covered courts, the visiter finds abundance of large cannon, and great store of ammunition piled on all sides; but everything else speaks of decay, always excepting the smart green coats and duck trousers of the Norwegian Jägers.

In this castle (said to have been founded in the twelfth century) the convicts are imprisoned. We saw above a hundred of them, many of whom were the fiercest-looking men we had ever beheld. At the hour of our visit they were about to be turned out to their daily work, and a more painful scene has seldom been witnessed. They are employed in the most public places. Nearly all were loaded with chains, and some so heavily that it seemed wonderful how the leg could drag such a mass of iron. Many had a thick ring on each ancle, united by about two feet of chain, consisting of links three fingers thick;

it was sad to see how wearily the poor creatures dragged their feet—they could scarcely walk. They are more or less heavily chained according to their sentence and tractability. The convicts for life, in addition to the ordinary load, have a huge iron collar on the neck, with heavy points projecting before and behind.

The legislature of Norway has humanely abolished capital punishment: might they not go a step further, and devise some less terrible mode of restraint for these unhappy wretches? It cannot be from Sweden that it has taken this lesson in cruelty, for the convicts whom we afterwards saw near Stockholm were treated with much less inhumanity; nor can it be from the mild Danes, whom we have already had occasion to praise for their benevolent laws. In fact, it is a stain on so free a country, to be forced to say of it, that in no part of the world have we seen more harsh treatment of convicts. The authorities justify it by the extreme ferocity of the people, the depraved portion of whom are extremely difficult to control. But though forced to admit that we have never seen such wild-looking men as these convicts, we should still say, that there would be no harm in *trying* a more gentle method. As we saw them mustered in files under a strong guard, and heard their

chains clank heavily on the pavement when they marched away to work at the New Palace, we thought that an hourly exhibition of such a horrid nature in the streets of their capital does not argue much for fineness of feeling, in a people who boast of being the freest in Europe.

We were told by an eminent jurisconsult that by far the greater number of crimes originate in drunken brawls: almost every convict in the country can trace his misery to a too early initiation into the universal practice of drinking ardent spirits to excess.

CHAPTER VI.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS OF NORWAY.

Constitution and Powers of the Norwegian Storthing—Election of Members—Check on the King's Prerogative—Independence and Patriotism of the Members—Not controlled by the Press—Prosperous State of the Country—All the Taxes reduced—Surplus Funds—State of Education—Increase of the Shipping—People too vain of their Liberty—Exposed to the Intrigues of Russia—Norway cannot subsist as an Independent Kingdom—Precarious Climate and Crops—Thinness of Population compared with England — State of Morals—Of Religion—Exaggeration on these Subjects.

BEFORE proceeding to explore the magnificent scenery of the west, it becomes necessary to offer a few remarks on the political position of the kingdom.

Norway, it is well known, enjoys a constitution which may justly rank among the freest that ever were devised. Though federally united under the same crown with Sweden, the laws and legislature of the two nations are as distinct as their manners and mode of life. Norway, in fact, since the period of the union, has become a pure democracy. The executive government is

conducted by the king, but the legislative power resides solely in the Storthing or Parliament, already spoken of. This assembly is composed of members returned by various electing districts into which the country is divided, and which vary in extent according to the population. The inhabitants of these districts, or rather of the various subdivisions into which they are arranged, meet at their parish church, every three years, and, without solicitation or expence of any kind whatever on the part of candidates, return as their member of parliament some respectable neighbour who must be at least thirty years of age, have resided at least ten years in Norway, and must possess either property or a life-rent worth 150 dollars (£30), or belong to a class called government officers, which includes professors and clergymen. Bribery or exertion of influence of any kind on the part of candidates, or of their friends, in order to procure votes, is altogether unknown. Every man of twenty-five years of age, possessed of a property worth 150 dollars (£30), or holding the life-rent of a property worth that sum, is entitled to vote; and small as this qualification may appear it is quite high enough in a poor country; for the number of electors is not so great as the minute subdivision of property would have

led us to expect. It is an excellent and peculiar feature of the Norwegian system, that in each district, along with the sitting member, a substitute is elected, who takes his place in case of death, sickness, or necessary absence. The ordinary meetings of the Storthing take place every third year, and nominally last for three months. Generally, however, it meets in February, and sits constantly till the harvest is at hand in August. In a country where fortunes are limited, and travelling often very difficult, frequent meetings would be inconvenient. The king has the power, however, of summoning extraordinary meetings, and the assembly can of itself adjourn with the understanding that they shall meet at a certain time to resume the consideration of any important matter, which may not have been fully settled in the great meeting.

The powers of this body are unlimited; no tax, nor law of any kind can be passed without their sanction. The assent of the king is required before any law can be put in force; but in practice this power is merely nominal; for though he apparently has the right to reject a law which has been passed by the Storthing, yet, when the nation is determined to obtain it, the proposal is brought in again and again, the

fundamental law having provided that any bill which has been *three times* voted by the house becomes the law of the land, even without the approbation of the king. So also in regard to the appointing of public officers, the filling of vacant parishes, &c., although the right of nominating rests with the crown, yet the appointments are not final until confirmed by the Storthing. The king neither presides, nor is represented in its meetings. There is not even so much as a crown officer in the assembly to propose bills from the crown, or give explanations of ministerial measures, which may be combated by the popular party. When there is any proposal to be made by government, a royal counsellor is admitted, who reads the project, then withdraws, and leaves it to its fate. The influence which the crown might be expected to possess, from the right which government officers have of being elected, is found in practice to be very limited, and has never been productive of any injury to the rights of the people. With all this jealousy of the royal influence, there seems to be no dislike to the king personally; on the contrary, all classes speak of him with much respect, and the splendid palace already spoken of, will be a lasting monument of the loyalty and affection of the nation.

It is greatly to the honour of the Norwegians that, as members of the Storthing, they seem to be actuated solely by zeal for the public good. Upright, simple, and incorruptible; neither caring for wealth, nor ambitious of titles; disdaining to purchase favours by selling their independence,—they have never been brought over by the government to support any project that seemed to militate against the national liberties. Public opinion is very little under newspaper control. Newspapers there are, as already mentioned, and those not without their influence, but there is no *passion* for them, no unnatural dependence on their dictates as in France, for instance. Though often sufficiently violent, yet people look to them more for information than for opinions; all which is accounted for by the fact, that the Norwegians are *practical* men not *theorists*.

Sweden cannot be said to have been a great gainer by the union of the two kingdoms. The king, indeed, draws a small annual allowance from Norway, but no other benefit of a direct kind accrues to the stronger neighbour. Norway, on the other hand, has benefited surprisingly by getting rid of the Danes: not only is it now able to support all its own establishments, navy, army, &c., but it has lately

accomplished what no state in Europe can boast of—*a simultaneous reduction of all the taxes.* The king wished to continue them for a time at their former rate, in order to create a fund which might be available in any unforeseen emergency; but the Storthing persevered in their design of giving immediate relief to every branch of national industry; and notwithstanding the reduction, there was in the surplus treasury, at the time of our visit, *a reserve larger than the whole of the public debt of the kingdom.*

What, then, become of the complaints in which some writers love to indulge about the unprosperous state of this country? Her timber is not in such demand as formerly, nor perhaps is the trade in fish with the Mediterranean so good as in other years; but, besides the proof of prosperity afforded by the state of the revenue, another very remarkable one may be drawn from the great increase in the shipping of the country. Looking at the Sound lists, for instance, it will be found that no nation has risen so rapidly in the Baltic trade: in 1814, Norway paid for only 83 ships; but in 1832, this small share had risen to the wonderful number of 1,535. Truly, the Norwegians have no cause to regret their separation from Den-

mark. In fact, the national resources of every kind have been so judiciously turned to account, and public burdens so fairly distributed, that there is perhaps no country in the world where the great body of the people have it so completely in their power to enjoy both comfort and independence. Grievances are speedily redressed; and no man is allowed to escape the law, or to make it an instrument of vengeance, merely because he is rich. Education, also, is carefully attended to: not only is the Storthing most liberal in its grants to the University, but even in the remotest districts the instruction of the poorest, is, to a certain degree, provided for; though, in such a widely scattered population, it is not possible to organize a system that will put schools within easy reach of all.

We must not conceal, however, that, considering the general state of civilization, it is still a question with many, Whether the Norwegians are fit for so free a form of government as that which they now enjoy? One of their own countrymen, now far away from Norway, plainly told us that they are *not* fit for it; and he has some right to give an opinion, having, by his pen and his influence, done good service to his father-land. Hearing so much about

their privileges, the people have formed to themselves an absurd idea of their own refinement—of all notions the most fatal to their progress in real civilization. A stranger cannot be long amongst them without perceiving that they are beginning to cherish a kind of contempt for other nations. They think themselves the chosen of the earth, the only freemen; but this spirit would be more calmly exhibited, did they remember that, after all, they exist but on sufferance. They may flatter themselves with the thought of being able to exist without Sweden, to bid defiance to her and every other nation; but a population so scanty could not long defend itself as an independent power. They may sever themselves from Sweden, it is true; but would it not be merely to fall into the hands of a stronger than Sweden? Has Russia no eye on these bold speech-makers? Or are there not abundance of winter roads, and some summer ones, from Finland to a city that was the capital of Norway long before Christiania had a Storthing or a name?

Judging from present appearances, no degree of prosperity that Norway can attain, will ever render the country sufficiently populous to exist by itself. Men cannot live on its rugged mountains; nor can the means of sustaining life

be raised with regularity, even in the scanty strips of soil which occur in the narrow valleys. From lying entirely within the coldest and most precarious circle of our European climates, the whole kingdom is exposed to such vicissitudes, that the crops often completely fail, even in the most favoured provinces. Grain has at times been so scarce, that for whole seasons many of the people have had no other bread to subsist on than what they could make from the sawings of their timber mixed with a little meal. No one will say, however, that it is for want of extent that Norway must continue to be deficient in political importance: so wide is its surface, that single provinces are larger than the whole of Scotland put together—that of Christiania, for example; and there are others of much greater surface than this one. But with all this area, what a poor figure does the population of the kingdom make! Here are only 1,098,291 souls to a surface of 71,400 square miles; in other words, the single county of York contains nearly 200,000 inhabitants more than the whole of this vast kingdom, or 1,173,187 souls on an area of only 6,000 square miles. The contrast might be made more striking, were we to descend to particulars of the revenue, &c.; but taking only one head, we shall find that

the sum raised for the poors' rate and county rate alone, in a single year, within the three Ridings, was actually double the whole customs' duties drawn in Norway in the same space of time: for the rates referred to amounted, in 1826, to £491,485; while, including *inwards* (£161,840) and *outwards* (£47,381) duties, as well as the sums received for tonnage duties and lights (£27,436), the whole of the duties collected by the Storthing, so late as 1835, realized only £266,655.

The Norwegians have often been described as a highly moral people; but it did not appear to us that they have any right to this distinction. If fairness in dealings between man and man form any part of morality, they cannot, with justice, be described as more than "indifferent moral;" for we always found amongst them a greater desire to take advantage of a stranger than we ever experienced in any other part of Europe; while the rude, and often threatening way in which the claim was enforced, by no means tended to heighten our idea of the national character.

If, again, chastity be made the test of morals, the Norwegians must still have but a low rank assigned them. The higher classes, from all we heard, are not better, in this respect, than the

higher classes of other countries: some are good, and many bad. The lower classes, on the other hand, live in the most lawless manner, as is well proved by the statistical returns, which show that of every five children born, one is illegitimate. That is, the proportion of illegitimate children in this widely scattered population, is exactly the same as in the densely-crowded and corrupted atmosphere of Paris.

Nor can one marvel that the state of morals among the poorer classes should be low; that rudeness and crime should be general. The facility with which ardent spirits may be obtained solves the deplorable phenomenon. The legislature which plants a school in every parish, but at the same time makes every house in that parish a distillery—for here every farmer is, or may be, the distiller of his own grain—is either very ill-acquainted with human nature, or very reluctant to discharge the duties of a legislator.

Denying as we do the claims of the Norwegians to be a highly *moral* people, it will not, of course, be expected that we should subscribe to the statements which make them also a highly *religious* people. Their disregard of the sabbath, already alluded to, and their general apathy on all religious matters, speak sufficiently on this

head. An argument in favour of their respect for religion has indeed been drawn from the steadiness of their attachment to the established church, for such a being as a dissenter is unknown in Norway; but the absence of all sectarian divisions, so far from indicating ardour of religious sentiment, often proceeds from a very opposite feeling. An united church, and an united people, may present a prospect highly delightful to the political churchman, but we know not that such a state of things is very beneficial either to the clergy of an established church or to a nation. Strong religious feeling, and its turbulent companion, Dissent, are preferable to apathy, and its fair but unhealthful concomitant, Unity.

The language now employed, in speaking of the Norwegians, is very different from that which has been used by many other travellers: but which is the most likely to benefit the Norwegians? The system of holding them up to the world as models of virtue, moderation, and refinement, or that of proclaiming frankly that they have still much progress to make before they can assume a high rank among the nations of Europe?*

* For the army, fleet, &c., of Norway, see the last chapter of this volume, under the head of SWEDEN.

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNEY ALONG THE CHRISTIANIA FIORD.

Passports—Mode of Travelling—Fine Scenery—The *Kraken*—Female Pedestrians—Beautiful Birches—A Pastor's Monument—Magnificent View from the Hills of Paradise—The Valley of Lier, the richest View in Norway—Town and River of Drammen—Its Ladies and *Carrioles*—Scenery of the Valley—No Ancient Ruins met with—Anecdote of German Authors—*Hogsund*—The *Maëlstrom*—Difficulty of turning the Forests to account—Another Cataract on entering KONGSBERG—The Town.

IN leaving Christiania for the wilds of the west, we should have thought much more of its authorities had they allowed us to travel without a passport. It is surely folly for a free people to adopt this useless invention of despotism; yet so far do they carry the system, that travellers are more pestered about passports here than in any province of Austria.

There being good roads for a considerable part of our intended journey, we took the carriage with us as far as it could go, and were prepared to take a cart, to ride, walk, or row,

as the case might require, in the more unfrequented districts. Having been assured that it would be impossible to procure food in the thinly peopled regions, we laid in some provisions; an example which we would strongly advise all future travellers to follow if they wish to come back alive from the romantic but hungry dales of Tellemarken.

The first twenty miles of our journey is a continued line of the most delightful scenery. Our course for a time lay near the shore of the bay, which is studded with little heights, of which those near the capital are crowned with shining houses, surrounded by walks and tufted arbours.

As we advance from the bay along the Fiord the landscape assumes a wilder character—woods and breaks of pasture appear intermingled with glittering basins which lie clear and peaceful far inland from the fiord; with promontories dotted round them, clothed by the solemn pine, they look more like mountain tarns than branches of the sea. These *oes* or *voes*, as they are called in the language of the country, are among the most peculiar features of Norwegian scenery. Their singularly placid appearance arises from their being doubly sheltered, not only by their distance from the sea and the

height of the surrounding mountains, but frequently also by a line of rocks in front of these, which on many parts of the coast runs parallel to the shore, and breaks the waves so completely, that when the sea is raging high and fierce without, there is perfect peace in the long inner channel, but especially in the retreating branches now spoken of. They look so safe and calm that we cannot wonder if the poor Krakens be sometimes lured into them. We had not, indeed, the good fortune to see one of these three mile monsters; but does not Pontoppidan tell that he had heard of some of them being stranded in the narrow inlets, where they had not room to turn themselves, and that when they die the air is corrupted for leagues around? In addition to the good bishop's testimony, have we not many recent narratives, all equally authentic? With so many authorities to convince him, no Norwegian traveller would willingly give up his early belief in the Kraken, even should he, like us, have seen in these creeks nothing but a stray ship, come to load timber. So completely is the sea excluded from our view by the bold points forming the coast, that it startles us to find a vessel, with all sails set, floating in these sheltered havens, from which no outlet is visible among the high cliffs.

These "fiords" of Norway, along one of which we were now advancing, every Scotchman will at once identify with the "friths," or, taking the popular pronunciation, *firths*, of his own country. Few of them, however, are on the large scale of those arms of the sea more especially distinguished as friths in Scotland, such as the Moray Frith, those of the Clyde, the Forth, &c. A Norwegian fiord, in fact, corresponds rather to our salt-water "loch." Loch Alsh, and Loch Carron, on the west coast of Rosshire, and Loch Laxford, &c. in Sutherlandshire, exactly resemble the fiords of Norway, stealing up as they do so far into the land that the traveller is puzzled what to make of them. As might be expected, however, few of our insular fiords approach the enormous length of those of Norway: in grandeur of scenery, on the other hand, many of the Scottish lochs far surpass them. The bleached peaks keeping guard round Loch Duich, for instance, especially when seen from points combining them with Ossian's "lofty" Cuchullin (to our fancy the sublimest mountain in Europe); or the fantastic scalps soaring above Loch Inver and Loch Assynt, in Sutherlandshire — far surpass in grandeur all the fiord scenery we ever saw or heard of.

The road by which we travelled is very silent and unfrequented. Generally the traveller meets few pedestrians in Norway, but more especially in the country to the west of the capital. We occasionally met a few women, all wearing a huge straw bonnet, as handsome as, and not very unlike a tea-box, with the long side cut out. There are few cottages by the way-side; the trees and the verdure are the liveliest ornaments of the scene. The hawthorn and sweetbrier press close on our path; and it is often completely overhung by the graceful birch, which here attains its finest size. We passed one so splendid that a lover of trees would never weary of gazing on it. It cannot be less than eighty feet high, yet from its topmost branches long ringlets of the tenderest foliage droop to the very ground, twinkling restlessly against the silver stem. Even in a country where fine trees are common, it would seem to have excited admiration, for the turf round its roots is raised into a gentle mound, inviting the wanderer to rest; and the people of the parish have turned it to a yet better purpose—beneath it stands a little pillar, inscribed to the memory of the beloved pastor, who for fifty years had been their instructor and friend. He sleeps beneath a monument that would do honour to an emperor.

A considerable part of the country is very richly cultivated; but natural beauties of the highest order press so thickly on the eye, that little attention is paid to more homely attractions. "By far the finest portion of the scenery begins about eighteen miles from Christiania. We are crossing heights which pass by the not inappropriate name of the Hills of Paradise; we had been told that the view was the richest in Norway, but it surpasses expectation. The summit of these heights attained, we descend into a wide plain, the famed valley of Lier, which at its farthest edge is watered by the full tide of the Drammen. Hills of great height and beauty encircle the plain on every side, except where the sea breaks softly in front, not in one open sweep, but varied with sunny islands and mazy arms glancing like gold in the sun. The descent into this rich scene is perilously steep, but where there is so much beauty we think not of danger. Cottages and flowers and gardens are scattered with such romantic freedom over the whole hollow and up the sides of the hills, that the eye cannot turn away. There are so many trees of richer foliage than the pine, and so many tufts of blushing lilac, with fields of such healthful green smiling through them, and scarce a rock or barren spot

in sight, that the imagination wanders to another clime. There is nothing *wild* in the prospect; it is *beautiful*, and in the highest degree: were a grey ruin or two scattered on the heights, it would have no superior in Europe.

The town of *Drammen* lies upon the river, at the point where it enters this fine plain. It is a long straggling place, of seven thousand inhabitants. Though to us it seemed to have little of the bustle of trade, yet it is said to export more timber, chiefly in logs, than any town in Norway. Its women are reckoned among the greatest beauties of the north; and we saw some who fully support its reputation in this respect. Most travellers, however, will recollect it better as the place in which is carried on the principal manufacture of the national vehicle, the delightful little *carriole*.

To be in Norway and not say something of this Norwegian chariot would be inexcusable: in size the carriole is little better than a small arm-chair, resting on two low wheels; it is just large enough for one person, and a foot-board behind for a trunk. In place of the portmanteau a boy sometimes perches himself behind, holding the long reins, and driving his mistress, or some gouty gentleman who has given up his youthful habits, in the same way as the ruinous *calessino*

of Naples is managed, or the little *sedia* so frequent in the neighbourhood of Padua. It is a much neater contrivance, however, than either of them, and would look amazingly smart even among the most tasteful of our English vehicles. The carriole has, moreover, the advantage of being very cheap; the handsomest one we saw, with brass bushes, &c., and well painted, cost only thirty-six dollars (about seven pounds), when new. Though an uncovered conveyance would scarcely seem the most appropriate in a country where rain is so frequent, yet it is the only carriage which would answer in the remoter districts, where the roads are bad, and often traverse passes so narrow that they will not admit of a wider conveyance. There are no springs, but the shafts are so elastic that the seat is very easy, the little round back keeping you so tight that you not only have perfect command of the horse, but sit as comfortable as by the fire-side. By being so low, it has an advantage very desirable in such a hilly country; the traveller can step out in a moment when he comes to a hard climb.

Our road now turns from the sea up a valley of great beauty, watered by the Drammen. The hills lie at such a distance from the river as to leave a fertile bottom on both its banks, broad

enough for many a good farm. Here the fir reappears, flourishing on the very summit of the highest points, and with its dark green contrasting finely with the brighter meadows which creep far up the slope from the river's edge. Amid all these fair scenes, however, the traveller is always tempted to ask, is there no trace of antiquity in this ancient land? Has man so recently taken possession of these eternal mountains that not a single vestige of olden times can be found? On the Rhine, which is scarcely fairer than this magnificent stream, venerable ruins crown every height, carrying the fancy back to far-gone ages, and thus by association imparting a beauty of which these unadorned peaks must for ever be devoid. No ivied fane, no nodding wall, here occurs to tell us of the past. Indeed in no part of Norway or Sweden, except in some of the towns, is there such a thing as a ruin, or even a structure of stone of any kind, above a century old—a sad disappointment this to all who have read some of the recent German tales about Scandinavia, and especially the *Magic Ring* of the gifted Fouqué, which describes palaces and towers of the fairest architecture, standing among cliffs, where, alas! no material, more durable than wood, has ever been employed by man. Many were the wit-

ticisms perpetrated against the good baron when his brother novelist Häring, better known by his assumed name of Willibald Alexis, returned from his tour in Norway, and announced in the *salons* of Berlin, that the gothic castles, of which all the world had been reading with such delight, existed only in the noble author's imagination.

At *Hogsund*, a small village where we had to be ferried across the river, we were waited on by one of the most civil landlords in the country; the theatrical bow of this Adonis in a surtout, was worth all the money he charged for a hurried dinner, composed of excellent salmon—which we got daily at every place since we passed Gottenburg—good French brandy, and a suspicious omelette, the dish which invariably greets the unexpected traveller in France and Germany, but which was here presented to us for the first time in the north.

Norway is the land of noble rivers and waterfalls. Walking out to explore the neighbourhood we came, a short way above the village, on a rocky ledge across which the Drammen rushes in great beauty. As usual, the torrent—or "Fos," as the natives term a waterfall—is beset with saw-mills. The day had been excessively warm; but on attempting to bathe,

the water proved icy cold; in fact, though we had seen none of it in any part of our journey, the snow among the higher valleys was not yet half melted. The whirlpool here is very fine; but both this and all the others which we saw are far from realizing our long-cherished notions of that Norwegian phenomenon—the Maelstrom. Forgetting that it is on the other coast that it rages (at the extremity of the range of the Lofoden Isles, lat. 67° 40′), we had, of course, been looking out all along for this well-authenticated companion of the Kraken; but though the noble pools at the foot of the waterfalls often rage in true Maelstromic fury, we cannot say that they would absolutely dance a ship to pieces like their great prototype. In most of the rivers, however, there are some of them at least powerful enough to prevent the forests from being turned to any account; for these rapids tear the logs so much that it is vain to cut timber at any distance from the sea. Land carriage is completely out of the question. Until means be found for bringing her now inaccessible wilds in connection with the coast, the boundless wealth which waves upon the hills of Norway must remain as useless as the treasures that lurk in her unvisited mines.

After crossing the wide and eddying river,

we were in the province of Christiansand : the whole of our journey hitherto, from Swinesund onwards, had been in the province of Christiania. The road now became extremely rough—the worst yet traversed. The country is dreary all the way to KONGSBERG, a town of three thousand inhabitants, the entrance to which is extremely fine. After descending a headlong precipice, we came on the Louven-elv, another large river, which bounds past the town in one ridge of foam, down a line of rocks more than half a mile long. The bridge conducting us to the inhabited bank crosses the roughest break of all, with the waters dashing about the pier in deafening uproar. The voice of a countryman is ever welcome in a foreign land; but the friendly shout which greeted us while crossing this wild scene was doubly agreeable in so remote a corner.

The town is as quiet and regular as most others in the kingdom. The substantial appearance of the buildings, and especially of the huge brick-built church, said to be the largest edifice not of wood in Norway, shews that the mines of the neighbourhood at one time at least had left some share of their wealth among the citizens. At present the town is very poor. The only employment, since the mines sunk in

importance, is cotton-spinning; but it is conducted on a very limited scale.

We found excellent quarters at a private house, where beds were made for us in a handsome apartment, large enough to be the winter ball-room of all the fashionables of the place. These inns, or *public* private houses, are nearly all kept by widows. The mistress herself seldom appears to the guests; but her handmaidens are most assiduous in their attentions.

CHAPTER VIII.

DESCENT TO THE SILVER MINES OF KONGSBERG.

Wild Scene—Pleasures of Creeping into the Bowels of the Earth —Aspect of the Miners—Dreadful Heat of the Mine—Health and Dangers of the Men—Singular Discovery and History of the Mines—Predominant Rocks of Norway—Wages—Expences —Structure of the Mountains—A welcome Contrast—Visit to the Laabron-Fos — Waterfalls of Norway superior to those of Switzerland.

THE greater part of the following day was employed in visiting the SILVER MINES of KONGSBERG.

These celebrated mines lie in a sequestered part of the mountains, about three miles and a half (English) from the town, but may be reached by a footpath, much shorter, across the hills. Both roads are beautiful, winding through wooded vallies, silent and tenantless—fit haunts for the spirits that guard the treasures of the mine. At length the pine-clad hills recede, and leave a bare blasted waste, heaped with disjointed masses of rock and piles of stones, raised from deserted shafts, of which several are

seen at different points. At the further end of this confused space, the surly Jons Knuber, two thousand five hundred feet high, keeps faithful watch over the valley, and close under his grey receding sides, we found the huts where the bruised rock is washed.

As yet, however, we had seen no trace of the mine now wrought—neither the voice of men nor the sound of their implements had been heard. We had been looking, in fact, for huge yawning pits with ropes and pulleys, creaking in full activity as at other mines; but silver nestles not in such vulgar beds, nor is it to be won by such rude courtship. The scene is mysteriously quiet, and the opening to the shaft nothing more than a small archway in the side of the rock, like what you would expect to the grotto of some mountain nymph. All thoughts of mountain nymphs soon fled, however, when a few of the swarthy tenants of the cave came forth to dispel the silence; with black hands, black faces, and blackened garments, they looked exactly such a band as Vulcan and his busy mates would form.

We were four—for, much against his will, we had taken care to bring our Swede with us; the same number of miners therefore lighted torches,—composed of five or six slips of resinous

fir, about two feet long, tied together by fibres of the root,—and tore us away from the light of heaven. In one moment we are in total darkness, for the torches only serve to make us more sensible of the gloom. On and on we walk in single file, a torch-bearer between every two, at each step penetrating further into the mountain through a rocky cavern, just high enough for the tallest of us to advance without stooping, and perhaps about twelve feet wide. This passage, which has been cut at immense cost and labour, is 5,850 English feet long. The springs rushing in on every side keep up a constant noise; but being all guided into a channel covered over by the smooth boards we walk upon, there is no annoyance from the water. Strange sensations arise, however, as we feel the chill air about us, and see the gleam of the torches on the dingy roof.

But our serious work only begins on reaching the end of this long passage. Our path had hitherto been perfectly horizontal; but now, when we had got fairly under we know not what depth of solid mountain, the shaft dives perpendicularly into the bowels of the earth. At the point where this plunge commences there is a wide cavern, dimly lighted by a few forges, the blacksmiths flitting round

which, with their naked arms and black faces, seemed more like spirits engaged in some unearthly incantation, than tenants of our upper air. Besides serving as a place for sharpening the labourers' tools, this hall contains all the implements used in the work, as well as the machinery employed to raise the buckets in which the ore is brought from below, to be conveyed out in carts to the huts which we had seen in the glen. In one corner of this gloomy hall is the narrow opening of the descent that awaited us, but in the prevailing darkness we could scarcely grope out the steps of the ladder. With one of our torch-bearers, however, leading the way, and another between every two of us, we at length began the most formidable plunge any of us had ever tried. The first ladder or two were easily got over; but we soon began to tire of this mode of travelling backwards and at hazard, through a funnel not so wide as a village spire, and four times as deep as the highest point of St. Paul's. Strange, indeed, were our thoughts after we had been some time on this downward journey, and began to feel our strained arms and aching knees almost becoming unfit for their work. The ladders being nearly perpendicular great caution is required in placing the foot, and in keeping a firm grasp; a single false

step, and certain destruction must follow. At times we became giddy with the uniformity; and this perilous feeling was increased by the loud shouts of the workmen from point to point, as well as by the noise of the buckets which, though invisible, were incessantly thundering up and down the slides close to the ladders. One of the worst considerations was, how we should have strength to climb up again. At length, however, we acquired more confidence, and patiently followed our steady guides, ladder after ladder, sometimes diverging a few feet to find the next one, but generally discovering it close by the last. There is no danger if a firm but not too nervous a hold be laid on the slimy steps: only as the torches were insufficient to illuminate to any distance, there is often such complete darkness, that the next opening can scarcely be discovered. There is a piece of rough flooring at the end of each ladder.

Perseverance at length brought us to the bottom. The spot to which we had now sunk is exactly 1350 English feet below the point where the shaft becomes perpendicular, and consequently 3850 feet below the summit of the superincumbent mountain. A pleasant feeling it is to reflect that you are buried below such a mass of rock!

We here found matters very different from what we had expected; instead of a large and dismal cavern, with crowds of labourers plying their unhealthy task in its remotest corners, we now saw that the funnel we had been descending is itself the mine, and found the working space so narrow that only two men can be employed in it at the same moment. The silver, in fact, occupies a mere slender vien, which they hunt and follow with the shaft wherever it wanders: it was at first horizontal, and is at present going down to the centre of the earth, but may soon take some other bend, or disappear altogether.

The vein having at this moment diverged a little from its usual line, the men were at work in a side chamber, little more than six feet high, and of about the same width, hacking the ore from the rock with small pointed hammers. They were aided by the light of some blazing torches, and, to our great surprise, were naked, except a thin covering about the waist. The cause of this was soon explained—on approaching them, we found the heat raised by the torches so great that we could not endure it, even for a moment. We cannot comprehend how the human frame can support such a temperature, especially united as it is with the strong stifling vapor of the rosin which con-

stantly fills this narrow recess. Some of our party could not go nearer the men than within a few yards of their stations, while the rock almost burnt the fingers on touching it. We all attempted to get near them, but fairly thought that we should be suffocated by the vapors, and fled coughing for relief to the cooler parts, with the perspiration streaming from us like water. We felt as if two minutes of it would have killed us. Yet the poor miners spend day after day in this terrible atmosphere without a single breath of fresh air to relieve them. The work is carried on night and day, one party always descending to relieve the other at five in the morning, four in the afternoon, and nine at night. The whole rock for a certain width round the principal vein being impregnated with the precious metal, every particle of rubbish is put into the buckets and conveyed to the huts above to be filtered. The best portions of silver, however, are found pure, in large masses, which are dug out by breaking the surrounding stones with the small hammers already mentioned. It is unnecessary to state that the ore here is quite pure, and that, except the small grains scattered through the rock, it is generally found in that beautiful form known as the *dendritic*, from its miniature resemblance to the branches of a

tree; it is what is called virgin silver, and, unlike that of most mines, requires no chemical process to separate it from other metals. To assist the men in getting out an embedded mass they often apply their torches to the spot, which cracks from the heat and becomes more easy to work. We saw a large and beautiful lump shining like quicksilver and most delicately branched, which they were working at, and did not expect to get out for five or six hours more, the rock being extremely hard.

As we searched about for these glittering masses, we thought of the serviceable fairies of the mine, which in the traditions both of Wales and of Germany, fulfil the kindly office of guiding the labourer to the richest veins; but, alas! neitheir kobold nor fay could live in this fierce atmosphere. Though the heat is so great as to compel the men to throw aside all ordinary clothing, yet long custom enables them to labour without perspiring in the least. The employment is considered very unwholesome; but fatal as it is, they are paid only one mark ten skillings a-day, about one shilling and threepence of our money. At some mines it is usual to search the labourers as well as visitors each time they leave the works, but this is not done here. It is not allowed, however,

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to appropriate the smallest particle; we wished to take a small fragment of the stone at the bottom, but were told that a high penalty awaited us if we did so.

It was now time to commence our escape. The idea of climbing up some forty ladders, which we had found it so troublesome even to come down, was far from agreeable; but do it we must, unless we chose to step into a bucket with ore, and run the risk of being dashed very unceremoniously about in our upward flight. Better use our own limbs after all—so to work we went. But a sad task it was, with the perspiration pouring from us in streams, and the legs and back like to break from the terrible strain on them. Fortunately there are benches for resting on in some of the side chambers, and to these we had frequent recourse. A singular crew we formed gasping for breath, and looking with wonder on each other's blackened features, with ropes creaking, and men howling about us, as if we had come to bear a part in some subterranean drama. But we got bravely aloft, and once more greeted the glimpses of day, after two hours' imprisonment in this strange dungeon. Jons Knuber's grey head was now a very pleasant sight. The light at first made us giddy, but no bad consequences followed our visit, beyond the

destruction of some of our clothes by the slime, and the loss of a few pounds in weight from perspiration.

We now began to feel as if we had performed some feat that we might be proud of; but our boasting spirit was checked by the information that ladies—English ladies too—had visited the mines, and accomplished as much as we had.

In the hut where our ablutions were performed, we were shown a most beautiful lump of silver, dug out the day before, weighing from eight to ten pounds; nothing could be more graceful than the frost-like twisted branches into which nature had wreathed it; when struck with the nail it rang loud and clear like a bell. The largest pieces ever found here were one weighing 220lbs., and another which weighed 409 marks, and was worth £600 sterling.

These mines have been wrought more than two hundred years. The tradition regarding the way in which they were first discovered will remind the classical scholar of some of the legends of antiquity. Two peasants, who, it is said, were diverting themselves throwing stones, struck by the threads of native silver shining on a part of the rock where they pursued their pastime, hastened to inform their

comrades of their valuable prize. This was in 1623. Before many years elapsed, the town of Kongsberg was founded, six thousand inhabitants were drawn to the spot, and in 1700 the mines thus accidentally discovered by the stroke of a herdsman's clouted heel, had become the most valuable in Europe.

The silver obtained in 1768 weighed 25,000lbs. troy, and the value of the produce in the following year amounted to £79,000. From this time they appear to have declined; but even in 1784, the annual produce averaged from £50,000 to £54,000. The number of shafts then working was thirty-six, which gave employment to 2,500 men.

After this the works were for a time quite given up; but they were again resumed, and for some years back have been conducted with considerable vigour. At present the produce varies from day to day; but on the whole it would seem to be increasing every year. The value of the profits of the whole year preceding our visit, as stated to us, amounted to £22,000 sterling. But as this information was obtained from an authority not to be fully relied upon, we may add that some intelligent travellers were assured by Mr. Strom, the director, that the produce in six months of that year

(from February to August) amounted to £35,000 sterling. This surely is an immense sum, considering that only one shaft is wrought. The number of men employed, we were told, is only 150, including carpenters, blacksmiths, &c., but our friends had been told of 300. The mine is wrought for behoof of the nation.

The process followed in the sheds where the fragments of rock are filtered, is exceedingly simple. All the pieces are bruised to a rough powder, which is mixed with clay, passed through rollers, and finally filtered on inclined planes, down which a stream of water is kept running. The substance which remains after this, being wrought with the hands, is placed on iron plates over a furnace, when the earthy portions disappear, and leave the small round particles of silver untouched by the heat, to be gradually cooled and placed in leather bags for removal. A book was shown us, in which the daily quantities procured in this way are registered; but its figures were unintelligible. This department of the work of course has nothing unwholesome; one old man told us he had been fifty-four years engaged in it without suffering from disease of any kind. The underground work, on the contrary, is so prejudicial to health, that all engaged in it die young.

Great confidence, as we have already stated, is placed in the honesty of the workmen, and little fear seems to be entertained of robbers from without; for several large lumps of the precious metal were laid in a common cupboard, which did not appear to be often locked, in a room to which all had access; and in the filtering houses the ore-bags lay loose on an open table. There is no melting carried on here; all the silver is sent to be melted in the town of Kongsberg.

The only specimens which we were allowed to carry away were some agates sold by lads about the place, and as much of the adjacent mountains as we pleased.

These mountains, it may be stated for the benefit of the curious, are generally composed of vertical strata, inclining from north to south, in a direction towards east; of these strata only a few are wavy or zigzag, the majority being quite parallel to each other. Mica, with garnets and limespar mixed, are the components of most of the strata. Some, however, consist of greyish white quartz, small portions of hornstone and mica, and a minute quantity of carbonate of lime. Others, again, are composed of alternate layers of quartz and mica; and some strata are composed of ferruginous rock.

In these last the veins of silver are most abundant. The veins cut all the strata transversely, and vary greatly in size, some being only half an inch thick, and others of the goodly volume of two and a-half feet.

While on this subject, it may be mentioned that *granite*, of which in popular and even in scientific belief, the mountains of Norway were long thought to be almost exclusively composed, is in reality far from common. The most abundant rock is gneiss. The next most abundant, but by no means so widely diffused, is mica slate which rests upon and alternates with the gneiss; and in beds subordinate to both the gneiss and mica slate are limestone, with quartz and horn-blende rocks.

After this long absence from fresh air and sunshine, the reader will thank us for transporting him to a scene of life and beauty, where he may get rid of all the chills and vapors of the cavern from which he has just emerged.

Pass we then from the mountain to the river, from the gloomy mine to the sunny waterfall. How joyous, how lovely is the contrast with the recent night. A giant river tossing its waves in the sun—sporting with infant glee; yet in its very mirth bidding us tremble at its strength!

This waterfall is situated about three miles and a-half (English) below Kongsberg. By the English party who informed us of it, it was sometimes called the Fiscum-Fos, and, which would certainly be a very fit name for a waterfall, sometimes the *Kickum*-Fos, but its correct designation appears to be Laabron-Fos. Whatever its name may be, however, we quite agree with our countrymen in pronouncing it much superior to the celebrated falls of Schaffhausen. Indeed, the more we see of this country the more firmly are we persuaded that, during the summer months, there is scarcely one of the great rivers of Norway that does not present cataracts, much more imposing than any among the Swiss mountains. The one in question is at some points decidedly superior to Trollhättan. The vast body of water adds mainly to its grandeur.

You are standing close beside it, at a point where, in glassy silence, the immense volume of the Louven Elv approaches the rounded polished brink, glides over, whole and foamless like a wall of crystal, then boils fiercely up in a thousand eddies below. After tossing tremendously for a time, away it foams like a bounding courser, is again plunged over a yet loftier fall, and sends up the most fanciful clouds of

spray, high, graceful, and picturesque. Just as we sit opposite this enchanting sight, the sun breaks out, and immediately a rainbow begins to be formed; in another moment it spans the terrible tide with fearless beauty. But the finest point is still to come. Descend a few yards further. The waves rage louder and stronger than ever; as if chafed by so much delay, the whole stream collects its force and comes dashing against huge masses of rock that rise like towers in the middle of its course. For a moment the waters recoil from the first rude shock, but presently gathering strength, they return to the charge, and bound fiercely over the audacious battlements. No intrusive barrier daring any longer to oppose them, they now plunge in one body through the fragments that pave the rest of their precipitous path, until finally they sleep in a basin clear and quiet far below.

These falls occupy fully a quarter of a mile. From the great quantity of water in the river we doubtless saw them to advantage, but they must at all times be worthy of being ranked among the grandest sights of a land which abounds in sights the most sublime that Nature can present. The magnificent masses of rock and mountain, the snowy peaks, and fir-clad

heights which encircle some of the other falls of Norway, are indeed wanting; yet the scenery, from its tranquil character, possesses claims of no ordinary kind. A low pine wood covers one bank, and a romantic cottage hangs sweetly on the opposite slope, while away down the river rises a mountain of great height, dotted with quiet farms and smoking huts to the very top.

CHAPTER IX.

A SUMMER EVENING IN THE WILDS OF TELLEMARKEN.

Roads in the remote Districts—Mode of Travelling—Approachto the Snow Hills—Picturesque Dress of the Mountaineers—Unequalled richness of Norwegian Milk—Hostess—Sunset in the Forest—Home-sounds—Birds—Midnight arrival.

We now began to prepare for an excursion to one of the most romantic districts of this romantic country. The principal object of this journey to the mountains was to see the celebrated fall, known by the name of the Riukan-Fos, which, by northern travellers, is pronounced the most magnificent waterfall in Europe, and which all the good authorities consulted since we crossed the Sound, had unanimously agreed in advising us to visit at every risk. It lies eighty miles away from the place we were now in—a journey which we might have been reluctant to undertake merely for the sake of seeing the waterfall, had we not also been assured that we should on our way thither

have an opportunity of exploring some of the finest scenery in Norway, as well as of becoming acquainted with a race of people totally distinct, both in manners and appearance, from those amongst whom we had hitherto been sojourning. Before entering on this wild region, however, it became necessary to change our mode of travelling. Though we had not quite reached that spot where the French travellers of 1681, forgetting that there were near a thousand good miles of solid land a-head of them, complacently raised a monument to their own fame, as the first who had reached the "end of the world;" yet we had reached at least the end of all good roads in this direction. Leaving the barouche, therefore, till our return, we hired a train of the rough little country cars which rattle along at a famous pace; each accommodates two persons, seated on a cross board at respectful distance from the pony's heels.

Our party, including the men who drove along with us, to bring back the cars, made a most gallant appearance as we left the silent city. Whether it was the imposing length of our procession, or the hard pressure of her own necessities that induced her to address us, we know not; but it should be recorded, to the honour of Norway, that the only beggar we saw

in the country was the poor woman who applied to us as we were starting from the inn-door this afternoon.

Our course at first led close along the Louven, which—rare sight in this land of wild rivers—is here so tranquil that many parts of it are completely covered with thousands of motionless logs, floated down from the forests that cover its banks. As we advanced, the traces of cultivation became more and more slight at every step. On turning up a valley to the left, the scenery begins to assume a character of great sublimity. The lofty mountains on either hand, clothed with pines nearly to the summit, press so closely together as scarcely to leave room for the road, which, on reaching the end of the first stage (for even this little-frequented track is still divided into stages), changes so much for the worse, that even the lightest cars cannot be employed on it. Horses, however, and, what in this country are more difficult to be got than horses—saddles—having soon been procured from the neighbouring farms, though not in sufficient number to mount the whole of the party at once, we held on our way with light hearts and light song, the steeds generally keeping such a quiet step, that the member of our troop whose turn it might be to walk on foot

for a few miles, was always able to keep foremost in the line.

It was a lovely evening. The air was as balmy as summer ever breathed. Our path lay for a time by a fair mountain stream, the Brota, which draws its nourishment from the snow-clad hills that now rose high and dazzling before us. We were guided by two lads, whose good figures, and striking costume, reminded us that we were fairly within the bounds of Tellemarken. All the young men wear a white woollen jacket, with sundry cuttings and slashings behind, that would tempt one to term it an incipient coat; being open in front, it displays to due advantage the full glories of a green vest, intended to be amazingly gay, with its double rows of clear metal knobs, shining with a splendour which no maid of Tellemarken can resist. Tight dark-coloured breeches, with copiously furnished rows of similar buttons, on thigh and knee; well gartered stockings, also of a dark colour, and light mountain shoes of rough leather, complete by far the handsomest costume to be seen from the Alps to the Dovrefield. The smart black hat, always worn a little to one side, gives a jaunty air to both man and youth; and some of the peasants farther set off this garb with a neat scarf or girdle, in

which a knife is often stuck. It is not many years since every Norwegian carried his knife in his belt: a most dangerous weapon in the hands of people so easily excited. The moment an angry word was uttered, knives were drawn to settle the fray; but now this excess is seldom heard of.

The dress of our hardy companions, so different from the dull unvaried garments to which we had lately been accustomed, gave a lively appearance to our little cavalcade as we trotted up the glen. Our arrival at the lone farm-houses was never unwelcome. The deep green sward with which these places are surrounded up to the principal door of the cottage, gives them a remarkably fresh and romantic look, especially situated, as they often are, in some wooded nook by a stream, or high up on an open brow in the forest, looking over a scene of indescribable beauty. In pausing at such a spot, the good dame would offer us a bowl of milk, of a richness which we have never found equalled out of Norway. The well-known superiority of the milk of this country is probably owing to the circumstance of the cows being fed exclusively on the sweet juicy herbage of the mountains; in these remote places they never taste—in summer at least—the smallest

admixture of any other description of food. It also struck us that the pasture, even of its kind, is singularly pure. On the higher spots, we often searched over a wide space before finding a single plant of any other tribe among the grass. It is jealous even of the privileged butter-cup and daisy. This is very different from our own pastures; for a sod cut at random from an English common, sometimes contains as many as twelve or fourteen different plants of one kind or other; and though it militates against the opinion just given about the cause of the purity of Norwegian milk, it must not be concealed that many consider this mixture of plants in our herbage favourable for the dairy.

At some of the farm-houses we dismounted to hold parley with the mistress and her children, who gathered round us as we took our seat beneath the deep projecting eaves, among stores of winter fuel piled neatly and profusely on every hand, or on the picturesque outside stair of the grain-room. Sometimes, for the sake of a little talk, and to see the people, we loitered about the doors on our horses, under the pretext of tasting the neighbouring spring, repaying the courtesy with a cup of our brandy, of which the cheerful hostess would take a

share as heartily as her husband, who had just come home wearied from the forest. On resuming our march, the obliging guides ran merrily by our side, even when the pace was quick; but the ruggedness of the way soon compelled us to draw bridle. There is a good path newly formed in the valley; in order to shorten the distance, however, as night was falling, they led us up the mountain side to a track which had once been good, but is now nothing more than a bed of rough stones, like the course of a torrent—only torrents generally run down mountains instead of winding round them midway. But the glorious forest views, high above and deep below us, atoned for every inconvenience. In creeping along such a lofty path, the traveller's mind expands as if he were holding his way among the clouds.

Having slanted along the mountain for an hour or two, we again descended to the bed of the Brota, which is crossed by a rotten bridge; indeed, almost all the bridges in this ride,—if a few planks, laid rudely together, merit the name of bridge,—are venerably frail. Still rode we pleasantly on, now treading on long shelves of rock, now stumbling among twisted roots of trees, now gliding by a bog, by a lake, by a torrent, by some lonely huts; which last, though

not uninhabited, were soon all dead and silent, the inmates having gone to rest with the sun. For a long time our course was through the dense forest, without a single sign of life, or human habitation of any kind; yet nothing could be more delightful than the scene—it pleased us by its novelty. The air being still delightfully warm, we lingered long on the mossy shore of a peaceful tarn, hemmed in by endless woods, listening with rapture to the mellow cry of the cuckoo, and the far-heard song of the thrush. It was near eleven before the sun disappeared, yet so clear are the summer nights in this high latitude, that the exulting creatures could scarcely persuade themselves that the long day was closed. What mysterious power their home-notes had over us, in the deep silence of a Norwegian night! It was one of those moments which every wanderer has experienced, when the simplest sounds recall many a stirring thought—spring dreams that have vanished, spring hopes that have long slumbered with the dead.

After climbing more wooded heights, and passing more quiet lakes, we at last reached *Bolkesjoe*, the most delightful of all mountain retreats. We shall never forget our sensations in approaching this romantic hamlet. It hangs

on the margin of a beautiful sheet of water, embosomed among woods and hills, stretching mysteriously away for miles upon miles. The obscurity of the hour added to the charm of the scene. The young birch scenting strong in the dewy air of midsummer—the clear night sky reflected soft from the glassy lake—the fantastic cottages, from which not a single sound of life or activity was heard, sloping gradually on the turf to the very water's edge;—every thing around helped to form a scene of peace and beauty to which neither pen nor pencil could do justice.

Fortunately the inmates of the principal cottage had not all gone to rest. In a short time the whole household came to welcome us; and the hospitable board was soon spread with the most delicious spoils of the lake and the forest, flanked by reaming bowls from the dairy. The women of the house, instead of grudging the trouble of being disturbed at this untimely hour, were delighted to see that the night air of Norway had enabled us to do more even than traveller's justice to all their good things; and the landlord himself, a remarkably fine looking old man, lent a hand in spreading our couch.

CHAPTER X.

A SUMMER MORNING IN A MOUNTAIN HAMLET OF NORWAY.

Early Sounds—Myriads of Swallows—The Cuckoo—Flowers—Fantastic Cottages—Carving—Morning Occupations of the People—Sumptuous Breakfast—Costume of the Women—Interior of a Cottage—Our Landlord—Names of English Travellers in his Book—"Lords" on the Continent—Fodder.

A BRILLIANT sun is lighting our common sleeping-room. The fatigue of a long day has kept us sound asleep till five; but the strong light breaking through the curtainless windows—the swallows twittering in myriads beneath the eaves—and the deep note of the cuckoo, knelling from the neighbouring grove, forbid the longer waste of so fair a morn.

The mists still linger on the distant mountains; the first glimpse, however, shows that they are of a much bolder character than those of the coast. The lovely view from the casement recalls us to the pleasures of last night's journey, and draws forth a confession of thankfulness that we have visited this remote district.

The man who has a relish for all that is grand and beautiful in scenery, will here find enjoyment that well rewards him for his journey. One hour of free intercourse with nature, amid such scenes, is worth years of ordinary life; its remembrance will be something to live on in after days.

We have been out in the morning sun, and are giddy with the beauties of this loveliest surely of Norway's vales. The hamlet is composed of only six or eight cottages, each of which is in itself a picture, while their beauty is enhanced by the careless yet tasteful way in which they are grouped at wide intervals on the grassy slope. At some distance behind them—that the acclivity may not die too tamely away into the forest and the mountain—there runs a light screen of low broken rocks, of most graceful forms, with openings amongst them, in which, and in the clefts of the summits, small birches are scattered with charming effect. Taking our stand by one of these little rocks, we see people beginning to move from door to door, but not a footfall is heard on that soft carpet. The only near sound that breaks the stillness is from the pert swallow. In a solitude where so few visitants intrude, man seems to treat this gentle guest so kindly, that he has become quite

tame, and perches on a beam close by your shoulder, turning up his bronzed neck in the sun, or pruning his snowy breast, with all the fearlessness of long acquaintance; then drops at your feet on the green, and only flies away when he has found something he can carry off to help in building the artful little palace that begins to appear above the door, within reach of the hand from the ground. The starling, too, seems to have friends in the hamlet. And, hark! the cuckoo again: never before did he send forth so loud a note—it echoes like a trumpet among the wide forests and countless dells, that retreat into the mountains. In a country where, generally speaking, birds are extremely scarce, even the most common ones of other lands are regarded with interest.

The sward is still thick with dew—a tiny rill murmurs through it, and flowers enamel it in sweet but simple variety: the blushing anemone, violets of changing dye, the lovely flower of Parnassus, most graceful of all, the winter-green, and ladies' mantle, too, with other familiar ornaments of our own rustic glades, scattered freely among the birches, give new beauty to a spot which looks the very bower of peace.

Yet flowery and summer-like as this retreat is, the chill of winter is near. The sun in more

southerly climes has long dispersed the snows, but above this blooming scene, the mountain-tops are as white as the clouds. High over the thousand crests that float around it, the lofty Goustafield, one of the most elevated peaks in Norway, rises entirely covered with snow. Seen from our quiet point of view, the panorama formed by these mountains, and the unvisited forests that fill up their intervening vallies, is beyond description grand. That a prospect in general so wild may not be without some contrast, close by the foot of the slope on which the houses stand, begins a soft lake of such regular form that you doubt whether man has not aided with his tasteless skill in completing the triangle which it presents, as well as in training the trees to run in so straight a line along one of the banks. Its regularity pleases, however, as a foil to the wild vagaries of the circumjacent objects; and the wooded knoll which separates it from a farther lake, also visible, tells marvellously in this noble landscape. Altogether, the view from our little rock would repay a longer and more tiresome journey than we have made to reach it.

But there are traces of walls, or foundations of some kind or other, a short way from the houses. Have there been revolutions even in

this sequestered dale? Is there a history connected with these stones? Did that garden, still marked by a lofty plane, and some other trees scarcely of native growth, ever belong to any more powerful owner than the peasant who now tills it? Close beside, is a little sod-covered bed, surrounded with stakes, more carefully selected than is usual for an ordinary fence: can it be a grave? It is such a one as some would wish to slumber in; for the sun shines free upon it, and the turf is bedecked with violets and anemones—such remembrances as Nature would fondly strew over the minstrel-child that loved and sung the fair spot where

> In life's low vale, remote he pined alone,
> Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

Returning to the cottages, and examining them more minutely, it is impossible to resist pronouncing them the finest we have ever seen. The dismal two-story houses of the other parts of our journey, are here replaced by low clean-looking mansions, with broad spreading roofs, and a profusion of carving on every edge. They are built entirely of wood, to which the seasons have imparted a soft brown tinge, much more agreeable to the eye than the staring red or bleached grey to which we had till now been

accustomed. In general appearance, they are not unlike the Swiss cottages of pictures, only from the solidity of the materials they do not look so light; instead of having the outside coated with thin boards, they are built of massive logs through and through. Their appearance is more striking from their being all raised a foot or two from the ground on strong props, like the cornstacks in some parts of Scotland. Each of the four corners of every house is formed by a round pillar, very neatly carved, rising the whole height to support the wide roof. The doors exhibit devices of every kind, deeply cut from the wood. The muses then *have* been wooed in this meet haunt? Over one of the doorways, a harp of very beautiful form is carved by no unskilful hand. Some of the cottages are doubly fenced from winter: piles of cut wood, the pieces placed endwise to the wall, are neatly built up to the roof all round, forming both a store of winter fuel, and, the blanks being constantly filled again, an additional wall, which can bid defiance to the roughest breeze. Altogether, as a rural scene, this spot is unrivalled. To keep up the charm, the peasants, in the handsome costume of the country, now begin to appear more frequently, some repairing with their hatchet to the forest, some following their cows

to the pasture. Still, however, no rough sound is heard. The genius of the place extends its influence to the manners of the people. They speak as quiet, and glide over the turf as smooth, as if the slightest noise would break some dreaded spell.

Our landlord's son, a lad in picturesque garments, with long flowing dark hair, and something of a Savoyard countenance, is leaning on the back of a chair, and watching intently each motion of the pen, marvelling, doubtless, what the stranger can have to write about him or his affairs. Meantime, our female friends are hospitably busied in producing a sumptuous breakfast—such trout as mountain lakes alone can boast of, with rice and milk as nicely dressed as a Parisian *riz-au-lait* could be, and cream to the tea, in such profusion, that thrifty dairy-maids would die of grief at the waste. One of the women wears a short loose spencer of scarlet cloth, embroidered at the edges, and adorned with shining buttons down the front; the other has a green one of the same description. Both allow this part of their attire to hang somewhat too liberally open over the coarse dark petticoat. The blue kerchief, tied loosely round the head, and falling not ungracefully behind, shades features that can scarcely be called

handsome; but they are good kindly souls, delighted to give us the best that can be got, and laughing immoderately at our Norwegian speeches.

The room, too, is worth describing—it will serve as a specimen of what the more comfortable houses of the region are. It stands at the top of a low inner stair, and may measure eighteen feet by fourteen, but is not high in proportion. The walls are of naked logs, kept very clean. There are few chairs in it, their place being supplied by a deal-bench, fixed against the wall of the two long sides; a few feet above this bench runs a broad shelf, liberally ornamented with crockery, &c. In fact, judging by the display of bowls and brilliant pewter, our host must be a jovial neighbour. Last evening, in the twilight, we might have supposed ourselves in some hall of other days, with shield and cuirass hung idly on the wall; we now find them to be peaceful trenchers, large and shining as the moon; one over the window is of brass finely embossed. What purpose these huge vessels serve at the social board, or whether they are more for show than use, we could not ascertain. One part of the shelves is occupied by huge copper cauldrons, placed on their sides, of various dimensions, from two to three

feet in width, to a fourth of that size; whether they are reserved for occasions of mirth, to brew strong potations in, as might be inferred from their high polish, or for the humbler service of the kitchen, has not been explained. On a cupboard, gaudily painted, stand eight or ten brass candlesticks, some curiously old-fashioned; behind them are large blue and white dishes of stoneware. Descending from these lofty regions, we find the floor occupied by three family arm-chairs and a fir stool: a bulky chest of drawers, surmounted by an old mirror in a gilt frame, helps out the furniture of the apartment; the inventory of which will be nearly finished when we add the long deal table, covered with a well-bleached cloth, at which we eat and write, and the two lofty beds encased in daubed wainscoating, which claim one end of the apartment entirely to themselves; a third bed, made up on chairs and the stationary bench, completed the necessary means for our repose. Besides all the glittering display already mentioned, a long muster of painted earthen bowls glares over the beds, and near them shines a host of pewter dinner-plates, most scrupulously bright. In fact, the whole room is a blaze of plates, bowls, or pans; and to heighten the show, a waving scroll of blue paint runs along

one of the walls, bearing a pious quotation in bold Gothic letters.

After so full an account of the comforts and splendours of our apartment, it is superfluous to add that our host is a man of wealth and influence. He has had a seat in the national Parliament, and is looked up to with great reverence in the district. When he came to help us to mount,—in his red night-cap—grey jacket, adorned with the clear buttons, which are such favourites here—nether garments of the same cloth, having long rows of buttons at the knee —with white stockings of the finest wool, to complete his costume,—the erect fine-looking figure of the old man, in an attire which set off its proportions to the greatest advantage, struck us so much that we resolved to present his portrait to our friends, with the inscription of the "Norwegian Patriarch, or an M.P. off duty."

We must not omit what to travellers is always an amusing, if not a very important part of the furniture in such places—the book, namely, containing the names of all strangers going or coming. There are few of them kept in the North, which only renders those that we meet with more worthy of notice. This one goes back twelve or fifteen years, and shows the increasing interest Englishmen take in Norway.

At first scarcely one English name occurs; indeed, for whole years together there are few travellers of any description. In 1826, two English names appear. In 1827, the Rev. Mr. Everett, author of a work on Norway, records his transit. In 1828, the Marquis of Lothian, Earl Clanwilliam, and an illegible Englishman, seem to have been the only visitors; in the following year Lord Villiers and Lord Craven present themselves, accompanied by a Reverend friend, also raised to the peerage by the native servant who had entered the names. Of late years, however, there are at least eight or ten English visitors every summer, nearly all of them noble. We parted from a young nobleman in Kongsberg, and heard of others who were in the country; if each season brings as many Lords, the title will soon be as hacknied in Norway as in other parts of Europe, where every Englishman, with a good coat on his back, is at once dubbed a Lord. Even in classic Greece, and especially among the islands, Englishmen are unclassically saluted as *milordoi*. However absurdly this title may be lavished, there is one thing has struck us regarding it—in no part of the world did we ever hear it applied to a Frenchman, or any other foreigner. There is some indescribable stamp

about an Englishman which betrays him at once, even to the least experienced. As it is indescribable, so this secret something would seem to be inimitable: We have known foreigners who had found it convenient to attempt passing themselves off as Englishmen: but the counterfeit was so clumsy, that it could not impose on the ignorant cadi of a Turkish village.

We were greatly struck with one lesson in the rural economy of Norway, which we acquired while poking about among the landlord's out-houses—*viz.*, the strange kinds of fodder laid up for winter. So badly do the farmers manage their hay-making, that on possessions lying in an elevated position, they store up large quantities of *dried leaves of birch and beech*, and even some *kinds of bark*, to be eaten by the cattle in winter. These elevated farms, however, are not considered the worst; for, from being above the general range of the clouds, they are said to receive more sun, and to enjoy a more equable atmosphere than those in the plain.

CHAPTER XI.

ROMANTIC SCENERY OF LAKE TIND.

Forest-travelling at Noon—A Lesson from the Ant-hills—Hardy Boat-girl—Our Rowers—Summer Sail—Wild Cliffs—Legends —Violence of Storms on Inland Seas—Numerous Waterfalls— Singular Huts—Habits of the Tenants—Midnight on the Waters—A new-fashioned Sleeping-room.

AGAIN held we on our way across green-sward and glade, guided by three handsome fellows, whose light bounding step and half Tyrolese costume would have made us suppose ourselves on the Italian slope of the Alps. Our horses—fierce brutes they were, whenever they could get near each other to fight—had each a bell tied round the neck, and seemed to proceed in bad humour till these appendages, which the guides had filled with moss, were set at liberty, when the accustomed music at once sent them forward in high spirits.

We journeyed by an excellent bridle-path, in an extensive forest of aged spruce-trees and rarer birches, with now and then a small

lake visible, in which a most unusual effect was produced by a few firs growing in the water far from land, dotted about most picturesquely. On the whole, the way was very lonely; yet we would sometimes meet a flock of fine cattle migrating to the summer pasture, attended by the men who were to spend months in milking the cows and making the cheese in a hut many miles removed from all other habitation. Occasionally a maiden would salute us on her way to distant service, wandering fearless and alone through the most unfrequented glens. The women of Tellemarken have few pretensions to beauty, and their charms are not improved by the singular fashion which they have of pressing their huge breasts almost up to their necks; they also wear dresses so short in the body, that the figure, naturally far from good, is made to look still more ungraceful.

About noon we came on another splendid river, the Tind-elv, which, like all the other rivers of Norway, can scarcely be said to *flow* —it *rages*, bounding along with ceaseless roar. At one of its bends there is a whirlpool so fierce that the logs, floated from the mountains far above, cannot escape from its circle; they come beautifully into it, but soon turn back, as accu-

rately as if guided by the hand, into a large bay some distance behind. The path up the river is very irregular; now through close bushes, and now through deep pools; but we endured its roughness with patience, nay, with admiration! from its being studded with a great number of lovely hamlets, most romantically situated among trees, high above the stream, with goats, as we approached, skipping boldly from roof to roof, or from crag to crag. The guides being on foot, our progress was so slow that we had full time to enjoy the scenery; the heat of the day also compelled them to make frequent appeals to the brandy jar—nobody need attempt to travel here without a large supply of brandy—a duty which was discharged with such ardour, that at one of our halting places, the steeds were neglected, and being left too near each other, commenced a battle which threatened to bring us into loss and trouble.

Pleasant as it generally is to rest in such forests as those we were now traversing, there are some localities in them of which the inexperienced must especially beware. In journeying through them, ever since we came to Trollhättan, where they are especially abundant on the island in the middle of the cataract, we had

every now and then seen piles of withered fir-needles, small twigs, rotten bark, and light mould, rising round a large stem, or still more frequently on the root of a tree that has been cut down. Some of these hillocks are not larger than a mole-hill; others are full six or seven feet high; but even the largest appear at first mere heaps of dead matter. On approaching them, however, they will be found to be peopled by thousands on thousands of industrious ants, blacker, larger, and stronger than ants ever are with us. On gazing a little, it will be discovered that the marvellous instinct of these creatures has taught them to adopt all the order and economy of a well-governed State. There would appear to be law-givers, magistrates, policemen; every member of the community is in his proper place, and not one is at rest. Such hurrying to and fro was never seen. One would say that there is some great political meeting about to be held in the Spafields of this populous capital, that the Houses of Parliament are on fire, or that the Queen is going to be crowned. A little patience, however, will show that nothing but order reigns where we at first thought all was rude confusion. In fact, such a scene of nicely-regulated industry has never been witnessed. The streets and their tributary

lanes—for there are streets and lanes both numerous and regular—are indeed full to overflowing; but look more narrowly, and you will discover that of all the throng there is not one sauntering for mere amusement. Some are carrying, some are pushing, some are trying to lay hold of their load, which is often seemingly of a size quite beyond their tiny powers to manage. Such enemies are they to indolence, that if the stranger—and there lies the peril we spoke of—inadvertently sits down too near them, to muse in idleness on some foolish fancy, these indignant reprovers instantly visit him in flocks, and give him, not a gentle hint to be jogging on, but many a good hard bite, by way of telling him that this is not a world in which we can play the sluggard with impunity. Apart from such bites—and we soon learn to avoid them—there is nothing but pleasure and instruction, in viewing these ant-hills, which really constitute one of the most delightful, as they are certainly among the most remarkable, sights of the northern forests. In some parts of Norway the people make vinegar from the unhappy carcasses of their exemplary friends!

After a twenty miles' pleasant march, we reached Loch Tind, which feeds the river we had been slanting along. Not a single house is

to be seen on its nearer shore; but an active boat-girl soon came to our aid from the solitary post-station on the other side. Accustomed to her hardy exercise from infancy, she blushed for our awkwardness in handling the oars, and at last took them from our unmanly grasp. As the fall which we were going to see lies among rocks and mountains that no foot can cross, the only method in which we could advance farther was by rowing some five-and-twenty miles up the lake. It now became necessary, therefore, to procure a band of boatmen, and as these had to be sent for to houses several miles away, we rested ourselves on a green knoll above the lake, to spend the interval in feasting on the solids from our wallet, and milk from the cottage.

We embarked late in the afternoon in a flat "coble," rowed by three men, occasionally aided by a chance passenger, who was to work for his sail. From the state of the wind, however, it was soon found advisable to put into a wooded bay in order to shift ourselves to a smaller craft of similar construction. After filling it with fresh boughs of the birch and alder to lie upon, we again set forth, almost lipping the water at every pull of the oars. A lovely sail it was along that sunny lake. Being seldom more than three-fourths of a mile broad, we had a distinct view of both sides the whole

way. On either hand rise lofty rocks as perpendicular and leafless as a wall of iron; we have never seen cliffs so singularly black, nor so completely bare—from their unusual steepness, in most places, neither tree nor shrub can find hold on their breast. Tall pines, however, now and then hang over the giddy summit, standing out like giants between us and the sky. Our little boat diminishes to insignificant size when at any time we steer near the margin. The solitude is as deep as if it had never been disturbed since time began—the cold plash of the oars but makes the silence more perceptible. The only thing of life that can be seen is the strong eagle hastening to forage for his youthful bride; he alone can visit these untrodden paths;—the thoughtless goat is repelled with fright, and the mountaineer with all his skill gazes helplessly from below. The gloomy grandeur of the scene affects even our sturdy rowers: they shudder as they tell some tale of superstition, and point to the deep stamp on the brink of the highest cliff—the impression left by the burning foot of Zernebok, the Dark Spirit, as he strode across the lake on an errand of evil. Quiet and harmless as these waters now look, our companions assured us that *he* has power to raise them into fury when any scheme of his own is to be accomplished; either

when he wishes to overwhelm the poor boatman returning to the winter hearth to cheer his wife and children, with gains hardly earned in summer toil, or when he wishes to impede the good pastor crossing the lake to pray with some dying member of his flock. Our attention was particularly drawn to a broad shelf, hemmed in by rocks so lofty that retreat is cut off on every side, except by water. Here the clergyman was lately compelled to take refuge from one of the dreadful storms which often prevail, and lay imprisoned on it for weeks, with the waves dashing about him so fiercely that all hopes for his safe return had died away among his people. Norway, it seems, has its fresh-water storms as violent and as long-continued as those of Northern Italy, and of that hallowed land where the Divine voice itself "rebuked the wind and the raging of the water; and they ceased, and there was a calm." Sometimes these storms spring up very unexpectedly; for not far from the same spot, three stout boatmen were overwhelmed a short time ago by a sudden gust—of the whole company none escaping but a poor woman, who clung to the boat.

The gloomy sensations produced by these narratives were dispelled by the approach of a boat from the farther end of the lake with some

English travellers, whom we had met at other parts of our journey. A hasty welcome and a hasty farewell were all that could be exchanged.

Our attention was now drawn to an exhibition at once most strange and most beautiful: about half way up the lake begin a series of lovely rills streaming in foam down the rocks, and presenting pictures which nothing can rival. Many of these are in view at the same moment, looking like broad lines of silver on the face of the black cliffs, and hissing chill and harsh as we make our rowers pause to watch the unwonted scene. The lover of falling waters will here find enough to satisfy the most inordinate passion—there are so many of these beautiful runnels that literally we could not number them. When the snows have all melted, many of them must disappear, but nothing could surpass their effect at the present season. The variety of form which they exhibit is most fantastic—some of them run down a steep one thousand feet high, as straight as the plummet line, in a long white course, narrow and graceful. Some have a slanting stream, some a broken one, the different branches forming a series of cascades side by side with each other. Some sparkle among foliage, some flow on the barest flint. At one

place, where an opening in the rocks occurs, a stream of great size enters the lake, after bounding over a rugged and lofty ledge. To see this cataract in all its beauty, it is necessary to land and clamber through the thickets, but the toil is amply repaid: it dashes in such splendour over the principal point, that our friend E., who has a passion for these sights, pronounces it superior to any thing in Switzerland. It is not mentioned in the books that we have seen—the people call it by a name sounding like Degross.

After passing this point, the openings in the shore become much more frequent: the cliffs no longer rise sheer from the lake—bits of pasture find room on its rough margin; and at some places, among detached rocks close by the shore, or high up on a green and lonely ledge, are perched a few huts for the hardy natives, so dwarfish, so unlike the dwellings of human beings, that we for a long time supposed them to be stacks of firewood prepared for transport down the lake. But if men really live in these cabins, in what way do they hold intercourse with the world? How can they ever climb that iron barrier rising to the clouds behind them? Round the whole of these inhabited patches the rocks are so steep on every side that not

even a footpath can be formed from one hamlet to another; some children, creatures from eight to ten years old, were paddling away to visit their nearest neighbours, in a fairy boat; for this it seems is the only way in which the inhabitants can communicate with each other;—they appeared to think it as natural to be rowing about under these huge cliffs as to walk on land. We have never seen houses that looked so lonely and wretched. In such places winter must be worse than dismal. Yet the people are lively and social in the highest degree—fond of the dance and the song, swift in the chase, too, and bold in the fray.

The cold air of the lake now fell heavy on us; but we still advanced without making any other pause till we reached the hamlet where orders were to be left for sending horses to meet us next day. Though the people had gone to rest, we found the door of the best house wide open, and were allowed to wander through the rooms, without let or hindrance. Once more embarking, we reached about midnight the houses at the mouth of the river where our land journey was to commence in the morning. Instead of open doors, however, we here had difficulty in getting the people to answer, even when summoned. The old mistress at last

appeared, but wished to make us trudge far up the valley to a kind of post-house, where, she told us, we might find beds, and, at all events, shelter under a roof, which she herself could scarcely promise us, every corner of the house being occupied by the family. These were no welcome tidings in our wearied condition. We therefore employed all our eloquence with the matron, and finally persuaded her to let us have some hay to sleep on, and the use of the most singular bed-room that ever travellers were sheltered in. We were sent to a sort of out-house, literally *on* the water, it being raised on piles driven into the mud of the river. This mansion looked much more inclined for a sailing trip down the lake which we had just left, than to remain steadily here, and give us quiet rest. It was reached by what may be called a draw-bridge of steps: but, unhappy men that we are! is it a shambles, a poultry-house, or a hide-loft that we are entering? We have no candle to aid us in our survey; and judging by the smell, it must be one or perhaps the whole of them together; for of all dreadful odours, that which now saluted us was the most nauseous. Legs of horrid cows or gigantic sheep are dimly seen adorning the outer division; within are raw hides, barrels of strong meal, barrels of rancid

butter, barrels of sour-smelling bread; barrels of every thing atrocious, to make up such a concatenation of villanous smells as never assailed human nostrils till this cage was filled. Its dimensions scarcely surpassed ten feet by seven; yet, in addition to the things enumerated, this small space was already crammed with so many inconceivable utensils, that it was long before we could discover where the ingenious lady meant us to stretch our limbs. Some choice preserves, however, were turned out of the way—one odorous vessel was put above another—some of the worst happily were removed altogether—till at last a space, rather larger than that which a cat and her kittens would need to curl in, was opened in the centre of all these unutterables. Coarse grass from the fens, dried, and called hay—but more like rushes armed with needles—was strewed on the boards—a canvas sheet was spread over—*one* bristly rug was brought as a blanket—and there, gentlemen, there are you to sleep side by side, with a place for your Swede across your feet at the door! Shall we still fly from this killing atmosphere? It would be to no purpose—the whole glen are asleep—there are ten miles to the next station—the kind woman has done her best—we are worn out—can scarce move a limb,

after seven hours' cramp in the boat—decidedly we must turn in. Brief was our toilet, where nothing but the coat had to be taken off—merry, too, was our down-lying: we were thankful even for this rude bield. Admiration of our strange lodging—nay, laughter, that must have startled the fishes swimming below—kept us long awake; but sleep at length came, and held us captive till the sun brought morning and our horses, when we were off for the Fall as fresh as if we had rested on the Bishop's-down.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FALLS OF RIUKAN-FOS.

Ascending the Valley — The Goustafield — Summer Dale — The Women—Food—Singular kind of Bread—Mountain Scenery—Delightful Ride — Majesty of the Scene — Impressions — The finest Fall in Norway—Overwhelming grandeur of Norwegian Scenery.

THE valley watered by the river over which we had slept, and up which our course now lay, is exceedingly narrow. On one side, the mountains rise immediately from the stream, and are so steep as to render their cultivation impossible: most of them are clad with trees to the very top. The side on which we travelled slopes much more gently, and affords space for a rising strip of corn-land; much of which, however, is liable to be overflowed when the river, as at present, is swollen to any size. The whole path was at times covered with water; for there had been such heavy rains in the night that the river was near twice its usual size: so much the better—we shall see the Fall

to more advantage. The sky was still lowering; the clouds heaved tumultuously, and for a time threatened to settle so densely on the mountains above us that many of the grandest views would have been entirely lost. But the sun increased in strength, the lingering vapours were driven to flight, leaving the lofty cone of the Goustafield white and clear before us. In elevation, this is the second of the mountains of Norway: some give its height at 5,000, others at 6,000 feet; while the loftiest of the Dovrefield range is only 8,000 feet above the sea. From the point where the mountain is first seen, the top resembles a truncated cone, but from the farther side, where other mountains are grouped round it, the portion that towers pre-eminent appears to taper to a small point. Rising, as it does, directly from the bed of the river, its whole height is seen at once by those advancing up the valley; so that its altitude appears greater than that of many mountains, which, though really much higher, yet lose in apparent loftiness from being pressed upon by other peaks rising nearly as high. The lower part is covered with pines; farther up, these degenerate to mere brushwood; then follows a black and naked belt, seemingly without vegetation of any kind; and finally comes the

region of snow, which still lay close on the last thousand feet.

The cold icy aspect of the mountain gave increased beauty to the green vale below, which, from its bosky and smiling character, is one of the most delightful we had yet visited. Cottages surrounded by green-sward smooth as velvet—little fields with the plough now at rest on the balks—the brimming river with the hazel and the birch dripping over it; such are some of the components of a scene, which the strong sun, reflected with additional power from the mountains on either hand, made as bright and warm as a Spanish dale. But, alas! one glance at the women dispels the illusion: their natural charms, truth to tell, are scanty enough, but the poor creatures make themselves much worse by their unseemly dresses: like all the females we have seen for the last few days, they have the horrid fashion of wearing their shapeless gown, or rather sack, of blue woollen, strapped tight up to the arm-pits, so that their breasts hang over the upper part of it in most unseemly size. In fact, their appearance is frightful — they make one think of the misshapen creatures we read of in children's story-books about Lapland.

The starved unhealthy look of the inhabitants

of these remote vallies is chiefly owing to the nature of their food: bread often mixed with ingredients that would make the most unscrupulous stomach rebel, and the thinnest residue of the milking of their goats, constitute the greater part of their meals; and even of these, for long periods of the year, the supply is often limited, if it does not fail altogether. Though the river abounds with delicious trout, they do not appear to avail themselves of nature's bounty to such extent as they ought. So ill provided are they in stores of every kind, that it was with difficulty we could get anything like a breakfast even at the post-house: the starved-looking landlord was at a great deal of trouble, but even after he had done his utmost, we found that the only way of travelling with comfort here, is to carry a good stock of provisions from head-quarters.

The bread of the district is a most singular affair—a thin preparation of coarse unsifted rye-meal, mixed with water to the thinnest possible consistency, and run into circular cakes, near two feet in diameter, with a large hole in the centre. These rings are transparently thin, and being strung on a rope to dry among the rafters, become so brittle, that the edges, as thin as a knife, cut the lips in eating. It is the most wretched substitute for bread ever at-

tempted, tasting like a piece of thin glue that has hardened awhile, rather than like wholesome bread. They probably spread their meal over such a large surface with a view to deceive themselves: when the teeth have consumed such a vast superficies, the stomach would be ashamed to cry for more, though after swallowing a square yard or two, there is not, perhaps, more than a spoonful of meal obtained: a bushel would make a whole house-full of these skinny rings. Though we did not know it at the time, this bread, in fact, was partly made from *a powder procured by grinding the inner bark of the fir*, which the poor are forced to mix with meal in years of scarcity.

On passing the hut where we had rested, we find the valley so narrow, that it scarcely affords room for the river, from which the mountains on both sides now rise at once, without intervening field or garden of any kind. The path, therefore, just broad enough for our horses, now winds pleasantly midway up the mountain's side. Fine hardwood lies below and above us; the river is still seen through the trees, but so deep beneath that its noise reaches us with deadened sound. So lovely are the views, that at the more open points we stand and gaze in ecstacy. The high mountains on both sides of the valley are co-

vered with pine-trees as far up as the eye can follow them; or, where the rocks are too precipitous to permit trees to grow, cascades may be seen gushing in every fantastic variety, some brawling from the highest summit to the river, a height of two thousand feet, with the swiftness of light, and some sporting in lines as beautifully varied as if traced on purpose to relieve the iron-looking rocks. As we advance, little rills stealing round moss-covered stones, are every instant crossing our path, and fair flowers spring in rich profusion among the grass. In some places the foliage is closely arched over our heads; anon, a break occurs with the light streaming beautifully in on herb and rock. Nor is it a scene of absolute solitude—though no houses are seen, there must be some sheltered among the trees, for small kids are frisking round us, tended by a little maid, who scarcely lifts her eye to look at our train. For a time the air was filled with the oppressive gloom that generally accompanies or forebodes the thunderstorm, but, as we rise higher, the clouds once more pass away, and the bright sun again breaking forth to gladden the whole valley, nothing is wanting to give interest and loveliness to the scene.

But, hark! we are still far away from the Falls, and yet their roar is already heard. We

had been climbing without intermission for several miles, and there is another terrible hill before we dismount: at its foot several large and dangerous torrents are to be crossed. As we rise, houses, even at this remote and elevated point of the valley, are seen nestling among the copse, or completely overshadowed by some tree of nobler growth; and on a few open patches somewhat below us, three or four families have drawn together in small shealings. Instead of passing by these, the track rises higher and higher, so steeply, that it seems impossible for our wearied horses to reach the top; another effort is made, however—for the roar increases so audibly, that the great object of our search must be near. At last the path seems to terminate—a huge precipice bars all advance. Leaving the horses in a deserted hut, we creep cautiously down the bank by clinging to the tangled roots, and, after crossing some slippery footbridges, with the water dashing over them into a yawning abyss, get round the interposing rock—then climb once more on our hands and knees—turn a soft green point—and in another moment the Fall bursts upon us with all its beauty and sublimity.

Though the cataract be now full in view, it is still at a considerable distance from us,—perhaps a quarter of a mile. Such, however,

is the nature of the rocks and mountains which hem it in, that there is no possibility of getting nearer without great loss of time and much danger. Both the path, and our courage, then, refusing to carry us nearer, we clung by some branches on a giddy ledge, suspended between heaven and the deep water many hundred feet below us, and gazed up the open valley to the silvery mists rising from a point much lower than the level which we ourselves occupied. Above the fall, the river is seen slanting through a naked ravine in a long inclined bed, where it flows smoothly and swiftly, without a pool to rest in, or a rock to break upon, till, in one moment, from clear and foamless water, it vanishes in white clouds of spray: with a single plunge it has fallen four hundred and fifty feet into a vast gulf scooped from the solid marble.

So tremendous is the shock, that even at this distance the mountain trembles. From the immense height of the fall, the body of the water is lost sight of long before it reaches the bottom: instantly it recovers itself, however, and rises back to the very summit in light vapoury clouds, bounding and curling upwards, till the whole basin and the retreating hollows are full of wreathes upon wreathes of fantastic beauty. A matchless sight! The floating

masses are ever varying their forms—now they are like the rich foliage of lofty trees waving in the summer gale, now like the gilded clouds at even. At one moment, they crest themselves in dazzling brightness above the highest brink of the rock, and, "laughing in air and sunshine," audaciously conceal the tide which gives them strength; at another, like a curtain of gossamer, yielding to the slightest breeze, they open to either side, and reveal the liquid crystal incessantly falling through them. Their beauty is singularly heightened too, by the blackness of the surrounding rocks and the deep green of the sward above. Lofty as the fall itself is, there are yet loftier mountains around it, whose imposing masses greatly increase the effect of this impressive scene—they curve gently outwards, as if to leave room for the fair sight which they embosom.

The beauties of such a scene, however, cannot be analyzed at the moment when the mind is agitated by their effect. The eye becomes dazzled in trying to distinguish the clouds of vapour from the river itself. The loud sound too fills with awe; it is at times louder than the loudest thunder, filling the air for miles with successive peals of terrible distinctness: on listening to it for a while, the head begins

to turn. Altogether,—the height,—the mass of water,—the ebon darkness of the surrounding rocks,—the silence of the green spot we cling to in viewing it, backed by a huge triangle of swarthy basalt,—the streaks of snow on the heights,—the small hut creeping near the brink, —the river rushing triumphantly out of the cauldron it has escaped from in despite of so fierce a trial,—every adjunct required by taste unite to make this scene one of the most magnificent that nature presents.

The thoughts which occupied our minds while beholding this majestic exhibition, were among the most elevated—may we add, among the most edifying we have ever experienced. Who, with such a spectacle before him, would not have been driven to ask, Whose voice speaks in that solemn torrent? Whose hand upholds these lasting bulwarks? Whose bounty feeds these ever-flowing springs? the heart must indeed be cold that does not here rise to a great Contriver. When the first stunning sensation was over, we felt as if we should never have tired of the lofty music that ceases not, day nor night, to proclaim the greatness of Him who

> " — Sets his throne upon the floods; rebukes
> The headlong torrent in its mid career,
> And turns its horrors to magnificence."

Before such a prospect man is irresistibly humbled with a sense of his own littleness—his own helplessness. What were man's strength in combat with such might as is displayed in that resistless tide? What are man's works compared with this magnificent fabric of rocks and caves and mountains? What are man's fleeting days when measured with the flow of those waters which—meet emblem of the eternity toward which we are hastening—have rolled since the world was called out of nothing, and will roll till it shall be "wither'd up as a scroll!"

After this sketch of what we saw and felt in this impressive spot, it is unnecessary to add that, contrary to what usually happens in regard to a sight which has been much praised, the *reality* surpassed *expectation*. The peasants told us, however, that the "fos" was this year seen to unusual advantage, the quantity of water, on which the beauty of such a sight of course greatly depends, being at present unusually great from the melting of the snows, which has been retarded until now by the cold weather in May. Most travellers come too late in the season for seeing it in perfection. The valley and its adjacent ravines are so full of interesting and beautiful objects, that a lover

of nature could find ample employment here for a week; the lodgings at the post-house where we breakfasted are as good as a hill traveller would care for, and one who could use a fishing-rod would be at no great loss for something to eke out the landlord's stores, so long as there is such a well-stocked stream close beside.

Of the size of the volume of water in the fall it would be difficult from the nature of the bed to form a correct estimate. To employ a very vague standard, — yet one with which the greater part of travelling Europe is well acquainted,—we should say that the quantity of water seemed to be somewhat greater than that which the Tweed at Abbotsford contains in summer.

The *height* of the fall is another doubtful matter: though all the published accounts agree in giving the number of feet above stated, yet it scarcely appears so great to the eye. It should be remembered, however, that standing so far off as the spectator does, and on a much higher level,—that is, looking *down* upon the fall,—the effect is naturally very different from that which would be produced if he could get nearer, and were looking *up* to the tumbling mass. From the density of the clouds of spray, and

the closeness with which the rocks press on the lower channel, but a small part of the whole height is visible at a distance.

There is a fall among the Hardanger mountains said to be much higher than this one,—some state its height at a thousand feet; but it is merely on report that books now speak of it. Mr. Lloyd, who has explored as much of these regions as any man now alive, assured us that the Riukan-Fos is by far the finest sight of the kind he had ever come upon in his wanderings; the Vöring-Fos, though higher, having but a small body of water. Without proceeding further, therefore, in this direction, we now resolved to retrace our steps, which we began to do with much thankfulness to the kind Providence that had permitted us to visit the sublime scenes presented to us in this excursion. Other lands may boast of separate sights as wonderful. Among the lakes and mountains of Scotland, or among the wild vallies of Switzerland, may be found detached scenes, superior to any met with here; but still does Norway stand pre-eminent in attraction, by the combination of so many grand objects. Large mountains, large rivers, large forests—may all be found separately in other countries; here alone are they to be seen united and in such profusion.

It is not one great mountain, or one great cluster of lofty rocks, that we pass in the course of a day's journey;—there are miles beyond miles of rock and mountain, stretching away till the fancy flags in attempting to follow them —a whole kingdom of grandeurs! It is also by their masses and extent, as well as by their frequency, that the sublimities of this wonderful land surprise and overwhelm the soul. The forests are endless—not broken woods, but whole regions of the noblest pines, where you may travel for days, and still find nothing but wood, wood! The very solitude is deeper, more impressive, than that of every other country. How voiceless, how awful is the silence of these retreats! The listener is appalled when he rests for a moment in the midst of it. The small cry of the smallest bird would be a relief.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NIGHT WITH THE SHEPHERDS.—SCENES OF STILL-LIFE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Retreat from the Falls—A Tough Dinner—English Albums and English Ware—Mountain Church—Evening Scene in a Pastoral Glen—Ewe-milking—The Dance—Bears and Bear-Hunting—A Night in the Sheep-cot—Vision of a Robber—Our Last Morsel—Pictures in Norwegian Hamlets—Singular loneliness and beauty of these places.

THE postmaster who had given us breakfast in the valley, also provided us with dinner on our way back to the lake. The soup, however, was such a mess of fat and hard pease, and the mutton so like what our boot-straps might have been if cooked, that we did little honour to his delicacies. We next tried his coffee, and, had the miles of *fir*-cake spread before us been nourishing in proportion to their extent, we should have made something like a meal at least, if not a dinner; but even with the addition of broad basins of sour milk we were unreasonable enough still to think ourselves in poor plight. It amused us, however, to find these unpalata-

ble dainties served on *English* plates in this obscure retreat. Is there a nook so remote, or a cottage so poor, in *any* part of Europe, from the Laplanders to the Basques, where Staffordshire ware may not be found?

We were here further reminded of our countrymen, on turning to the rude house-book, which contains little but English names and English inscriptions: these idle records will soon be as common in Norway, though not perhaps so well filled, as in Switzerland.

Further down the valley, we entered a lonely church, the smallest and most singular we had yet seen. It had truly a helpless look, beside the lofty *fjelde* frowning over it;* for it would not accommodate much above seventy persons. We had expected to find it simple and unadorned, but its popish interior was worthy of any congregation in the Appenines, displaying as it did images of the Saviour, as well as of the mother and child, all rudely painted, with candles on the altar, &c. The only other place we entered was the hut of a charcoal-burner, which had been but lately deserted: in this

* *Fjelde* strictly denotes the bare summit of a mountain where all vegetation disappears, as the Dovre-fjelde here referred to; but it is also applied indiscriminately to all mountain ridges of great height, as the Hardanger-fjelde, &c.

country people seem to come and go from their houses, leaving them for months at a time, without locking the doors, and take possession again as if they had been absent but an hour or two

The thunder growled among the hills behind us, and a heavy rain set in just as we reached the spot where we had slept the preceding night. To have embarked on Lake Tind in the teeth of a gathering storm, and at so late an hour, with a cold wind sweeping against us, would have been madness—there was no alternative but to spend another night at this end of the lake. We could not think, however, of again occupying the hole of last night; its delights were too dreadfully fresh in our recollection. But where else were we to find shelter? Without going back several miles, there was no house to be found, except that occupied by the clergyman, when he leaves some of his other residences to spend a few weeks among this portion of his flock; but even of this tenantless mansion the key was not to be found, and the windows were nailed down, so as to prevent our entrance, even had we been inclined to employ that less ceremonious way of taking possession, which the people seemed to think might be done without any great harm.

No choice remained for us, therefore, but to content ourselves with quarters in the widow's sheep-cot, not exactly *among* her fifty or sixty sheep and goats, but very near them, for *they* enter below on a level with the river, while *we* were to lodge above on a kind of loft entered from the bank. There being no flooring over th esheep, except on the little spot where we lay, we had only to look across the railing at our head and feet, and might see our sweet-smelling friends frisking about most merrily at both ends.

Strange bed-fellows as these were, our position was not without its charms. Now that the storm has begun to clear away, look through the crevices of the beams, and is there not, across the river, a cataract making music to lull us to rest, as it tumbles down the beautiful rock among tangled trees and shrubs,—such a scene as in England would draw travellers by thousands to see it? And here, on the grass before our door, if we may so call it, have we not a crowd worth any price—all the lads and idlers of the district, of the true Tellemarken race, in their knee-breeches and naked legs, come from lonely shealing and sheltered glen, to wonder at the unscrupulous strangers who are so easily satisfied as to lodge among neighbour Thruckson's sheep? In short, the scenes

about us would have compensated for worse disappointments than had yet befallen us. The cottages are beautifully placed near the lake, just where it is fed by the river, here broad and deep; behind them a closely wooded ridge recedes softly towards the distant mountains, and in front on the other side the river, the valley is hemmed in by the bolder lines of rocks just alluded to.

Nor is it the mere inanimate scenes that here delight the eye. There are objects of life and interest around us on every hand; for the evening hour is ever a busy one in pastoral districts. Boats are crossing the ferry with sheep and cattle from the distant pastures. A horse is falling from one of them; the sagacious creature, as if sensible of the danger to the rowers should he enter rudely, is anxiously trying to place his hoofs so as to get in again without pressing down the edge too much. In another boat little lambs and kids are bleating piteously for rest. Boys are paddling cheerily round our hut, and inside a girl is milking her ewes and goats, not exactly with a song, for the titter excited by our strange-sounding compliments has put all her tuneful ideas to flight, and bursts out in spite of her efforts not to let it be heard. The softened call of the youths to

the shepherdess from the opposite bank might probably, if interpreted, have much the same meaning as our delightful

> "Will you go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
> Will you go to the ewe-bughts wi' me?"

Our boatmen of last night have gone home; but to-morrow, if the rain should cease, the good widow is to give us her three sons to row us down the lake. She is justly proud of them; they are all well-made active fellows, the best rowers, the best hunters, the best singers, and, last not least, in Norwegian estimation, the best dancers of the district. Dancing in these remote glens is a passion; and to excel in their way of it requires no ordinary powers of limb, for the dance consists chiefly of mighty leaps and springs several feet into the air! Oh rare juvenals!

They have many tales to relate of their hunting feats. One of them set out alone ten days since in search of a bear, but lost him. Though the district abounds with that animal, he is not hunted so eagerly now that the value of the fur has fallen so much. A very fine one was killed here not long ago, the dried flesh of which made savoury food for some weeks to the whole family, even although the parson, a lover of

dainties, had bought a large share of him; the skin, which formerly would have been the most valuable part of the spoil, was sold for only twelve dollars (about fifty shillings English). This price is very small, compared with what they used to get not many years since, when a bear's skin sometimes sold in London as high as £40, and never brought less than £20: one may now be bought there for a guinea, and the very finest for £3. They have fallen in price ever since such enormous quantities have been imported from North America: in one year (1803), as many as 25,000 skins were imported, chiefly by the Hudson's Bay Company. The Norwegians stand in great awe of their shaggy friend, never speaking of him, says one of their own authors, by his plain name, but by some complimentary title, in order to keep him from injuring their flocks. "The old gentleman in the fur cloak," will they say, "is a worthy neighbour; he has the strength of half a score of men, and the wisdom of a dozen." But with all these fine speeches, they knock him on the head whenever they can.

In such various converse, the evening stole fast away. We closed it with a feast of goat's-milk and moons of the skinny bread, devoured in an open passage between two houses, with the whole

community ranged in front, admiring our eating prowess. We now made our final retreat to the cot, where a bundle of withered marsh-grass, with a sack thrown over, was spread for each. After drawing lots for the posts of honour, we stretched ourselves, with our cloaks and sea-coats for blankets, as blithe as we could have done in silken bower. In revenge, however, for the merry shouts with which we had disturbed them, our woolly friends below would not let us rest a moment: when we state that each had a bell at its neck, an idea will be formed of the din they kept up about us. Every now and then, just as we were falling asleep, some spiteful wretch would spring up with its horrid bell for some horrid purpose, and scare our happy dreams completely away; then, when all was quiet again, the wolf surely would come near, and, on catching his scent, up all the sheep would spring in one body, and huddle to the furthest corner, with hearts beating as violently as their provoking bells.

But worse was still to come. Just when it was darkest,—can there be midnight robbers and assassins in this primitive land?—our door is stealthily opened—a noiseless step glides across the threshold—a muffled figure is seen through the gloom—a thousand tales of vio-

lence done to unsuspecting travellers rush thick through our memories. Mrs. Radcliffe, Monk Lewis, and other sorcerers, glide before us — lonely turrets, trap-doors, and daggers hover in the air. Shall we spring upon the villain, and strangle him ere he has time to effect his purpose? Better wait till he commit himself by some overt act. Not a word does he utter; with mysterious accuracy he feels first one and then another of us; gropes softly from head to foot, pauses, then steps across to another; he evidently knows our positions—he had seen the whole arrangements in the evening, and laid his plans securely. But terror seizes him. He mutters a word or two: "fremde," they are strangers—his cruel heart relents—we are too numerous for his single knife—he steals away without stabbing any of us; but has taken some of our baggage in his hand.

Cowards that we were! The cause of all our terror was a poor harmless soul who had left his saddle here, and now that he was about to re-cross the ferry, searched for it thus quietly, for fear of disturbing our rest.

By three o'clock, or nearly as soon as the sun, had the sun been visible, we were once more upon the lake. A dreary shivering sight it was, with the mists reeking so densely from

its surface, that it was not possible to see beyond a few yards a-head. Soon these mists became rain—pitiless. Fortunately, blankets had been borrowed from our hostess sufficient to cover us as we lay, with our cloaks stretched beneath us, in the broad roomy boat. Allowing the clouds, then, to pour their full vengeance on our naked faces, we slept soundly for some hours, in spite of damp and cold; and scarcely awoke till the stout rowers, having rested only once by the way, and that only for a few minutes, landed us in safety in the solitary wood where we first saw Lake Tind. Here it was that one of those scenes occurred which, were it properly described, would rouse the sympathies even of the most stony-hearted. We were four in that silent wood. We had got no breakfast, and there was not a house within miles to supply even a scale of their outlandish Tellemarken bread. How stood our stores? It has been already stated that we were four able-bodied men, all endowed with the stomachs of travellers. Our stock had not at first been over-abundant, and could not but be in poor plight after we had been appealing to it so often during the six or seven days which had elapsed since we left Christiania. Little did we think, however,—even allowing for the libe-

rality of our doles to the guides, and for the dinners which we had eaten whenever we could get little from the natives — that, literally, *nothing* now remained for us, not even a drop of brandy, for the people of Tellemarken have an especial love for brandy, and would have been sorry to have seen us burdened with it on our way out of the country. A sad pass were we come to, most compassionate reader. We could not flatter ourselves so far as to think that we bore much resemblance to the Babes of the Wood; but their sad fate *did* occur to our minds, and the very thought of it drove us to a more active search—when lo! something eatable *is* discovered in an out-of-the-way corner. In silence, and with the solemnity which became our forlorn condition, the fragment of beef was divided—it was only about the size of the thumb—into equal shares; the last crust of bread was then portioned out, and we trudged on our way as merry as if we had breakfasted

"On pasty brave, and ale for abbots meet."

There would have been such delay in waiting for horses at any of the hamlets which we soon reached, that we travelled on foot some twenty miles without other refreshment than the cup of milk cheerfully bestowed by some kind matrons

at a silent place from which all the other inhabitants had fled; for here people absent themselves the whole day from home, labouring with their hatchet in the depth of the forest, wandering on the mountains with their flocks, or making hay on the lofty *fjelde*. Thus, none being left but the very old or the very young, these Norwegian hamlets—of "villages," we beheld almost none in any part of the country—look like so many places of the dead, the traveller often passing through several of them without seeing a living creature. At night, when the men have returned, a few people may be seen, but generally at the working time of day these places are quite deserted. The consequence is that silence the most complete reigns on every hand; for, as you pass through, there is not an inch of anything like street or stone to clatter on; nothing but velvet grass, so close and short that even the horse's hoof is never heard.

The houses are placed with a picturesque irregularity that would defy the street-maker's skill: in a quiet dell among bushes, or up on a lofty rounded point, with a few trees to shade them, or with the deep pine-forest spreading behind them yet higher up the mountain—perhaps on a sunny knoll looking over a fair lake

or down to a foaming river—on the green in such situations as these, the low broad-roofed cottages, with outside stairs and covered galleries of most fantastic shape, are thrown down in the same confusion as a handful of chessmen which you would drop loosely on the table. In entering these places, there are no garden "dykes" to tumble down upon you if you touch them—indeed, gardens themselves are unknown —in these secluded tracts there is not one of any kind to be seen in fifty miles, not even enough for cabbage for the children, or a flower for the daughters on Sunday. There are no dung-pits to be avoided, and no "jawholes" (*vide* Guy Mannering) to be drowned in.

Nothing is more surprising about these haunts than the complete calm which reigns in them. No one takes notice of you when you enter. The children—if children be seen at all, which is rare—neither shout nor run among your horse's feet. There are no terrible geese hurrying forth to eat you up with their long necks. Even the cocks and hens strut about with exemplary decorum. The pig is tethered to a big stone, so that it is out of his power to be of use to you; besides, he is so fat that he does not seem inclined to move, even if you asked

him to pilot you through the houses. Nay, the very dogs are voiceless: not that dogs are wanting—on the contrary, we see many of them, well-limbed, broad-breasted animals; but in a country where there are no beggars to frighten away, they seem, very wisely, not to have given themselves the trouble of learning to bark at strangers; it is with wolves, not men, they have to do, and hence they never come brattling out with inhospitable snarls, assembling the whole pack of the place to see whether you carry a whip or not. One, indeed, of the more familiar sort, comes softly up to make your acquaintance, his eyes watering, and his tail shaking with joy at the advent of such an illustrious stranger, but never saying a loud word for fear of hurting your nerves. The more dignified sort get out of your way on a bank, and look on your transit with benignant composure; while the supercilious turn up their noses and smell at the air, as if you were scarcely worthy to come between the wind and their gentility. But all this passes in the most profound silence. They have much of what people must mean when they talk of *natural* good-breeding, for it is very probable nobody takes pains to teach them these things. The best-bred dogs, the quietest places in the

world! You steal round the end of one house and past the front of another, twisting through a dozen cottages without seeing a human face. In short you enter, and pass through them, without any one knowing that you have been there.

When it was necessary to make a halt in any of them we seldom entered a house; for the poor in every land are always more or less put out of sorts by a stranger's intrusion. We took our bread and milk, therefore, like gaberlunzie men, on the outside bench, where the goodman rests himself at night—on the stool by the window, or on the low open stair of the granary—from each and all of which positions we generally had a prospect before us so glorious, that it would have made us relish even fare less grateful. When our resting-place happened to be considerably elevated, the view across the river and narrow valley was almost invariably composed of lofty mountains, often cultivated so near the summit, that, fresh and promising as the fields appeared, we no longer wondered to hear that the crops fail in Norway. The cottages near them are often perched, as it were, on shelves out of the reach of the meddling world; and if the fire in such sequestered huts happens

to have been made of green wood or of turf, nothing can be finer than the picture which they present with the blue smoke, as we look across, seen curling gracefully up the grey mountain's side, or along the dark mass of pines stretching along some ridge that mingles with the clouds.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAREWELL TO NORWAY.

English Bank-notes on their travels—*Pass of Krooghleven*—Iron Works at *Bderum*—*Moë*—*Kongswinger* and its Fortress—Prevented from visiting the Laplanders—"Sinclair's Grave"—The Slaughter of the Scots—"Hardyknute"—Disagreeables in Norway—Overcharges—Quarrels, &c.—Circumstances and Mode of Life of the Farmers and Peasantry—Their Wealth overrated.

THE close of last chapter paints some of the scenes we passed through in our twenty miles' walk back to dear familiar *Bolkesjoe*. Without dwelling longer, therefore, on this part of our journey, we shall merely add, that on our arrival we were so kindly welcomed by the landlord, that we needed little entreaty to induce us to spend the day with him. Next morning, leaving him with regret, we rode on through the forest, where the first news we learnt were the sad, but in Norway too frequent tidings, that his flock had just been ravaged by the wolf; the little shepherdess looking on all the time, unable to frighten him away.

We rested a day at our old quarters in *Kongsberg*,—whose inhabitants may know a great deal about silver, but appear to have very little acquaintance with gold: indeed, this metal is so seldom seen in any part of Norway, that there are few towns in which it would not be refused as payment. They have no gold coins of their own, the circulation being in silver and paper—the latter of which is very neat. Having fallen short, however, both of silver and notes, and not chusing to send to Christiania for more, we attempted to change some French gold, which passes in all parts of the world; but the merchants would have nothing to do with it. As a last resource, we thought of offering them a £5 Bank of England note, almost without expecting that it would be accepted; to our great surprise, however, though an English bank-note had probably never been seen in the place before, they at once gave us the full value which we would have got in the capital for a draft on London. In most parts of the Continent, one might as well offer an old hand-bill in payment as a bank-note—a certain class of London travellers have left so many forged ones among the bankers of Aix-la-Chapelle and Frankfort, that the very sight of the words "Bank of England," is enough to make these

obliging gentlemen suspicious of their customer.

During our short absence our widow landlady had been "progressing" in the arts of tavern-keeping, and especially that important branch of it which consists in lengthening a bill by charging for breakages which have been broken a hundred times before, and will be broken as many times again. A mirror on broken legs, contrived so as to tumble without breaking the glass, is quite a fortune to a house. On the whole, however, her long ball-room was so clean and well aired, that we shall take our leave in peace. Neither here, nor elsewhere, did we find any reason to inveigh against the insects, and annoyances of other kinds, which many travellers have met with at Norwegian inns. Those who can endure the strong smell of the juniper and the pine, strewed in almost every house, will find little to trouble them—for their fragrance has the recommendation of keeping down every other odour.

We now once more betook ourselves to our carriage, and travelled back the former route towards Christiania as far as *Hogsund*, where, instead of following the road to *Drammen*, we made a circuit northward to the Bergen road,

in order to see the famous Pass of Krooghleven. The cross-road between the two great routes presents some pleasing scenery, but is in many places so full of deep holes, that travelling on it is far from agreeable; we had also many wide ferries to cross, which in all countries are causes of extra delay. We spent the night in very indifferent quarters, at the solitary post-house of *Egge*, and next morning reached the post-station of *Sandevoll*, after being ferried over one stream, and crossing another on a long wooden bridge, the roadway of which, floating close on the water, is composed of a flooring of planks laid on numberless trees swimming side by side, and waving up and down as you advance. Near this bridge stands the inn just named; being on the well-frequented road from the capital to Bergen, it is in better order than most of those we had visited. We had a pleasant meeting here with our German friends of the Kiel steamer—the four Counts—who had been rambling through Sweden, and were now on their way to the regions we had just been exploring. Having exchanged counsel—one of the greatest pleasures of the traveller—told each other what we ought to visit and what to avoid, we parted with a kindly "*lebe-wohl*," and in a few minutes our carriage

was winding slowly up the romantic pass already named.

A lofty wooded mountain has been riven in twain as if on purpose to let the road through. The fissure, however, descends so short a distance from the top, that the climb is extremely difficult: the pull is so hard that horses are always paid triple on this stage. The double top presents a beautiful appearance from the neighbouring plain; and as we ascended we found the road most picturesquely edged by rough fragments of rock, covered with fern, and overhung by noble trees. The summit, however, was most unromantically guarded—by a mighty pig, namely, from the adjoining farmyard—the largest surely of his tribe. The view from a wooden terrace erected at the best point, is very fine; but, turning hastily away from it, we rolled down the steep mountain as rapidly as was consistent with safety, and soon reached the iron-works of Count Wedel von Jarlberg, at *Bderum*, where we saw them making pots, grates, and other articles of use or ornament too many to be enumerated.

A few hours more brought us to Christiania, and as short time sufficed for swallowing a *table-d'hôte* dinner, and a visit to the banker, a few hours more saw us out of it. We steered three

stages northward the same evening, and slept at a small cottage near the post-station of *Möe*, where the kind old women, neither "widows" nor tavern-keepers, feasted us on smoked goose and bushels of eggs.

Our course now inclined to the south. We travelled by one of the smoothest roads in Europe, interrupted, however, in the course of a single forenoon by several ferries, where the boats, so large that they resemble a piece of a bridge, are worked carefully across by means of a thick rope made of withes. The country now becomes less mountainous: it is well cultivated, and extremely pretty all the way to *Kongsvinger* (on the *Glommen*), a town of six hundred inhabitants, where we passed the night at a handsome but ill-furnished post-house. This place boasts of an attempt at a fortress, which seems to be garrisoned chiefly by old women and cows. The latter defend the ramparts with great valour, and look well after the grass on them; there is not a gun nor a soldier about the place. They are sad bunglers with the chisel and trowel in this country; even an old fortress, which every where else would make a picture, is in their hands a most wretched affair. In any other part of the world it would be a *ruin*, something for the pencil; here it is

mere stone and lime—kept in a kind of repair, which is worse than complete neglect. There is, however, more taste for gardens in this town than in any of the others we have passed through—our landlord's is spacious, and not badly kept.

The road to Trondhjem and the north of Norway strikes off some stages before we reached Kongsvinger. This is the route we should have taken, had we been able to accomplish our original plan of going to visit the Laplanders, and from their country travelling down the western shores of the Gulf of Bothnia to Stockholm; but we were deterred from attempting this journey in consequence of the advice given by the most experienced travellers in Christiania. In ordinary seasons, this excursion may be accomplished as early as June with great ease, but the cold had this year continued so much longer than usual, that even though July was now at hand, the roads beyond Trondhjem were believed to be still impassable, and were expected to continue so for some weeks. A road has now been opened from that city all the way to Sweden, skirting the regions which the Laplanders frequent with their reindeer for summer pasture; it is so good that the king with all his retinue was able to pass

that way the previous autumn (1835), on which occasion the poor Laplanders left their wilds to pay him homage—the first time, perhaps, that a sovereign had ever been hailed in these unfertile domains.

We were compelled, however, as has just been stated, to give up all idea of attempting this journey, every one consulted on the subject having maintained that we should find ice and snow so deep that it would be impossible to get through without great difficulty. It was not a little tantalizing, to be so near the Laplanders, and yet lose the only opportunity we may ever have of seeing them; and it was not a small part of our disappointment that we should also lose the bold scenery of the northern mountains, the pleasure of climbing Schneehættan, and, what to Scotchmen was most grievous of all, the satisfaction of visiting the graves of our gallant countrymen who fell at the well-known spot, famed in the songs and traditions of Norway under the name of SINCLAIR'S PASS.

This Sinclair was a Scottish colonel, who in the year 1512 came over with fifteen hundred brave followers to assist Gustavus Adolphus against the Danes. After being repulsed in the south, the strangers effected a landing in the north, and advanced in safety through a great

portion of the country; but the patriotic natives were soon to arrest their progress. Secretly planting themselves among the trees covering some high cliffs that completely overhang the long narrow pass of Guldbrandsdahl, they awaited the approach of the foe, who, not a single suspicion being entertained and not one note of warning having been given, entered the gorge without fear—when, in a moment, just as the whole line had filled the fatal enclosure, down hurled the rocks from either side. Stones, beams, the heaviest masses that could be moved or loosened, both of rock and tree, had been secretly prepared; and so thick, so efficient was the terrible shower, that not one of the invaders stirred from that ill-omened path!

A wooden cross was long the only memorial of the fallen; but the government, with a view of preserving such patriotic remembrances, at last erected a marble monument on the spot.* Whether there be much to boast of in *this* way of butchering the foe, without any chance of resistance, is more than doubtful; but so glorious was the deed considered in Norway, that, to this hour, the slaughter of the Scots is a theme for popular song through many a

* See *Herbst-Reise durch Scandinavien*, by Willibald Alexis.

northern dale. The long ballad on the subject which we heard repeated in German, sounded so ungraciously in our Scottish ears, that we revenged ourselves by a stave from our good old "Hardyknute," at the same time reminding our assailants that the grey-haired chief and his valiant sons, though but a handful, disdained all such secret stratagems, and boldly met the invading Norsemen in fair combat, yet routed them so completely, that the bard pathetically exclaims:—

"On Norway's coast the widowit dame
May wash the rocks wi' tears,
May lang look o'er the shipless seas
Before her mate appears.
Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyes in the clay;
The valiant Scots nae reivers thole
To carry life away."

It was a further consolation to our national pride, to find even foreigners compelled to admit that, as a poem, the Scottish ballad is infinitely superior to its Norwegian rival, in which there is nothing to compare with the touching interest excited by the melancholy fate of "Fairly fair," so much beloved by, but so fatal to her brothers:—

"Great luve they bore to Fairly fair
Their sister saft and deir;
Her girdle shawed her middle jimp,
And gowden glint her hair.

What waefu' wae her beauty bred!
Waefu to young and auld;
Waefu', I trow, to kith and kin,
As story ever tauld!"

We should have left Norway with more regret had we not found the pleasure of exploring it sadly diminished by the petty annoyances constantly occurring at inns, and with the people about their horses. As specimens of the agreeable incidents which may occur to you in travelling here, take the following; all of them happened in our case:—You cross a ferry, and, the boatmen having delayed the Forebud, have to wait for horses a couple of hours in the wood there being no house near that you are entitled to enter. You are driving, and get such a lazy horse that the whip must be used, upon which his master assaults you with abusive language; or perhaps he employs his fists, if it be your servant that is acting coachman. You are riding, and dismount to let the horses rest—they set a-fighting, as stallions always do, and in many districts these are almost invariably given to travellers; you cannot separate them without risk of broken limbs, and bridles are torn, which you must pay for into the bargain. Or, your stage is over, and you tie the nag to a post: but he breaks loose and is off to the mountains, when you have damages

to pay, the peasants having to hunt after him with a long rope like the guachos of the Andes, happy if at the week's end they get him down from the rock without breaking his neck and their own. Even, however, when none of these extreme cases occur, the rudeness of the peasants is shown in many ways. One of their amiable rules is never to be satisfied with the "drink-money," or gratuity, given them; the same sum which in Sweden is taken with a ready "thank ye," is here pocketed with insult. Among the Swedes a quarrel is the exception; among the Norwegians it is the general rule. If you escape a single stage, without disputes, it is not to the excellence of the system or the general character of the people, that you owe it, but to the chance good-nature of the individuals you fall upon. Except in the remoter districts, the peasants, even when not drunk, seem to be naturally rude, and are so much accustomed to get every thing their own way with travellers, that, if you venture to resist their interferences or their overcharges, their hot blood is up in a moment, and quarrels innumerable ensue—numerous enough at least to detract materially from the pleasure of travelling through a magnificent country.

Our dissatisfaction with Norway was proba-

bly greater from our having previously heard so much about its cheapness, and the simplicity of the people—it is neither a cheap country nor are its people simple, compared with those of Denmark, Sweden, or Germany. It is not on account of occasional privations as to food, &c. that we would complain of it; in the more frequented districts, there is abundance of all that is good at every inn, and even when any difficulties of this kind arise, as in the more remote regions, the experienced traveller never allows them to fret him for a moment. But what annoys here is the *unreasonable price* often charged for things of little value. Few people like to insult a landlord by bargaining with him beforehand; but we have been at inns in Norway, where the charges would have justified us in making a preliminary treaty at every place we afterwards entered. A stranger may travel through the Highlands of Scotland for one-half of what we expended here, and, after all, we are told that we have been only in the cheapest districts: in the extreme north, charges are much higher. A German traveller states in his book, that he paid for lodgings, &c. at Trondhjem, as much as he had been charged at a good hotel in London!

As to the boasted circumstances of the Nor-

wegian farmers and peasantry, the testimony of travellers who have been so short a time in the country, cannot of course outweigh that of authors who have made a long residence in it. Still we can testify of *what we saw*; and, without offering our opinions for more than they are *worth*—in few words should say, that the representations on this head must be greatly exaggerated. We nowhere witnessed any symptoms of that abundance of good fare, in which the Norwegian peasant has often been said to riot; the respectable farmers and proprietors live well themselves, and feed their servants generously; but we doubt whether, even in the towns, flesh be such a common article of food with labourers as has sometime been represented. So far as our opportunities enabled us to judge, we should say that herrings or other salted fish, and not an over-copious allowance even of these, constitutes the principal part of the poor man's meal in most districts. A weak thin beer is universal near the coast, but in the interior even these had disappeared; and, next to their mockery of bread, a kind of wretched cheese, or sour milk, is the staple article of food.

Of *beggary*, it is true, almost none is seen in Norway. Of *poverty*, however, aye, and *misery*

—a great deal presents itself. Even of *comfort*, in any thing like the proper sense of the word, there is but a moderate share; and of *wealth* we saw not one solitary indication through all the districts we traversed. Indeed the signs of poverty among most whom we saw, struck us so much, that we could not account for its prevalence in a country where the public burdens are so light, in any other way than by recurring to what has been already so often recurred to in these pages—the ruinous effect of their cheap brandy. In the towns, some rich families may be met with; but in the provinces very few appeared to possess wealth – unless it be wealth to have good store of winter fuel and huge beds to sleep in. We travelled in all from four to five hundred miles in Norway, and from first to last—counting in-door as well as out-of-door wealth—did not see a single farming establishment which an English yeoman could not buy with the price of his team.

INTERIOR AND EAST COAST

OF

SWEDEN.

INTERIOR AND EAST COAST OF SWEDEN.

CHAPTER I.

A SWEDISH HOLIDAY.

Frontier at *Magnor*—Roads of Wermeland—Aspect of the Country—The Landlady of *Strand* and her kingly Visitor—The Eve of St. John—CARLSTADT—Symptoms of a Holiday—The Town—Its Commerce—The Bishop—Aghard, the Botanist—Disorderly Clergy—Miss Martineau in Sweden—Bread—Beds—Appearance of the adjacent Country—Lake Venern—Fierce Pigs—Popular Rejoicing—Unbecoming Dances—Passion of the Women for Dancing—The lost Slipper—Drunk People.

WE are once more in kindly, warm-hearted Sweden—far away from the savage bonder, the circumventing widows, and the uneatable bread of Norway: but alas! far away also from its unrivalled scenery.

We re-entered Sweden (at a point much to the north of the district already traversed) in

the fourth stage from Kongsvinger, the last town in Norway, shortly after passing the post-station at *Magnor*, an insignificant cottage standing off the road a little. In the days when Norway and Sweden were separate kingdoms, a kind of solitary toll-bar guarded the road on the frontier line; but so few travellers passed between the two countries that a German author who crossed here in 1798, could not for a time get through, for the excellent reason that the key of the lock, being seldom asked for, had been lost altogether; and though it was the 7th of July, it appeared by the travellers' book, that he was only the *third* party that had passed that year! Now-a-days there are many constantly crossing; but it is not necessary to exhibit passports: travellers have merely to enter their names in the posting-book at Magnor, which is sent at the end of the month to Christiania, in order that the list may be published in the newspapers. Here there is no natural frontier, as on the coast where we first entered Norway; there is no longer even a painted post nor a Customs' hut. The only frontier mark is an opening in the fir-wood which skirts the road. Though very level and susceptible of cultivation, little of the district is under the plough, and the population is very scanty.

The roads throughout the province of Wermeland are so beautifully kept that the day we crossed the frontier, in spite of five or six hours of constant rain, we were able to travel nearly 115 miles between five in the morning and ten at night: it is scarcely necessary to say that we had no hard climbs, no delay for horses, no altercation with the people, and only two ferries. The road nearly the whole way is delightfully fringed with birches of great size, the most graceful edging imaginable. The only object of interest seen for a long way after crossing the frontier is a church by the roadside, said to be 800 years old! We did not think there was any thing half so old in Sweden: it is a small wooden structure, painted red, now about to be replaced by a new one, building on the opposite side of the way.

The state of the weather permitted us to see little of the country, but in general it appeared to be covered with large tracts of forest, occasionally intermixed with well-tilled cornland. Of *mountains* none are to be seen after leaving Norway: they have sunk into *hills* of a soft and waving outline. Many stretches are quite level.

The only place we stopped at during the day was *Strand*, an excellent inn, finely placed on a

lake, where the stately old landlady gave us dinner in—as she did not fail to tell us—the very room once occupied by the Princess Royal, nay even by "his sacred Majesty now on the throne, when he honoured my poor house with his presence." The visit alluded to in this hint has had almost the same effect on this respectable dame as that produced on the Lady Margaret Bellenden by the famous visit of another kingly Charles to the Castle of Tillietudlem. No stranger passes without a gentle monition that those pictures of the royal family over the fire-place are not there without especial reason; and even the habitual inmates of the mansion are oft reminded, by their unforgetful mistress, of the sweet words addressed to her by the courteous Charles John. "The fact is, 'em *v*immen grow so *h*old and proud," said our Swede in the choicest cockney, as he came back to complain of some rebuff he had got for interfering by the kitchen fire; but Mr. Berglund forgot that women cannot help getting old, nor can we find much fault with them for being proud when kings make soft speeches to them, and princesses send them presents. "His Majestait," as he called him, who has not yet learned Swedish, and is not now very likely to begin his studies —spoke French to her, and she replied in

Swedish, of which probably he understood as much as she did of his language.

We had little for dinner except broiled perch, which was irreproachable, as well as the coffee, which in Sweden, as in France, generally closes a meal. With the latter the wilful dame herself condescended to wait upon us, apologizing, after a preface about "his sacred Majesty" over again, that she would have given us butcher-meat, but that such a thing is unknown at country inns in these parts.

Our way now led through a country even more highly cultivated than that traversed in the morning. Towards night, the great number of cars and well-filled family waggons met at every turn—with something of an holiday look among the loungers by most of the houses—reminded us that it was the eve of St. John, one of the greatest festivals in Sweden; it has at all times been a favourite holiday with the Swedes, but from its being also the nameday of their king (whose original name was John) it is now kept by all classes with very great enthusiasm. Preparations on the sward for meetings on the morrow were to be seen through the twilight; tents and booths for the rustic merry-making glittered among the trees by the roadside; and crowds would shout to us now and then as we

passed. Seeing the whole country thus alive we were surprised on reaching CARLSTADT, the termination of our long day's journey, to find its streets deserted, and its inhabitants so soundly asleep that we had difficulty in rousing the tardy damsels of the post-house to give us admission. They had gone sooner to rest in order to be ready for the amusements of the coming dawn.

The Swedes are such a loyal people, and love their Carl Johann so dearly that, as we found on getting up next morning, the very thought of working or doing anything reasonable on his birthday, would in their estimation be perfectly preposterous. We were forced therefore to give in to their fancies, and, for the very sufficient reason that we could not get horses to take us on, resolved to tarry here till the farmers should be pleased again to think of such a vulgar thing as gaining a little money. Meantime all the world was agog: the lasses were tripping past to church in white stockings and Sunday gowns —ladies at the opposite windows were putting on their best shawls (the Swedes have much need of a law, compelling them to hang curtains on their tell-tale panes—the next time we go to Sweden we must petition the king about it), bands of school-boys were assembling in ear-

nest debate about the best way of turning the day to account: in short, it was evident that some sport would soon be going forward.

Carlstadt—the scene of these mirthful symptoms—is a quiet, rather handsome town, situated on a narrow strip of irregular ground between the northern end of Lake Venern and a considerable river. The streets are in general straight, and well paved. The houses of the principal square, which stands near the bridge leading into the city, are large and handsome, as well as those of some of the adjoining streets. Only a few of the best structures are of stone, while the more distant lanes display nothing but low wooden houses, most of which, seen from some rocks in the neighbourhood, where the windmill stands, seem to be roofed with the yellow flowers of the stonecrop. It is said to contain 20,000 inhabitants; but the grass growing in the streets, and the general aspect of the place, do not indicate that state of commerce which a population of this amount would imply. There is a bank in it, however, which issues notes of its own. Among the public buildings, which are not very numerous, the large white-washed cathedral is the most conspicuous.

Carlstadt is also the seat of a bishop who rules over a very extensive diocese: the see is

now filled by Aghard, the celebrated botanist; for the king loves to reward men of talent by giving them the best things going: as a bishop, he is said to be doing much good. From the seriousness of his religious views, he has got into a quarrel with the professors of the University of Lund about German neology, to which some of these learned gentlemen have too strong a leaning. He lately announced a visitation of the clergy in a part of his diocese, which had not for many a year been disturbed with episcopal admonition; a notice which occasioned no little sensation among certain of the brethren, who were accused of setting bad examples to their flocks. One took guilt to himself so strongly, that he actually fled on the Bishop's approach, and hid himself till the calm should return.

The people of Carlstadt, especially the women, have a very handsome lively look, are very social, and extremely attentive to strangers. That they have some taste for literature might be expected, from their having so learned a bishop to rule over them; but there is another proof of it, in the fact of their having a bookseller in the town—a *rara avis* in these climates. It surprised us not a little to find that almost the only ornament of the bibliopole's windows

was a Swedish translation of Miss Martineau! Though it certainly startled us to meet our gifted countrywoman quite alone in this out-of-the-way place, yet we could not help envying the good fortune of the Scandinavian farmers, in having such an agreeable guide to the mysteries of political economy, compared with the grim pundits who were its sole expounders in our young days.

This is the only country town in the north where we found an eating-house, for it can scarcely be called a restaurateur's. The existence of such an establishment implies a considerable resort of strangers. It is said to be extremely cheap, and most travellers dine there; but being well satisfied with the rambling house we lived in, we did not visit it. The bread improves greatly of late; sweet milk-rolls are welcome changes after the black sour lumps around Christiania, the worst bread we ever saw, always excepting the dried glue of Tellemarken. There is a great improvement in the beds also: at Möe, Kongsberg, and some other places in Norway, we were nearly smothered with thick mountains of feathers like those of Elsinore; but in Sweden the covering generally consists of a nice light quilt. The nights about this time become so cold that, forgetting it was

summer, we were glad to throw our great-coats over the ordinary bedding: such cold is very unusual here. Cold as they call the season, however, we here gathered wild strawberries by the road-side, fully a fortnight earlier than in parts of Scotland lying much farther south.

The adjacent country is very level; not a hill is within view. There is more hardwood in the landscape than we had seen for a long time. The lake is so wide, that at first it resembles the sea; some ships enlivened it in the distance, but its shores are so dull and swampy, that they present a very striking contrast to the varied scenery, which we admired so much at the other end of the lake. It affords good sport for the angler, and what is of more importance, it contributes much to the prosperity of the surrounding country. A short canal is now being formed between it and the river, close by the town, which is expected to benefit greatly by the improvement. The cutting was so far advanced, that the communication must have been opened soon after.

Much has been said about the fierceness of the Carlstadt pigs—even Mr. Lloyd, we believe, was daunted by their terrible fame. Being thus forewarned of our danger, we had resolved to display uncommon valour in case

they should attack us; but unfortunately we had no opportunity of proving our courage—though we saw plenty of them scouring the country, they wisely refrained from saying a word to us; our very looks made their swinish hearts quail within them,—considering they were but pigs, we thought them as civil and harmless as need be.

In the afternoon we went to see the rejoicings with which the royal birth-day is celebrated by *the people.* Following the crowd, which was streaming out of the town, we crossed a plain covered with tall heath and furze. After walking a short way by the margin of the lake we reached a low naked point jutting into it, ornamented with a few houses and a kind of pier, where some shipping was moored; here we found a scene of riot so gross, that we should have blushed to have remained witnesses of it a moment after discovering its real nature.

A more unlikely spot for popular rejoicing was never selected. Had they chosen some of the fair glades across the river, and, as French peasants would have done, led the merry dance beneath a spreading beech or elm, perhaps the beauty of the locality might have chastened the rudeness of their saturnalia. But here the crowd was assembled on one of the bleakest points

that winds ever blew over; in a kind of straw-yard surrounded by decayed houses, instead of the leafy shade and fresh turf, they had chosen for their dancing-place a small stage of rough boards, raised a few feet from the ground. This stage, not more than fourteen feet square, had a clumsy railing all round, close by which ran a range of seats, crammed to inconvenience with young women, good-looking and well dressed. The men were standing in the corners of the stage, or loitering outside the rail—such wretches we had never seen; nearly all were ragged in their dress, filthy in their person, and beastly with liquor. In the centre, waltzing was going on more fiercely and more indecently than waltzing ever was before.

Dr. Clarke, or some other learned traveller, has displayed much erudition on the popular dances of the Swedes, tracing them to the Pyrrhic, and other measures of ancient times; but be their *origin* what it may, their *effects* cannot be disputed: such meetings must exercise the most pernicious influence on popular morals. The agility displayed by some of the men would have been amusing enough—for leaps, shouts, clapping of hands, tumbling heels over-head, postures the most unnatural and most difficult, constituted the merits of the more

accomplished dancers; but, in a short time, fellows, seemingly come hither from the quarry or the canal, in their ordinary working dress, began some evolutions incredibly indecent. Yet the women—and they could not be called of the very lowest class, for some had silk gowns, and all were respectably dressed, scarcely turned away their heads; they seemed but too well accustomed to such amusements. Our inference was that these indecencies are national and tolerated. In no other country have we ever seen or heard of such things. The young females are so mad about dancing, that no degree of brutality on the part of the men can keep them away from these places.—We instantly took flight.

The better classes had also their ball in honour of the day. This took place at a country-house, on the opposite side of the town, a mile or two from the bridge. So great was the attendance that carriages of all kinds were in request, conveying people from country and town. One of the fair guests, in the ardour of her loyal haste, had dropped her dancing-shoes on the road; these some of our party were happy enough to find, and as the Swedish ladies are famed for their handsome foot, we did not fail to be in raptures with our good fortune.

Prussian travellers would have filled the slipper with wine and quaffed it to the health of the fair owner, as used to be done with Sontag's shoes by the officers at Berlin—wanderers from Oldenburg would have also done this, for, if we mistake not, the same "pretty Scythian fashion" is still kept up by the gallants of that little duchy, in honour of their mistresses—but we being matter-of-fact Englishmen, satisfied ourselves with leaving instructions that the *trouvaille* should be given to the town-crier, or any other responsible functionary, who might be deemed worthy to take charge of such a treasure.

The quantity of cornbrandy quaffed to the king's health this evening would have helped far towards floating his best frigate; such at least would be our inference from the exhibitions we witnessed in Carlstadt; late at night crowds of men, especially our dancing acquaintances in the fustian jackets, were reeling home by dozens scarcely able to walk. It must not be concealed, however, that the laws about drunkenness are very severe: every person found intoxicated is liable to a fine of three banco dollars (five shillings), or six days' hard labour in the house of correction.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE AMONG THE FARMERS OF WERMELAND.

Agriculture of the District, and of Sweden generally—Style of Living among the better Class of Farmers—Hospitality—The Punchbowl—Lord Teignmouth and the Scottish Highlanders—Rash Statements of Travellers—Emigrants from Great Britain—Methods employed by Government to advance Agriculture—Mr. Stevens—His account of the Farming, value of Property, &c.—Service-Days by Tenants to their Landlords—Rent paid in Labour and Kind—Price of Properties, and inducements to settle in Sweden.

THE agriculture of the district surrounding Carlstadt is superior to that of most of the provinces of Sweden: the larger proprietors have set an excellent example to their neighbours and dependents in abandoning the old do-nothing system of management, and introducing many of the newest improvements in the laying out of their farms, and other points of good husbandry. The governor of the province, who resides in the neighbourhood of this place, is also very fond of drawing Englishmen about him; and in his zeal for learning all that may be for the good of the farmer, has frequently at

his mansion some experienced agriculturists from both sides of the Tweed.

From all we could hear, this must be one of the best districts for settlers from Great Britain. The country may be less romantic than many other parts of Sweden; to some the great distance north—for the capital of the province stands nearly (N. lat. 59° 21′) as far north as the most northerly point of the Orkney Islands, (59° 25′) — may be an objection; and for others, it may lie too much out of the general travelling route: but these drawbacks are counterbalanced by the average excellence of the climate, and the kindliness of the soil, which are such that the harvest is always earlier than in the southern counties of Scotland—by the great abundance of good communications, both land and water—by the variety of rural and social amusements, for which this province is famed—and, highest recommendation of all, by the character which the inhabitants universally enjoy of being "good neighbours."

High society, or what is usually understood by that term, there is none; indeed there is little of it in any part of the kingdom: but the man who can content himself with the society of frank, kind-hearted country gentlemen, keep-

ing an open door and an open table to all comers, making you the more welcome the longer you stay; sometimes sitting, it may be, too late at the punch-bowl, but never allowing its attractions to make them forget the day of meeting their engagements; kind to their dependents and steady to their friends, treating their wives with much deference, sending their sons to the best school, and employing a good governess for their daughters, that they may, in their turn, acquit themselves as well as their mothers in a country where women seem to be treated with much kindness, and enjoy much influence: the man who can be pleased with society of this respectable but not ostentatious character, can nowhere sit down with less chance of disappointment than among the kindly lairds of Wermeland.

As already hinted, the Swedish country gentlemen have sometimes been charged with intemperance, and, in many instances, it must be admitted, not without reason. Even at breakfast, wine is produced in some families; and, especially when there are guests in the house, the glass circulates freely after that early meal, charged too with potations stronger than the juice of the grape. We are far from asserting, however, that the Swedes are drunkards,

merely because they make a display of this kind when guests, particularly foreigners, are under their roof. People in all countries do many things on such occasions which they never practice when by themselves. A traveller should be cautious of judging of manners even by what he *sees*—he should try to correct his judgment by what he can *hear*. The chances of being deceived are so great, that I am persuaded a foreigner may give a most false and preposterous picture of the manners of a country merely by *faithfully describing what he saw*. On this account, in every country he visits, the traveller will find it a good rule, on witnessing any remarkable mode, to ask some intelligent native, "Is this your daily practice, or is it merely a recurrence to some traditional fashion, out of respect to, or for the amusement of, your guests?"—a method which might be followed with advantage by visitors, even to countries near home. Had Lord Teignmouth, for instance, put such a question to his kind entertainers in some parts of the Scottish Highlands, he would not have fallen into the error of stating that even the ladies drink ardent spirits before breakfast. That his lordship *saw* spirits produced, and the hospitable glass raised even to female lips, is not to be doubted; but had he

taken the trouble of making a single inquiry on the subject, he would have learned that to describe the ladies of a Highland family as morning drinkers of *usquebae*, because they go through this old-fashioned formality with strangers, is as just as it would be for a newly-arrived foreigner to describe the ladies of Belgrave Square as inveterate *porter*-drinkers, because some noble hostess after Sillery and Hochheimer, might ask him to taste that national beverage, were it only for the sake of being able to say that he had tasted it in England itself.

Once more then, gentlemen travellers, use your ears as well as your eyes. If you do not wish to traduce a whole people, court the conversation of the intelligent. Correct your own rash inferences by their matured experience. As none know the manners of a country so well as the people of that country, a single grain of their solid knowledge is worth a whole bushel of your flimsy impressions.

Returning, however, to our good Wermelanders; for the reasons just stated, we do not set them down as drunkards, because, like all hospitable men, they make merry when the stranger comes. Even on these occasions, the practice above alluded to is now becoming every

day more rare, the too free living of other times having begun gradually to give way before the increasing refinement of the respectable classes.

It is not now for the first time that emigrants from Great Britain have turned their thoughts to this country: after the "troubles" in Scotland at various periods in the last century, many families of respectability, who found themselves under the necessity of leaving their native country, settled in different parts of Sweden, but especially in this and other districts bordering on Lake Venern, where their descendants still flourish. So far as we can judge, however, Sweden is not the country for a *poor* man to come to; but it holds out great temptations to gentlemen of experience and activity, who, with sufficient capital to purchase a property of moderate extent, and to stock it well, are not unwilling to employ themselves in *superintending* matters with their own eye, without being compelled to descend to any of the drudgery of a farm.

The improvement in the mode of cultivation which has taken place within a few years, both in this and other provinces, is, in a great measure, due to the exertions made by government in behalf of the agricultural interests. Great encouragement has been given to improvements

of every kind; new machinery and implements have been introduced; and, above all, agriculturists of experience from England have been induced to settle on model farms in the most important districts. One of these, at Dejeberg, in the neighbourhood of Lidkopping, is conducted, with great success, by Mr. Nounen, whose father was an Englishman; he has formed what, in fact, may be called an Agricultural Seminary, there being always a great number of young men in his house, for the purpose of going through a regular course of training in all the details of farming. When we met him, he had twenty young men boarded with him, at three hundred dollars each (£25) per annum, chiefly Swedes, but some also from Denmark, Mecklenburg, and other parts of Germany, as well as from Finland. Besides these, he had twenty learners of the working class. Government allows him five thousand dollars annually, for machinery, cost of improvements, &c. His farm contains fifteen hundred acres, of which five hundred are under the plough.

Mr. Stevens, a Scottish agriculturist of great experience, also visits Sweden every summer, having a regular salary from the government, besides payment of his expenses by the landed proprietors who may employ him in laying out

their estates, dividing farms, &c. In consequence of these measures, Sweden, which not long ago was dependent on other countries for corn, is now able to export a considerable quantity every year. In fact, no country in Europe ever made such rapid progress in agriculture. The farmers, however, have still many difficulties to contend with, not the least of which lies in the precariousness of the climate, even in many of the most favoured districts. Mr. Stevens, whom we had the good fortune to meet in the country, and who laid us under much obligation, both by his kind services and his valuable information, says, that in some parts of his journies, he has seen the most unusual contrivances resorted to, in order to defend the crops from the frosts. "In Jemtland, for instance, the climate is so much against agriculture that the people are obliged to pile up large quantities of wood along the north side of the small pendicles of land sown with grain, that in case the wind (in the evenings of August) should come from the north or north-east, they may be set on fire to protect the crop from frosts. Another method of protecting the crop from being frozen when in ear, in general use in the southern parts of the country, is for two men to draw a rope across

the heads of grain before the sun rises, by which means all the drops of dew are shaken off, and the ears become dry before the dew on them is frozen, which takes place (if allowed to remain) just at the time the sun rises."

The principle on which this is done is not unknown to English gardeners, in the treatment of the blossoms of some kinds of wall-fruit; and, as like necessities generally lead to like contrivances in the most widely separated regions, the people in some parts of the Duke of Sutherland's Scottish estates, are compelled by their cold and fickle climate to resort to the very practice now described. During a visit to his hospitable territories in the autumn of 1838, we found that the people near Cape Wrath, and even in Strath-Fleet, which lies further south, when afraid of autumnal frosts, always "shake the dew" from their potatoe fields at least, if not from others. This is done, not with a rope as in Sweden, but by an old herring-net, which is drawn by a man walking at each side of the narrow "rig," across the tops of the plants just at the precarious moment when the first rays of the sun are about to fall.

Another Swedish practice mentioned by Mr. Stevens, is, we believe, altogether peculiar to

that country. He says: "In travelling through the province of Smaland in 1835, I observed in several fields that were sown with linseed a quantity of wooden dishes filled with water; and, upon making inquiry, was given to understand that they were placed there to protect the lint from the frost, the water having the effect of drawing the superfluous dampness to the vessels, whereby the crop is saved. I never saw such a method resorted to before, but was assured by several most respectable peasants that it was the common practice in that part of the country, and that it generally had the desired effect."

In place of garbling the information received from Mr. Stevens, by giving it in our own language, we think it more just to him and to the subject to give in his own words some additional facts on Swedish farming.

"Every proprietor and occupier of land," he states, "has a right to distil spirits; the size of still and the amount of duty depending on the value of the property. In 1829 there were 167,744 stills going, which were calculated to make within the year 30,000,000 gallons, worth as many rix-dollars, and paying a duty of 434,396 dollars, a little more than a farthing a gallon. Distilling is found advantageous to the agriculturist

in more respects than one; it not only enables him to keep a greater number of cattle, but he has also a larger quantity of manure; and when the crop is turned into spirits it is much easier carried to market, where it is generally sold to good advantage. As the distiller is not bound to use any particular kind of grain or malt, a considerable quantity of potatoes is universally used in the distilleries. In fact, the extended cultivation of the potatoe has been the principal, or one of the main springs of the improvement of Swedish agriculture. Not only has the necessity of using the bark of trees as a miserable substitute for bread been superseded, but the public and private magazines are generally completely filled with grain. The only difficulty the cultivators of the soil have to contend with, at present, is the want of a market for their superfluous stock.

"The value of land varies according to situation and many other circumstances; in particular, whether the land is what is called Säteri (land endowed with particular privileges), Frälseland (land exempt from certain taxes), and Crono Skätteland (land held of the crown). Formerly Säteri land could only be possessed by the nobility, and was free from all taxes; but now it may be possessed by any

person; and at the meeting of the Diet, after the Revolution of 1809, the nobility agreed to pay a certain share of the taxes, in proportion to the burdens of other lands. In the province of Scania, where there is very little wood, a Swedish tunneland (which is about a Scotch acre) of good clay land, situate eight or ten miles from a town, is worth from £5 to £8 sterling; and land belonging to towns nearly tax-free, double that sum, and in some instances more.

"Land has risen considerably in value within a few years, which is altogether owing to the exertions of the Agricultural Societies established within the provinces, and the great interest the landed proprietors now take in the improvement and management of their estates. Formerly, the young nobility went into the army and navy, and left the sole management of the agricultural department of their extensive properties to the land steward, who was generally as ignorant of his profession as the ox that drew the plough. But, of late years, an enthusiasm has sprung up for the improvement of agriculture among all classes of people, not to be equalled in any other continental country. English and German works on that subject are studied; improved agricultural implements from those countries are intro-

duced; and in many places Scotchmen or Germans are seen directing the plough or conducting the operations of the field.

"One of the first who commenced the improvement of Swedish agriculture was C. G. Stjerrsvärd, of Engeltofta, in the province of Scania. When that gentleman purchased the property in 1794, for 33,752 rix-dollars, its whole annual income was 779 Swedish bolls of all kinds of grain. The land having been very much intermixed with other property, very little improvement was attempted till after an act was passed in 1803, authorizing the divi sion, and collection, and consolidation of the different lots of land belonging to the same proprietor, which each proprietor took the earliest advantage of; and by which means Mr. Stjerrsvärd got 5,515 acres of his best land laid together, which he divided into farms, built good steadings on them, and through the assistance of the late Earl of Kellie, procured permission from the British Government to carry over from Scotland land stewards, ploughmen, blacksmiths, and cart and ploughwrights. With the assistance of these means, a new system of agriculture soon sprung up, which enabled the owner, within sixteen years, to increase the produce in grain from 779 to 7,000

bolls, and the value of the land from 33,752 dollars to 450,000, which sum the property was sold for in 1819 to his Swedish Majesty."*

Rent, in the shape under which we are most familiar with it, is little known among the landed proprietors of Sweden. Although many of the nobility have a great number of tenants, yet it appears that *money* is very seldom paid for the ground which they farm. The landlord stipulates for so many bolls of the produce and so many days' labour—a service quite distinct, be it observed, from the *feudal* bondage of Denmark and other countries: it is not extorted from the people as serfs, but forms part of a voluntary contract which the tenant is released from when his stipulated term expires. In order to turn these service-days to account, the proprietor retains a large portion of land in his own hands; this he labours from one year's end to the other, *almost solely with the servants and horses of his tenantry.* Hence it is no unusual thing to see a nobleman farming very extensively without having a single ploughman or a single wain of his own. He must of course employ overseers to watch that the work be

* These passages are from a paper by Mr. Stevens, published in 1836, in that invaluable friend of the landed proprietor and the farmer, "*The Edinburgh Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*," vol. vi. p. 94.

efficiently done and in due season; but as this vicarious kind of farming is never performed by the tenants with the same care as when labouring for themselves, it struck us that this part of their system will account for a good deal of the slovenliness still to be seen among the fields in too many parts of Sweden.

On the whole, judging from the opinions expressed to us by Englishmen who have been long acquainted with Sweden, we should consider it one of the best countries in Europe for investing capital in land. This supposes, however, that the purchaser comes to *live on the land;* as a mere investment it seldom pays, but to those who farm their own purchase the return is most satisfactory. Several gentlemen from Scotland, who have recently settled in various parts of Sweden, are doing remarkably well with their properties. The opportunities for buying estates would appear to be pretty frequent. We heard of two estates for sale in the short space we travelled before reaching Gottenburg, both considered good investments: one belonged to the King, the other to a private individual, who drew an income of £1,000 a-year from it. Other estates, of small size, were heard of in various parts of the country. The

taxes are far from heavy: for instance, on a small property purchased for 5,000 banco dollars (about £400), as we were told, 80 dollars (about £6. 10*s.*) a-year, clear every charge, public and local, including roads and expense of soldiers, &c.

The interest to be obtained for money lent is very high. Those who know Sweden well, assured us that six per cent. may be had with the greatest ease on undoubted security; but no one should transact any business of the kind without employing the agency of some one intimately acquainted with the country.

CHAPTER III.

SCENES OF PLENTY IN THE IRON DISTRICTS.

Wealth of the Iron Districts—Comforts and Improvements in the Houses — *Philipstadt* — Rustic Inns—*Saxan*—Silver Articles, &c.—*Laxbro* — Its Church and Belfry — Observation of the Sabbath in Sweden — *Smedgebacka* — Luxurious Fare — Fruit Preserves—More Eggs—Mine Proprietors.

THERE being nothing more wearisome in travelling than to follow the beaten path as slavishly as if all beauty and interest lay in that particular line, we now leave the direct route to Stockholm, and strike north through the forests of Dalecarlia, to the great copper mines of Falun, and thence round by Gefle and Dannemöra to the capital. Though little visited by travellers, this region presents many attractions to all who can spare the short additional time required in visiting it.

A few miles from Carlstadt we passed the country residence of the governor, surrounded by one of the best gardens we had seen in the country. After this the state of the roads re-

minded us that we were in a less frequented district than that which we had hitherto been traversing; but though not to be compared with those of the frontier, they are very tolerable throughout the whole of this journey; and a more delightful country to travel in heart could not wish. The fields are fresh and in high order, and are finely varied with woods and lakes. The birch, the spruce, and the Scotch fir, mix amicably together on every side, and by their diversified tints give a light cheerful character to the landscape. Generally speaking, the woods contrast delightfully with the long unbroken pine forests of Norway, which, often without a single leaf of any other colour amongst them, almost weigh down the spirits with their interminable gloom. Here, upon the whole, the Scotch fir predominates, which, when large, has a much brighter effect than the Norwegian tree.

The charms of this district are greatly increased by the unusual number of small villages and fine country-houses with which it is adorned. There is an appearance of wealth which at once contrasts with the more moderate means of the districts we had hitherto been traversing—for we were now fairly in the iron country, the inhabitants of which are among

the most substantial in Sweden. The snug villages are occupied by the people engaged in the forges which we are passing every few miles; and the smart country-houses are the mansions of the bruck-masters, or proprietors of iron-works. These houses are quite different from any we had yet seen, and generally much handsomer: they consist of a long main body, two stories high, with a couple of detached appendages of the same height advancing a little in front, so that the various portions occupy three sides of a quadrangle, the centre of which is either planted with shrubs and flowers or left in grass. Like the houses in the lower parts of the country, they are built of wood; but, instead of the heavy red, they are painted white, and are altogether much more neatly finished. This seems to be the general plan of the houses of the wealthy all over the district: the wings are detached from the long central body in compliance with the fashion, which is also common in other parts of Sweden, of keeping the servants quite out of that portion of the house occupied by the family; the kitchen is one of the departments always turned out of doors.

After travelling a few stages, we had evidence that St. John's day had not been for-

gotten by the country people more than by those of the towns: at one place the Schutzbonde, still exalted by brandy, was so troublesome, that we had no alternative but to enter a complaint against him in the landlord's book—the only instance where it was necessary to do so in any part of Sweden.

No one can travel far in this country without observing that the fare and accommodation in every way is often much better at rustic inns, mere solitary places by the way-side, than in the towns. At *Philipstadt*, for instance, an irregularly-built town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, not a morsel of any kind could be produced in the shape of dinner, although there is a fine stream brawling down the slope on which the principal street is formed, that would furnish trouts to the most unskilful hand. Scarcely had we gone another stage, however, when we found a small post-house in the fields, a short way off the road, abounding with excellent country fare, the best of spruce beer, &c.

Our inn at *Saxan*, where we passed the night, afforded another proof of the comparative wealth of these districts. The village consists merely of a few mean houses, occupied by the men engaged in the extensive iron-works, whose forges were flashing bright in the clear evening sky.

In such a small place, had we been in the lower part of Sweden, we should have met with none but the poorest accommodation; even here, the post-house, with its ricketty outside stair and yard of decaying sheds, looked so disjointed, that we did not promise ourselves great things. On entering, however, we found a couple of excellent rooms, looking out on a small lake, with the best furniture we had seen for a long time, quite modern in its look and particularly clean: cushion-chairs covered with a handsome red-striped pattern; small beds, not the huge fixtures of our early journey, on light cane frames, at first resembling sofas, but pulling out with a joint, and making excellent couches; clean white window curtains, and even blinds, which we had not seen before at any inn of the whole country—all of these were unexpected sights, and are mentioned to show that even in the remote parts of Sweden comfort is not unknown. We were further surprised to find tea-spoons, sugar-tongs, &c., all of silver, and coffee as good as if we had been a thousand miles away from the wilds of Dalecarlia. Rusks appear to be the favourite bread in these districts; and the corn-brandy still keeps its unhappy pre-eminence in the affections of the peasantry—the yard below our

window was for awhile occupied by a party of labourers drinking together, some as tipsy as many others we had seen during the day.

We now began to find the inconvenience of travelling over a route little frequented by foreigners: few of the country people being accustomed to travel more than a stage or two from home, we could seldom obtain sufficient information even about the *names* of the post stations that lay before us, to enable us to make out tickets for the Forebud. There being no general road-book of Sweden, nothing, in fact, but meagre lists of the common routes; and few of the maps being so minute as to assist in a case of this kind, those who intend to deviate from the ordinary lines ought to get good advice before leaving Carlstadt, with accurate lists of all the posts on the roads to be traversed.

At *Laxbro*, a village widely scattered over some naked heights, we had opportunity of seeing something of the way in which the Sabbath is spent among the country people. The number of gigs and cars scattered round a church during service is quite surprising; it would seem that no one condescends to walk even a mile on this occasion, for the whole neighbourhood is for a few hours quite crowded with vehicles of some description or other. Gene-

rally speaking, we fear that this solemn day is very irreverently kept. It seems to be the fashion for the people to repair to the nearest inn on leaving church, some to discuss the passing news of the week, others to drink. The gateway and large court-yard of our inn was completely crowded with young girls, very simply dressed, and farmers in long blue great-coats and shapeless Hessian boots, come to hold counsel together before separating for their scattered homes; while the common room was filled to overflowing with peasants met for more unbecoming purposes. In Sweden generally all kinds of amusements begin the moment public worship is over—in the country, dancing and drinking; in the capital, and large towns, theatres, equestrian exhibitions, rope-dancing, balls, &c.; in fact, the Swedes appear to regard the Sabbath as terminated with the service of the day; but to atone for shortening it so much, they commence its observance, at least in the rural parishes, at six o'clock on the Saturday evening. In consequence of this Jewish tendency, we always found difficulty in procuring horses on the last night of the week; but were ignorant of the cause, until informed that, as soon as that hour strikes, all week-day labour ceases, the whole family clean them-

selves, and the devotions of the evening are begun.

Though far from beautiful, the church of Laxbro is worth noticing from its immense size. It is a shapeless structure, with the side walls covered down to the ground by little diamond-shaped pieces of wood, like the scales of a fish. We scarcely expected to find the Italian *campanile* in these remote regions, but were reminded of it here by the lofty wooden tower composed of immense beams, built expressly for the three large bells that send their voice far and near on the Sabbath morn. It stands outside the church-yard wall, and is of course quite detached from the church, to which, however, it bears a resemblance from its slough of wooden scales. Detached bell towers are frequent in all parts of Sweden, but we saw none of such vast dimensions as this. The burial-ground struck us as singularly plain; though the surrounding district is very populous, yet there are only *two* graves *marked by tombstones*, one of which displays a Latin inscription. It is little better than a neglected sandy knoll, for the Swedes in general want that respect for the dead which is so pleasing a feature in the Danish character; except in the very largest towns, we seldom see a church-yard kept with any care. In this par-

ticular district the neglect is less excusable, for the people are very rich: in other parts of Sweden, it is rare to see money among the farmers—here they are never without abundance of it.

Sweet preserves, made from wild fruit, such as the cloudberry *(Rubus Chamæmorus)*, &c., is presented in great abundance throughout these districts. In other parts of the country we had seen little of these. Although we had some difficulty in recognizing the distinct species in the form of a preserve, we do not recollect being offered at table any of the common cranberry, which is such a favourite in other northern countries. Broiled mutton—such tender mutton as highland dales alone can feed—accompanied by potatoes dressed in milk,—and followed by sour curds smothered in the richest cream, and the favourite dainty of the country, pancake and wild-berry jam,—help out a dinner that would deprive the most scrupulous traveller of all pretext for fault-finding. Large silver table spoons are now frequently seen; we found them even at a house which externally scarcely promised chairs, to say nothing of silver plate. The reader, however, will know what to think of the wealth of Norway, and of the general elegance of its inns, when a traveller just

escaped from it, idle as may be the contents of his note-book, finds it necessary to mention as rarities such things as silevr spoons, and muslin window curtains!

The next place of importance which we came to was Smedgebacka, a very flourishing town, with handsome houses, and a large population, supported entirely by its numerous iron works. There are more country mansions of respectable appearance in the immediate neighbourhood, and on the way thither, than in any part of Sweden yet passed through; while the better families display such superior manners that it is difficult to suppose ourselves in so remote a region, where, generally speaking, except in the small patches occupied by the hamlets or country houses, nothing is to be seen but forests stretching far beyond view. The great source of the wealth and comfort seen here lies, we must repeat, in the forges; the best streets are encumbered with large quantities of pig-iron ready for removal, and in every lane huge hammers are busily at work both night and day. The sights which we came upon during our evening walk through the place made us again admire the primitive simplicity of these good Swedes, who innocently forget that glass does not cease to be transparent even in high latitudes.

The inn of Smedgebacka is so good as to deserve special mention. The rooms are numerous, large, and clean; the fare not only varied, but excellent. No part of it surprised us more than the many different kinds of flour-bread, and cake; there were three or four varieties all delicious: the potted trout is a great delicacy, and the preserve, made of what appeared to be the red whortleberry, in some places known as the cowberry (*Vaccinium Vitis-Idæa*), better than we ever tasted it before. But in what other part of the world except here would three people have the unconscionable number of *two-and-twenty eggs* set down to them at breakfast? This formidable display startled us so much that we were at pains to count them every one. The jellied salmon and other light matters which eked out our morning refection scarcely excited surprise in this region of plenty, but we could not hold silence on the subject of the eggs; the explanation given by the people was, that as a Swede, when he can get them, usually eats *at least* six or seven eggs to breakfast, and there being no conceivable reason why an Englishman should not eat as healthily as a hearty Dalecarlian gentleman, they had merely boiled a man's ordinary allowance for each of us, and

added an odd one because we were strangers. If every other traveller in the house that morning got his just allowance, the poultry yards of Smedgebacka must be singularly prolific.

All these good things, both at night and in the morning, were produced on the shortest notice: a proof that, though few foreigners come this way, the number of native travellers on the road must be very great, for, otherwise, the inn could not afford to keep such a well-stored larder. Indeed, all over the iron districts, there is a great deal of travelling; the proprietors and their agents, as well as the inspectors and other government officers, being continually in motion from one place to another. Many of the forges, &c. are in the hands of a numerous company of partners, who, living at a distance from each other, must have these inns as places for holding their meetings for consulting on their common interests. It is an excellent arrangement at Swedish inns, however, that, even when the house is very full, a foreigner is almost never thrust into a public or common room. It is not from any thing unsociable in their character, that the Swedes have none of those filthy places, often little better than

smoking-rooms, so common in Germany for instance—those who have any wish, may easily get into the society of other strangers who may be in the house; but they have a sense of propriety which teaches them, in the first instance, always to give a private room to the foreigner.

CHAPTER IV.

SKETCHES IN THE FORESTS OF DALECARLIA.

Dress and Manners of the Dalecarlians—Gentle Scenes in the Forests—Enactments concerning the Forests—Where are the Wild Beasts and the Robbers?—Little Shepherdess—Notions of the People regarding the English—Wild Flowers—The Lily—*Linnæa Borealis*, &c.—Cottage of Gustavus Vasa at *Ornäs*—Its Antiquities and Patriotic Reminiscenses—Wise Policy of the present King.

On once more setting forward, we are fairly in Dalecarlia, a province famed both in story and song. Judging by the expression of the faces seen at every door, we should say, that the peasants are still fit for brave deeds; and, from what we hear, the spirit of patriotism yet burns as strong in these sacred haunts as when Gustavus Vasa issued from the caves of Dalecarlia to deliver his country from a foreign yoke.

The literal meaning of the Swedish name of the district, "Dalerne," is the land of vales; and many a fair valley stretches over the wide region thus designated. In general, however, few of these valleys are cultivated; and

the climate, though very warm in summer, is nowhere so good as to permit the culture of wheat. Even the commonest kinds of grain fail so frequently that, until of late, it was no unusual thing for the poorer classes to mix up the bark of young trees with meal, in order to procure a wretched sustenance through their long winter.

Notwithstanding these occasional privations, however, the people are of a strong and hardy frame, and their appearance is greatly improved by the remarkable costume of the district. For, though the ordinary dress of the lower parts of Sweden are most commonly worn, the true Dalecarlian may still be distinguished by his large round slouched hat, with the flowing locks, of pictures, hanging from beneath it on his shoulders, the wide brownish frock coat descending nearly to the knee, and, finally, the large jack-boots which complete the national dress. We meet many little bands wandering away in search of employment; the father always dressed in this style, the children in something very similar, and the mother in a whitish woollen jacket and coarse petticoat of the same hue. They remind us of a troop of gipsies, only that they want the flashing eye of our roaming friends. Many of them live as

pedlars, supplying various commodities to the inhabitants of the sequestered valleys. Some procure a subsistence by carrying about *flour* from place to place, and these we have to thank for the good bread presented to us in places where wheat never ripens.

In the dress of the people living near the road, there is nothing to remark, except that the younger women all wear the kerchief tied very gracefully on their hair. Not only is it more tastefully worn, but it is of much finer quality than we had hitherto seen it; in other parts of Sweden and in Norway, it is always of cotton—here it is generally of silk; and, as each has coquetry enough to select the colour suited to her complexion, this head-dress, so well calculated to set off a good face to advantage, kindly helps to conceal a bad one in case of need.

We travel delightfully through these beautiful forests. They are so finely broken by little glades, that often, but for their extent, we might believe ourselves in a gentleman's park—an illusion, aided by the neatness with which the smooth road is kept, and the delightful way in which the successive clumps are spread on every hand. Young spruce of tenderest green mixes in great beauty with the more lofty birch, which

rises with airy crest far above its tardy neighbours. Its loftiness, in fact, is often remarkable; it seems to be unnaturally propelled by the closeness of the surrounding trees; and, wasting all its vigour in height, but never filling out to any thickness, it shoots up with a long, long slender stem, showing neither branch nor leaf, except at the thin and scanty crown in which it terminates. Owing to this intermixture of trees, there is little of that gloom which fancy generally associates with such scenery. Yet we often come on very singular woodland scenes. The most remarkable are those spots where an attempt has been made, but not carried through, to clear the ground for culture. Huge white stones with little patches of mould about them—roots and portions of noble trees bleached white by the weather—tufts of coarse grass which had begun to spring but have been checked in the outset—these lifeless sights make such spots perfect scenes of desolation, except where a slender birch, that has escaped the axe and the fire, is seen rising some sixty feet into the air, leaning so much to one side, now that it is deserted by its brethren, that the roots must soon be torn up by the weight of the drooping head.

Closely around these naked spots, stand the

deep shades of the untouched forest. The great number of fine fir trees laid low by the blast and never disturbed by man, show how valueless timber here is. In the densest part of the forest some trees, one hundred feet long, have fallen so close by the road, that they might easily have been transported for use; but there they lie, rotting from year to year among their living fellows, no one taking the trouble to remove or to cut them up,—their white and moss-grown trunks contrasting sadly with the vigorous survivors clustering thickly around, or waving triumphantly over them.

Let it not be thought, however, that the forests are wasted in Sweden—that every man is at liberty to cut and spoil where he pleases, and therefore will not be at the pains to remove the tree that does not lie near him. Taking example by the fatal consequences of allowing the forests to be too lavishly wasted, as shown in Denmark and other countries, which, though once covered with beautiful timber, now scarcely raise a single available tree, the Swedish Government have laid down very strict and judicious regulations concerning the forests, and the way in which they are to be cut. This was more especially necessary in a country where a great part of the national resources depends

on the due supply of fuel; for timber here is not valuable to the proprietor merely as an article of export and for purposes of building. What would become of the forges and all the ramifications of the iron trade, were these forests to be rashly wasted, and means no longer left for working the numberless furnaces now constantly open? To prevent the occurrence of such a great national misery as the suspension of these undertakings would be attended with, all the forest lands in the kingdom have been measured out, and certain regulations promulgated, by which every proprietor knows the quantity he may cut annually, and *beyond which he is not allowed to go*. It may appear a very intrusive piece of legislation to interfere in this way with private rights, but these must yield where national interests are at stake. The system, however, is greatly in favour even of the proprietors themselves; an imprudent landowner, killing the goose in hope of getting all the gold at once, might waste his forests with the prospect of obtaining immediate wealth; but these enactments effectually prevent him not only from injuring an important branch of national industry, but also from cutting off the resources of himself and his descendants, by a few years of reckless extravagance.

It was natural that, in such scenes, we should have a great desire to see some of the fierce tenants of the wood and wild. But, alas! not one wild beast could be seen. The wolves had disappeared on purpose to vex us: the only thing we saw that reminded us of them was a fine green glade, with ring and marks, where the sportsmen, forming the Jäger-verbund, assemble for their periodical exercises. As for robbers, they were never heard of in the land: all that we could do, we were unable to get up a scene of tragic interest, for, wild as these forests are deemed, not a single misadventure happened to us more than if we had been travelling by the Brighton mail. A solitary hawk, prowling low athwart the copse, was the only bird of prey seen in a whole day; and the only scene that we saw at all bordering on the romantic, was a little shepherdess now and then, perhaps not twelve years old, crouching among the bushes at the edge of a wood to watch the few sheep, or young cattle, constituting all her father's wealth. The tinkling bells of her quiet charge were often the only sounds that greeted us for miles. The happy shepherdesses, (for there are sometimes two young sisters of them sheltering affectionately together beneath the same plaid,) seldom fail to greet the passer-by.

Starting away from his gentle protectress, a sportive kid, or the most tiny of lambkins, will often run by the carriage a long way, as if trying to outstrip our carriage, till fatigue or fright send it back to its dam.

It startled us in these unfrequented regions to be addressed in English by one of the natives. He had been a sailor many years before, and long traded to London. The little fellow's heart warmed at the recollection of what even he loved as "Old England." He vows that all the Swedes love us dearly, only they would like us still more if we did not drive their horses so hard. "What tearing fellows they are, those Engliske!"—such are the sentiments expressed by many a Swedish farmer; "there should be a law passed that not one of them shall be allowed to take a whip in his hands; but then we would get none of their money; they would not look near us; for it is evidently for no other purpose that they come here but to drive through the country, night and day, like mad people. The Germans are the quiet folks: *they* never touch a horse, nor look at him either. They come here to hammer at our rocks, not to belabour our poor steeds. Give them bags of tobacco and loads of stones, and they never care how slowly we drive. Oh, the good Ger-

mans! pity that they haven't more money. The English are the best fellows after all. They talk such funny Swedish, and pay us so well. Success to the English!"

However severe the English may be on the Swedish horses, they can scarcely be more so than the peasants themselves: we see them every hour flying along in their carts with one horse, much faster than we ever do with two.

To the lover of nature, these forests are not without interesting sights of other kinds. It is a soft and quiet region. The magnificent rivers of Norway are replaced by small voiceless streams. Little sheets of water are very abundant—lonely and beautiful, generally with a clear sandy bottom, a cottage or two among trees by the distant shore, a little skiff to convey the occupants to church or merry-making, and sometimes a water-fowl rippling the wave in its undisputed progress from shore to shore.

Now, that we were almost as far north as the most northerly point of the British Islands, we expected that vegetation would become dull and flowerless: but nothing could be more delightful than the richness and variety of the wild blossoms that still adorn the way-side or gem the margin of every lake. The splendid

water-lily (*Nymphæa alba*), among the most lovely of all the floral ornaments of the north, is seen in great profusion; and if we understood aright, the natives give it a name whose signification is not unlike that of the appellation by which it is known among the Highlanders of Scotland, who, in Gaelic, speak of it always by the very appropriate name of "drowned blades." The wild myrtle, with its waxen leaves, was now also in full splendour; it grows in such abundance that the woods, in many spots, are one blush of flowers. This plant and some of its allied shrubs, usurp the place occupied by our heaths in Scotland and England, little of these being seen here.

But what above all enchanted us was our early and much-loved Scottish friend the charming *Linnæa*, growing so profusely along the road, and in the fir-woods, that some places were as closely woven with its creeping tendrils and little round leaves as ever mossy banks were clad by their softer but not more beautiful covering. The old roots and the very stones by the road were matted with this charming rarity, its delicate little urns nodding as numerous and graceful as dew-drops in the morning sun. On asking our peasant-guide how the country people named this plant, he gave us a Swedish word meaning

cuckoo-grass. This plant so common in Sweden, has never been found in England. It thrives only in fir-woods and in high latitudes. From its humble growth and modest beauty, it has been thought a very appropriate emblem of the great botanist after whom it is named. Even in Scotland it was long so little known that many living botanists recollect trudging near eighty miles from Edinburgh to get a specimen of it in Forfarshire, gladly giving a crown to the old dame at Inglismaldie, who conducted them to the happy spot. It is now found in many other parts of the north of Scotland, but particularly in the old fir-woods of Banff and Moray, which closely resemble its Swedish localities. In the Duke of Richmond's woods, near Gordon Castle, it occurs in large beds so numerous and luxuriant as to defy even the rapacity of specimen-hunters to exhaust them. Sir James Edward Smith, after describing the Linnæa in his *English Flora*, adds: "Such is the *little northern plant, long overlooked, depressed, abject, flowering early,* which Linnæus selected to transmit his own name to posterity. Few could have been better chosen; and the progress of practical botany in Britain seems to be marked by the more frequent discovery of the Linnæa."

But we must have done with woods and flowers; such prate would last for ever, were all to be repeated that these regions suggest. We had now crossed a ferry of the shallow sluggish Dal Elf, and within a short distance of Falun, were turning off the road to visit a relic dear to every patriotic Swede—the Cottage of Ornäs, which was the residence of their hero Gustavus Vasa soon after his romantic escape from Denmark, and just before he commenced the series of noble achievements which ended in the liberation of his country.

Apart from its historic interest this mansion is remarkable from its great antiquity, it being now fully four hundred years old—a most respectable age for a structure entirely of wood. It is a picturesque out-and-in up-and-down old building of two stories, standing on the green bank of a small lake. The access to the principal chamber—there are not above three or four rooms altogether—is by a long outside stair protected by a high roof. The king's bed still stands as he left it, in all the faded glory of a blue spangled stuff which had once been splendid. Around this bed watch his faithful guards—or rather their effigies—most amusing fellows in the complete dress and armour of the time: their long beards, and white jerkins,

with lances, axes and bows, all of immense weight and size, must have made a troop of them as strange a sight as war ever evoked. A figure of the king clothed in heavy armour is placed beneath a blue canopy in the corner of the room, his hand resting on a ponderous volume, beside which are his Bible and iron gauntlet. The walls are hung with the portraits of the kings of Sweden, the best of which is that of Gustavus himself; he is drawn with a handsome "Stuart" face: his shirt of mail hangs beneath, and close beside is the portrait of Anne Peterson, who saved his life, warning the king of the meditated treachery of her husband, who intended to betray his unsuspecting guest. Of this series of kingly portraits we must mention that—unhappy omen!—when the last Gustavus was suspended here among his kingly ancestors, not a niche was left unoccupied: he soon wandered an exile over Europe, and no follower of his is likely now to need a place among the monarchs of Sweden. The travelled reader need not be reminded that something of the same kind was remarked when the portrait of Francis I. was hung in the Hall of the Emperors at Frankfort, and that he too proved the last of the Roman Emperors!

The antiquities in this cottage, though few in

number, are highly interesting. An English antiquarian baronet, who travelled here some years since, was so greatly delighted with them that he spent a week in the neighbourhood, in order to study thoroughly the contents of the king's chamber. The book of visitors shows a great number of foreign names; while the Swedes themselves cherish such respect for this uninhabited mansion, that a retired major has been appointed its guardian and a good house assigned him quite near. The present sovereign, with his characteristic policy and good taste, is at much pains to preserve every thing connected with the bright deeds of Swedish story, and especially encourages among the people all patriotic recollections of their former kings. Had Charles X. possessed a little of the same cheap wisdom—had he simply exalted the statue of Napoleon on the column of the Place Vendôme—he might have died King of France, even in spite of his ordinances.

CHAPTER V.

SUBTERRANEAN WANDERINGS IN THE COPPER MINES OF FALUN.

Desolate Valley—Vapors of the Mines—The town of Falun—Linnæus, a physician here—Descent to the Mines—Strange Dress—King's Hall—Love of Freedom in the Dalecarlians—Explosion—Accidents—Produce—Mode of procuring the Copper—Inn—Travelling Students—Capercaillie—Its introduction to Scotland—Not so good as Grouse—Clear Nights.

On reaching a village about ten miles from Falun, the country changes greatly for the worse. For the first time, during many days, we found ourselves in a large plain, almost destitute of wood; it is also so sandy that even where the plough has been employed little grows round the scattered houses—in fact, such a barren scene we had not traversed in the whole of these countries.

On advancing farther, through a stunted wood, by a very rough road, the desolation was still more complete. We were overlooking the rough and leafless hollow of Falun—a wide inhospitable space, filled continually with sul-

phurous vapors, which injure vegetation, and almost darken the sun. Two lakes ought to be visible, but the smoke allows us to see only one —that lying to the right, which has the look of some poisoned sea, so gloomy are its waters, and so naked its margin: the forest bird forsakes this dismal hollow—his wing droops if he inadvertently pass the baneful circle; no wild beast dares to seek sustenance within its bounds; even the horse will scarcely feed on the bitter herbage. Except on the remoter heights, not a shrub is to be seen; and for a time, so dense was the smoke, that we could discover few symptoms of human habitations, till at last the *green* roof of the large church appeared, to tell us that we were near the coppery city, famed for its mines as far back as history can trace. That they have been wrought for more than a thousand years is beyond all doubt; but it requires the national pride of a Dalecarlian to believe that Solomon himself knew this distant valley, and sent his ships to bring copper from it, to aid in the pious work of the temple of Jerusalem.

The approach is truly characteristic. First come heaps of refuse, scoriæ, calcined ore—in fact, all that you could expect to find near the crater of a volcano, a scene to which this spot

bears a great resemblance. Having passed this point, huge wheels for pumps and pulleys, yawning holes, and deep water-courses, are seen; next come ranges of large and regular buildings, for the managers, for counting chambers, control, &c.; after which you drive through the kilns, where the ore is burning in the open air, with the sulphurous smoke drifting from them in such terrible clouds, that breathing becomes almost impossible. This suffocating avenue, however, at length terminates in the capital of Dalecarlia. Long streets, silent and wide, lead to a sloping square, on the highest side of which stands a large church—already seen through the gloom; it is built of brick, a scarce material in this country, and has a copper roof. Another end of the square is adorned by the Town-hall; and from all sides run straight streets, crossed at certain intervals by others equally straight; they branch away so far up and so far down the hill, and the silence in them is so complete, that Falun looks like a town walking into the country. The houses are generally good, however; and of the five thousand inhabitants, many are reckoned wealthy.

The interest which we took in this city was increased by its connexion with the history of

Linnæus, who spent some of his happiest days in it; for it was here he took refuge in the peaceful arms of matrimony, when driven from Upsala by bickerings with his rivals. But though he gained the heart of the doctor's daughter of Falun, he does not appear to have carried off many of his patients; and, therefore, until the University storm blew over, industriously mingled with his employment as a physician, lectures on mineralogy, of which this has long been an important and favourite school. Were it only for one little fact in his history, Linnæus should be respected by travellers in these countries, even when they care little for the science which he adorned—for he showed that it is possible to travel through them very profitably on little cost: a journey of 3,500 miles through Sweden and Lapland was performed by him for the mighty outlay of fifty Swedish dollars, something about four guineas English!

The mines being so near the town as almost to form a part of it, we walked back to them after securing quarters at the inn. These, however, it must be stated, are not the only mines; for the copper region covers a space not less than twenty-eight miles long and seven wide. This wide space is enclosed and partly penetrated by

rocks of reddish granite, which, towards the centre, gradually merge into a micaceous rock, the greater part of which is composed of iron and copper pyrites, inclining vertically from N.W. to S.E.

The mines which we visited lie in the centre of the district now described, and are the largest of the whole. They are very different from those we visited in Norway. The descent at Kongsberg is like going down to the centre of the earth by a narrow lightless funnel, with merely room for the ladder we cling to—*here* we descend, at least for a great part of the way, by broad if not very elegant wooden steps, walking generally with comfort till we reach, not a small cell with scarcely room to stand in, but magnificent halls, spreading high and wide, of extent sufficient to conceal whole legions. The only annoyance is from the sulphurous droppings of some parts of the roof, which are so destructive to clothes that, before leaving the counting-rooms, we had each to put on a workman's dress over our ordinary apparel: it would have startled our friends a little to have met us as we crossed the road, in ragamuffin coats scarcely good enough for a Tipperary scarecrow —leathern aprons of vast dimensions guarding us, not honourably in front, but dishonourably

in the rear—and coalheavers' hats fit for a masquerade. We were warned not to leave our guides for a moment, but should have had more confidence in them and their large torches, had not one fellow been most eloquently tipsy.

The descent, though pretty steep, is very easy so long as the wide galleries with their rude wooden stairs continue. Soon, however, we came on ricketty ladders, the ordinary passage being in some places blocked up for repairs, in consequence of a recent accident. The windings are so numerous that on reaching the bottom we imagined that we had sunk much farther than at Kongsberg, but were told that the general depth is not more than 1,200 feet. The chambers, some of which are not far below the surface, are of immense extent, but so dark that we could have no distinct idea of their real size; the largest is 1,300 feet long, and probably 400 wide. Several are designated by names of kings and other distinguished personages who have made this subterranean journey; that of Carl Johann is very far down—on the rock are engraved the King's name and that of his son, originally written by themselves with chalk, and now protected by glass, as a memorial, of which the miners are not a little proud. Their visit was made in 1819, when the rocky hall, lighted

up with countless lamps and torches, presented a sight realizing the wildest tales of Eastern enchantment. But the figures which moved through that flitting scene were no creatures of fancy—they were hardy and hard-working peasants; poor, yet fit companions even to a King. For here it was impossible for us not to remember that these caves first rang with the sacred shout of "Liberty!" which afterwards wakened every echo in Sweden, and that those toiling around us were sprung from the brave men who then struck the first blow for the freedom of their country, and rendered the name of "Dalecarlian" but another term for all that is noble and praiseworthy in human character.

That it is no safe place to hold riot in, however, is evident from the crumbling nature of the rocks; they often give way and block up the passage which it had taken years to form. In some places huge stacks of oak-trees are built in to keep the roof from yielding; it gave no pleasant idea of the terrible weight of the superincumbent earth, and of the danger of its closing on us, when we noticed, perhaps, six or eight of these thick trees, crossed horizontally one above another, all *obviously curved by the pressure*. The chance of shaking the loose fragments is increased by the method of working:

the rocks are blasted with a very strong charge, as in ordinary quarries. This operation was going on at one place while we were down—immense blocks were thrown out, and the report echoed back from the thousand recesses with appalling grandeur. The process is by no means conducted with that care which would be necessary to prevent accident, the torches being dashed about with the utmost freedom even at the most critical moment. At one place they showed us a mound where twelve men are buried. So carelessly were the operations conducted in former times, that an immense gulf is seen, formed by the falling in of the roof of one of the largest divisions.

The masses thrown out by the explosion are broken with hammers, and conveyed above in baskets to be burnt: there are five openings, in which baskets are constantly moving up and down; the noise made in shovelling the rubbish, filling it in, &c. is quite deafening. From the quantity of water and slime about many of the slippery ladders, as well as from the deep pools in the way, the work is not very cleanly: the underground work is far, however, from being so disgusting as the labours of the silver mines; in no place is it too warm, and pure air may be breathed everywhere. The men

are paid a rix-dollar a-day, about 1*s.* 1½*d.*, by no means too large a reward for continual exposure to accidents. We spent three hours in their gloomy caverns, and were allowed to carry off specimens of all kinds. The journey in coming up may be partly performed in daylight, by steps cut in the side of an open mine. We had the satisfaction to find, that such parts of our clothes as were touched with the water were completely destroyed.

For many centuries these mines were, perhaps, the most productive in the world, having yielded annually eight million pounds of pure metal. One division alone,—that in which we saw the explosion,—has been known to produce ore to the value of 300,000 dollars Banco, about £15,000 sterling, in a single month, besides paying all expenses. We could not ascertain the amount produced the preceding year, but saw no reason to believe that the mines will soon be abandoned, as some travellers have predicted. On the contrary, the proprietors or shareholders still derive a large revenue from them, as may be inferred from the following estimate of the average annual produce:—Copper, 4,500 skip-pounds; Gold, 250 ducats; Silver, nearly 500 marks; Lead, from 100 to 150 skip-pounds; Vitriol, from 600 to 800

tons; Ochre, generally, 1,000 tons; Brimstone, 20 to 30 skip-pounds. The ore is by no means rich. The best is said to yield 20 per cent.; but the poor ore, yielding only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., being most abundant, the average of the mine is not higher than 2 per cent., and 12 per cent. when smelted. We could not ascertain the number of men now employed; but not many years back, about five hundred were employed in the mines, and the same number in the processes of roasting and smelting.

The copper, after leaving the kilns, being sent to Avestad to be refined, we could not of course learn much about the process from the workmen of the mines, but may generally state, that the rock is first broken into bits of all shapes and sizes, something like the rubbish by the side of a quarry or in a stonecutter's shed; in this state it is brought aloft in the baskets, and then burnt in those open kilns, from which come the sulphurous clouds that fill the valley: this is called *roasting*, and oxidates the iron with which the ore abounds. What remains is *smelted*, and the metal, after being a short time in this state, is permitted to pour into a pit of water, which *granulates* it. It is now a second time melted, the coarse surface is skimmed off, and it once more is run

into water. Several other processes of the same kind take place, until it is finally run into sand, where it becomes solid under the name of *blistered copper*. A very delicate part of the process still remains, called *refining* or *toughening*, the object of which is to expel the lingering portions of oxygen: the metal is put into a melting-furnace, and while in a state of fusion, charcoal is added, the whole mass being stirred from time to time till all impurities have fled. Tin may now be added to make it *bronze* for statues, bells, and cannon; or zinc, and it becomes *brass*.

Our inn was full of travelling students, as merry and as boisterous as students usually are. The young men attending the Swedish universities, like those of Germany, spend the vacation in ranging the country. With a knapsack on their back, a travelling-cap on the head, and a stout staff in their hand, away they start for some distant province, as botanists or mineralogists, gleaning knowledge and diffusing mirth among the hospitable mountaineers, till the waning day again summon them to close hours and short fare. Although light, the purse is not always unreplenished; but the demands on it are easy, where a supper with the farmer's family is well paid with a tale, and a bed in

his spare room, with a song. These wanderers have often been described as rude; but for our own parts, neither here nor in Germany, whether we were trudging, one of themselves, with the knapsack on our shoulders, or travelling with a less humble equipage, did we ever meet with anything from them but courtesy and kind services.

A sportsman had just brought in some beautiful capercaillie, or cock of the wood, the first we saw in the country. The cock is a noble fellow, quite black, fully three feet long, and weighing about sixteen pounds; a finer shot cannot be found: the hen has very little resemblance to her mate, being light-coloured, spotted with brown, and not much more than half the size: the one is sold for two rix-dollars (2*s*. 3*d*.), the other for a Banco dollar (1*s*. 8*d*.) They are very abundant in the woods some miles away from this, and in the forests all over Sweden; but especially in those of the north, where the fir cones and wild berries supply them with their favourite and almost only nourishment. The Swedes call them Tchedder (written *tjader*), but the word does not appear to have any particular signification; the Scottish name, capercaillie, by which it is most generally known in England, is a Gaelic word, mean-

ing "horse of the woods," in allusion to its great size; but its name is all that now remains in Scotland. The last well-authenticated accounts of its existence even in the forests of Glenmore and Abernethy do not reach much later than 1745. It has indeed been said, that one was shot near Fort William about the year 1807, and that another was killed in the neighbourhood of Borrowstouness so late as 1811; but respectable as are the authorities on which these instances have been quoted, they are scarcely sufficient, even if there was no mistake about the identity of the bird, to prove that it is still entitled to rank among the winged denizens of our Scottish forests. That it would thrive amongst us, however, no one can doubt, who has had opportunity of comparing the woods of Sweden with those of Scotland. Protection from the gun, and even from the idle visits of the intruder, which of course can be granted only in the most extensive forests, such as those of the Grant family in Strathspey and Glen Urquhart, are all that is wanted. This, at least, is the opinion of Mr. Lloyd, who, from his long intimacy with the habits of the bird, is justly esteemed the very highest authority on the subject. In our conversation with him, he expressed regret that some correspondence which

he had had with several Scottish proprietors about an attempt to re-naturalize them amongst us, had not led to any satisfactory result.*

We made the best part of our dinner on a capercaillie, which had been some time in the larder; the flesh is very good, but the game flavour so excessively high that many would find it disagreeable. It is not nearly such delicate eating as our own grouse; some pieces of the stew were quite hard and thready. The cook also produced some other kinds of game, especially the ruffed grouse of the country, which is much larger than the moorfowl of Scotland, and very different in appearance; in no part of the world have we seen a *pure* specimen of the latter kind of game, except on our Highland hills.

The charges here are much higher than in

* Since returning to Scotland, we have seen two of these birds in very thriving condition at Duff House, the seat of the Earl of Fife, in Banffshire. They are kept in a shed of open wood-work, surrounded with trees, and great pains are taken to prevent them from being disturbed by visitors, none being admitted, but as a special favour in the company of the gallant Thane himself, and even then only for a minute or two. We are happy to understand that the experiment of introducing them to the Highlands has also been begun on a more extended scale by the Marquis of Breadalbane, who, in the summer of 1837, imported from Sweden four-and-twenty of these noble birds, and set them at liberty, with, we believe, every prospect of soon seeing them abundant in his forests.

any other part of Sweden; owing to the singularly unfertile nature of the surrounding district, even common things cost nearly double, while articles of luxury, owing to the long inland carriage from Stockholm, must be paid in still a higher proportion. Owing to the desolating vapours above alluded to, the farms are at such a distance from the town, that we were told it would take six hours to fetch even a single horse for our Forebud.

We were now nearly at the most northerly point of our journey, Falun being in north lat. 60° 35′ 49″, and Gefle, the next town we came to, only four miles further north (60° 39′), that is, we were almost on a line with the most northerly point of the Shetland Islands (60° 52′). The summer nights, consequently, are so clear that we were able to write without candles till half-past eleven. When lights were brought, the size of the candlesticks reminded us that where an article is most abundant, it is often most economised; such baby concerns have never been seen—the bottoms are not larger than a crown piece, and the stalks not three inches high. The people of Falun know the value of copper and all its compounds too well to think of employing much of them for their own household purposes.

CHAPTER VI.

BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHTS NEAR THE GULF OF BOTHNIA.

A Break-down—Good Qualities of the Horses—Drunk People —*Uppbo*—*Smedby*—Floating Bridges—Night Journey—Revellers—GEFLE—Its Trade, &c.—Roads along the Gulf of Bothnia—How the Swedes keep their Roads in such Repair—Winter Travelling—Transport of the Iron Ore—Sledges—Obliging Postmasters—Horses in the Forests—Falls of Elf-Carleby—Fine Country Seats—Count Djer's Mansion—Quiet Inn of Dannemora—Lady Travellers from England—Cleanliness of the Inns compared with those of some other Countries —Insects—Ant-vinegar—How to obtain leave to shoot—Furnaces and Night-fires—Charms of Night-travelling—Brilliancy of the Stars.

OUR route now leads due east, towards the Gulf of Bothnia.

A break-down in the second stage after starting, deserves to be noted as the only occurrence of the kind that we met with in Sweden. The bush, worn out by long years of service, having cracked fairly through, the right fore-wheel took hasty leave, and left us motionless at the foot of a slight descent. No one was unseated, however, and our ingenious Swede

was not the man to be taken unawares. He had provided a piece of wood as a substitute in case of such accidents, which are not unfrequent among the precipices of a Norwegian journey; and luckily there was a carpenter's cottage at hand, which, though scantily supplied with tools, yet afforded all that were necessary to bore a hole for the axle. The operation cost us full four hours' delay, during which, besides helping with the auger, and gathering all the plants of the neighbourhood, we finished sundry bowls of milk; while the horses treated themselves to a bite in the nearest park, and a plunge in the cooling bog. The country all round is thickly studded with cottages, but it does not seem to be the custom of the Swedes to take much trouble in helping travellers out of a scrape; except some passing carters, nobody took any notice of us—a break-down probably is too common to excite either sympathy or surprise.

Misfortunes, as every body knows, never come single: one of our horses fell in the very first descent after the wheel was repaired. This, too, it is worth remarking—as it shews the good quality of the horses—is the only accident of the kind that happened to us in these countries, though many hundred horses were through

our hands, and one of the party as bad a charioteer as ever touched a rein. We scarcely saw a broken-kneed or a broken-winded horse throughout our whole journey.

At *Uppbo*,—a village divided into two by a broad tributary of the Dal-Elf,—a crowd of stout men were lounging about the post-house in broad greasy leathern aprons. Such crowds were frequent in this part of the journey, and among them were invariably some men quite drunk.

The peasants of this district are so fond of following their horses, that at one place *three* attendants came with us; but they seldom interfered with the driving. When these men are roughly treated, quarrels are sure to follow; but speak kindly, or shew some good-humour, and any thing may be made of them. By way of occupation, we always paid them ourselves. With their tattered notes, this is no easy matter; for on taking out a handful of them, one-half of an ill-used "fourpenny" often "flutters in the breeze" so poetically, that if the puff become a little stronger, it thinks nothing of leaving the other half altogether, and sets off on a voyage of discovery in the adjoining fields. The length of the stage, which regulates the sum to be paid, was easily known by our little

posting-book; but even when it was not at hand, we never found the men taking any advantage of us about the amount we had to pay.

The abundance with which black-cock now began to be served to us at some of the villages, but especially at *Smedby*, convinced us that this district deserves its reputation of being well-stocked with game. The bridges, both here and at the place previously named, are very remarkable; the roadway is formed of great logs floating on the surface of the river, chained at each end into stout frames, which are moored by beams of great size connected with immense piers on either bank. As each log yields a little on being touched, it is singular to see the horses before us apparently *sinking* into the river, with the water plashing up about them as the logs successively give way. These bridges are quite safe, however, and have a great advantage in not being liable to be carried away by floods; the pliable framework enabling them to rise and yield and shift about a little always as the water increases.

We travelled all night, through a track finely varied with woods, farms, and gentlemen's seats; for at no period was it so dark as to keep us from seeing the country. Coffee, the night traveller's beverage, is to be got, and of excel-

lent quality at all the stations. While stopping to procure it at one of the places, we had to mix in a singular scene. Though it was now one o'clock in the morning, an immense crowd of shareholders in the different iron-works of the district, who had assembled on some business the previous day, were still lingering about the inn, all of them with pipes in their mouths; and many, nor were they the least respectable, more than half tipsy. We got away from them in peace, however, just as their orgies had concluded; and the early sportsman stealing out to the favourite haunts of the Tjedar, soon told us that the night was past.

By seven in the morning we entered GEFLE, a thriving sea-port on the gulf of Bothnia, containing 5,930 inhabitants, and in many respects not unlike Gottenburg, but as far behind that city in trade as in population. The square and quays are extremely handsome; and the look of the place is greatly improved by the river Geflean, which flows through it, confined by splendid walls of granite, and crossed by a fine bridge of the same material, the only *stone* bridge we had yet seen in Sweden. Amongst the shipping—which lies in the mouth of the river, just where it joins an inlet of a gulf enclosed by varied heights—were some fine

vessels, all belonging to the port. The merchants exist almost entirely by the export trade; many of them also have considerable shares in the mines we have been passing for the last few days: mill-stones of a beautiful red sand-stone are also exported; and some of the inhabitants have shares in the very productive salmon fisheries on the rivers and sea-coast, both to the north and south of this: some of the most successful of these fisheries are held on lease by a Scotchman. The houses, as usual, are of wood, but large and handsome; most of the streets are long, silent, and grass-grown. The church-yard is closely planted with small, frail, wooden tablets, painted black, such as we have seen elsewhere; but even the wealthy merchants of a commercial town seldom erect monuments of stone over the dead.

Through Gefle lies the great route from Stockholm to Tornea, and the North Cape: all the way northward, along the Gulf of Bothnia, the roads and inns are excellent. *Our* route, however, now lay due south; and in this direction, accordingly, we started, after due rest; the veal cutlets and spinage of our bounteous hostess enabling us to move on very stoutly. This dish, which, we afterwards found, is a very favourite one on the east coast, is prepared even

at the smallest inns as scientifically as if the cook-maid had studied in Paris itself.

The weather, which in general had been very fine, now became so bad that we saw little of the country we were traversing. Torrents of rain fell incessantly till some hours past noon. Fortunately, the roads were excellent—in fact, we have never seen any to compare with them. They are more like the well-kept approach to a private mansion, than the daily thoroughfare of a populous district. Their smoothness is such, that for many miles the wheel did not touch a stone the size of a marble; in fact, the proprietors of this district, being very wealthy, spare no expense on their roads, and bind the contractor that he shall not leave a loose stone on any part of them.

In Sweden, roads are, in some instances, made by government; but, in general, they are maintained by the farmers and land-owners of each province, who meet at stated times, and assess themselves for a sum proportioned to the extent of repairs demanded. The charge in this way seldom amounts to much, for the traffic is not so great as to injure the roads very rapidly; unless on one line or two, they have no grinding, weighty diligences, as in France, and nothing to compare with our heavy-loaded,

four-horse coaches, to say little of our eight-horse waggons. There is, no doubt, a great deal of travelling, but the carriages are seldom heavier than an English post-chaise; most people, in fact, travel in a light kind of gig. Instead of the long train of waggons built up like mountains, which the traveller is constantly meeting in the heart of Germany, we seldom meet here even a well-loaded cart. Only at one place did we see trees dragged along the road, and that was merely by the side for a very short way.

One thing, however, regarding the roads, we could not at first understand—the mode of transporting the iron ore. We knew that it is seldom burnt at the mine, but carried away all over the country, a distance of twenty and even sixty miles. This is done on the principle that it is easier to carry the ore to the fuel, than to bring the fuel to it: the ore, though heavy, goes into so little room, that it can be easily managed in comparison with the whole forests of timber which it would be necessary to transport under any other system. But, how is the ore transported? We have not seen a single cart thus employed: the secret is, that all this work is done *in winter;* without snow, which makes the easiest of all roads, it could never be

accomplished. No sooner is the surface fairly hardened, than the partners begin removing the fragments which have been accumulating by the edge of the mine all the summer; sledges may then be seen flying in every direction—a means of transport so easy, that a single horse can do the work which three would not be fit for on the best summer roads in the world. We, in summer, see the sledge lying idle at every house; it is a strong frame, running on two curved pieces of fir, exactly like skates, on a large scale. The ordinary cart, or carriage, of whatever kind, is taken off its wheels, and placed on this equipage, during the long months of snow.

Our road along the Gulf of Bothnia lies through a very level country, and is nearly parallel with the sea, which, however, is a mile or two away from us. At first the soil is so poor that only a few spots are cultivated among the sandy heights; the fir is abundant, but does not attain a great size. Some of the stages are much longer than usual; one is seventeen, and another fully twenty English miles. As most of the post-masters keep *häll* horses, one may get on without a forebud after passing Falun. The station-houses are all indicated by a little black hanging sign, adorned on one side

with that universal emblem of posting, a white steed; and on the other bearing the names and distances of the adjoining stages, generally as illegible as the limbs of the poor horse. We always find the post-masters extremely obliging; twice in the course of the day, when the stages were not too long, we were allowed to take the same horses two stages, which, if the animals are good, is always a great saving of time where fresh ones have to be sent for two or three miles away. The horses often wander so far in the forest that it is not uncommon to lose sight of them for weeks. Indeed, they frequently disappear altogether, and are never heard of, till some chance hunter finds the skeleton sticking between two trees where they have jammed themselves in, while attempting to find a homeward path through the dense plantations.

In the second stage we crossed the Elf-Carleby by a fine bridge recently opened—the only place in Sweden where we have paid toll; at the ferries of course we always pay, but the charge is very moderate. There is a beautiful waterfall here, which has often been proclaimed the rival of Schaffhausen; but though the large river dashes through the rocks with great splendour, the scene cannot be compared with any

of the Norwegian Falls. After this point, the cultivation improves; throughout all that remains of Upsala Län, the fields display much neatness and care. There are still many iron-works by the way, all with a thriving look and surrounded by smart villages.

Both in this journey, and in those of the preceding days, we passed many good country mansions, belonging to a wealthier class of proprietors than those of the west coast, where, indeed, few country houses of great size are seen. Though even the best of these want the elegance of an English country seat, yet, with their cluster of dependant cottages warmly nestling round them, they give to the country a much more smiling and domestic look than will be found in any part of Germany or France. By far the handsomest seat we saw is that of Count Djer. The public path runs at a respectful distance from the shining mansion which rises among some fine hardwood avenues —hot-houses glisten through the garden—neat cottages, shaded with trees, line the road: in short, this is the most English-looking place we have seen—were the house and its avenues less formal, the resemblance would be complete. At a cottage near this, we remarked the only instance in which juniper or pine-leaves are re-

placed by any others—poplar and aspen were strewed on the floor.

We soon after reached the *inn of Dannemöra* —for there is almost no village—which is placed quietly among some Scotch firs on the green banks of a small brook. The album shows that the spot has been much frequented by English sportsmen, and—proof that we are again in a civilized country—it contains even the names of English women—the first evidence we had yet found that any foreign ladies have visited this part of the country. Lord and Lady Belmore lead off the album dance with a *très contents, &c*, in praise of the house, which is repeated in various tongues by all their successors, male and female.

The good attendance, the good fare—trouts from the stream, game from the wood, cutlets *impayables* from the hill—and the good beds, account for the praises bestowed on this retreat, which has also the merit of being remarkably clean. Indeed, we are always struck by the *cleanliness* displayed in and about Norwegian and Swedish inns: both nations avoid that love of filth which distinguishes the inhabitants of a certain hill-country that shall be nameless, as well as those of Italy, where country inns are often surrounded by all that is offensive. It is

common with travellers in Sweden to complain of insects, and so should we have done had we seen them, or suffered from them. The fact is, that neither in this, though from the closeness of the trees it would be precisely the place for them, nor in any other part of our journies, were we annoyed in a single instance, either in the bed-rooms or in the forests. In the calm night, indeed, in our way to Gefle, the gnats gave us some trouble, but it is the only annoyance of the kind that we ever met with. Of ants we still see living mountains at the roots of many trees, but, as formerly hinted, every man of sense, instead of exposing his own legs to these, soon learns to leave them in peace, to be dealt on by the wood-grouse and black-cock, which have them in special affection. The Norwegians, however, it ought to have been mentioned, turn the ants to still better account,—that is, they make vinegar of their unfortunate bodies, and travellers say that it is very good! The method of preparing it, as described by Sir Arthur de Capel Brooke, in his delightful Letters, is simply to fill a bottle half-up with water, and then bury it to the neck in an ant-hill. The poor creatures soon creep up the sides, and are drowned by thousands: two or three bottles being collected, the whole are boiled together and put aside for use.

Hearing of so many sportsmen having been here, we were led to inquire into the forms to be gone through by those who come over for the purpose of shooting, and were told that gentlemen will find little difficulty in obtaining permission, wherever they choose to settle. In the more populous provinces, it is a matter of courtesy to wait on some of the proprietors and announce your intention of shooting in the neighbourhood; in the more remote parts, a call upon the clergyman is recommended, for, though he has not the *right* to grant permission, nor the power to interrupt a sportsman, yet, if you stand well with the greatest man in the country (for such the parson generally is), there is no danger of interference from his parishioners.

The inn at which we were now resting stands on the property of one of the wealthiest iron proprietors, (Mr. Tam,) whose huge house is quite near. He is said to be a genuine old Swede, this Mr. Tam, keeping the largest table and the openest door in the country. That he keeps the best and the largest *fires* we ourselves can testify, for, going out late in the evening, we found furnaces blazing in front of his lawn, large enough to roast all the beeves of Sweden.

These constant fires at the iron works, flash-

ing up against the dark sky, from one of the peculiar features of the night scenery of the North. Fire is also seen occasionally, at night, from another cause: along the foot of hills where there is no wood, fires are lighted to burn the rough heath in order to make room for more tender pasture, as is sometimes done in Scotland, with great danger to plantations, and much to the annoyance of sportsmen, who know that many a constant mother-bird is thus deprived of her brood. In Sweden, however, these scruples are little heeded; the flaming brand is quickly carried from knoll to knoll, and away the fires blaze, one after another, soon expiring at the bottom, but gradually creeping to the highest ridge, till the mountain, brindled with successive streaks that wave before the wind, looks like some huge creature pawing his way in the sky.

The many lovely sights seen in our nocturnal wanderings through these romantic regions, will long be treasured in our deepest remembrance. We never before felt so powerfully the force of the poet's exclamation, "How beautiful is night!"—in every clime most beautiful, but never more fair than in these high latitudes. The stars shine forth with a lustre of which we before had no conception. Amid our own in-

sular mists, their brightness is dimmed or well-nigh extinguished, unless on a few favoured evenings; and beneath the balmier skies of southern lands, though the stars shine brightly forth, they shine without an admirer,—there the senses are lulled into disrelish for these simple gratifications; the earth is so fair, or society presents so many diverting delights, that we think not of the fairer and more delightful scenes above us. But here, in these calm retreats, the bright orbs shine forth without a cloud and without a rival, and we find leisure to admire them as they deserve. The hazy doubtful glimmer is so completely banished, that each living gem in yon fair canopy has a steady glory of its own. The Pole star shines as brilliant as Sirius with us. Cassiopeia's chair is blazing with jewels. The milky way is a river of foam. The planets outshine the young moon; and, brightest of all, at length comes the

"STAR OF THE BRIGHTENING EAST!—Thyself most bright—
That through the shadowy air of silent morn
Sheddest thy love-beams down! 'Tis sweet to think
—And soothing to the sorrow-striken mind—
They dawn upon us from a blessed home
Of peace and love!"

A night spent in such scenes is worth a thousand. In the idle crowds of what is called

the gay world, men forget what beautiful sights nature is ever presenting to the gaze of her children. We should all be wiser and better, did we more frequently abandon the dull routine of life, and, amid such scenes as those we have now been traversing, allow ourselves to rise

> " Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call earth."

CHAPTER VII.

AERIAL FLIGHT IN THE IRON MINES OF DANNEMORA.

Gloomy appearance of the Mines—Blasting—Our Flight through the Air—Wild Scene at the bottom—Ice and Snow—Conversion of the Stone into Iron—Steel, &c.—Division of the Produce—Value, &c.

We broke up our quarters in the midst of heavy rain, and three miles farther on came to the famous mines of Dannemora, which produce the finest iron in Sweden, perhaps, in Europe.

These mines are situated in a part of the country which is generally level, and well cultivated. On striking off from the high road, we pass the cottages of the workmen, and soon come on huge frames enclosing the wheels by which the stone is removed from the scaffolds on the brink of the mine; these are wrought by steam, but the windlasses which raise the buckets from the bottom are driven by horses or oxen; a steady and controllable power being

preferable for this purpose. What at first seems rubbish, heaped in large masses on every side, proves to be the most precious ore : there is no such thing as refuse here—the whole bed from the surface downward, as far as the excavations have yet gone, is almost solid iron, the average produce of the stone being at least 60 per cent. of metal.

On approaching the edge, the look is fearful —a huge yawning gulf, black and dismal as poet ever painted, glooms many fathoms below the swimming head. Standing on the wooden landing-places, the grim iron rocks, sinking regular and perpendicular beneath, look like the walls of a magician's palace, which has been unroofed and buried for the evil that had been wrought in it. Turrets rise here and there, and far down amongst them men are at work—they look no larger than birds pecking for food. But the most singular feature of all is presented by the buckets constantly moving up and down in their aërial and truly fearful journey. Each vessel may be five feet deep, and half as wide at top. It is first filled with stone below, then a workman, or at meal-hours two or three men, mount on the rim, holding by the iron chains which attach it to the rope. We are now looking at one connected with a landing-place some

way off from us—on a given signal the wheel above moves round, and slowly, beautifully the burden rises swinging through the air suspended by a thread, so slender that from this distance it looks like the work of the spider—a most anxious sight; we feel giddy till they land safely above.

The depth of the gulf is about 500 English feet, the width probably 100 feet, and the length winds irregularly 1,500 feet, or more. Such was the chasm into which we at last resolved to descend. The buckets we did not at all like; but there is no other path, and their safety is such that an accident is almost unknown.

For a little time, however, we were interrupted by a sight which, the workmen said, we were fortunate in having fallen upon—some "blasting" was about to begin, more of it than might be seen at one time again in the space of ten years. On an irregular point, half-way down, narrow and perilous, the men were moving about as fearlessly as if certain death had not been awaiting them did they slip but a single inch; these were placing the gunpowder in the bores, and tying to each a string, which was afterwards raised to the top. Similar trains had been laid in other parts of the mine;

and when a signal had been given, summoning all to hasten from below, the artillery commenced. A match was tied to the long string—down it swiftly glided, and in another moment the loud burst proclaimed that it had done its errand. The echo reverberated long and playfully through gallery and hall, but had scarcely died away, when another—then another, explosion was heard, thundering in strange discord, aided by the crashing noise of the huge fragments of rock which tumbled sulkily to the bottom. Long after the first large masses had fallen, a shower of smaller fragments continued clattering on the hard bed. We looked over the brink—we felt the rock still trembling from the concussions; but so great was our height above, that no danger is ever feared, except from the minute particles, which sometimes fly about and injure the eye.

The air was now clear for our descent; but a slight delay was still recommended, for fear that any half-clinging pieces might yet fall. We were told, too, that the rain might have chafed the ropes; but all these fears were at length silenced, and we stepped with hesitating courage over the brink into the capacious bucket, three of us standing in it, and an outside passenger, as steersman, poised on the

edge, holding carelessly by the chains, so familiar is he with his dangerous attitude. Slowly and slowly it sunk—our hearts beat audibly—our feelings, as we looked about, were none of the most pleasant. The *helplessness* of the position would appal one who could face without a fear any danger where his own bravery could help him. A single flaw in that cable, and he is dashed an undistinguishable mass on the flint below! The silence, as one hangs mid-way, has an indescribable effect; but the first feeling of awe soon wore off, and we continued our way safely and cheerfully, elated by the novelty of the scene. The silent guide pushed us off some projecting points, and landed us among the rough blocks after an eight minutes' voyage.

The sight at the bottom is most singular. Our first impulse was to look upwards: a gloomy prison would it be to pine in, and a skilful cragsman would he need to be that could find footing on that ledgeless wall. There are usually as many as two hundred workmen employed below, but from the recent blasting not one was now to be seen. It was this loneliness, perhaps, and the circumstance of having the whole height in the eye at once, that made us feel even more uncomfortable here than we had done in the other mines lately visited,

where, though much deeper, we always had workmen about us, and only saw, at one time, so small a portion of the depth, that we forgot how far down we were. The cold, too, had been rapidly becoming greater as we sunk, and now it was intense. The surface of the bottom is very irregular. At first we could scarcely tell what its slippery fragments were covered with, but soon found that it was snow and ice we were treading upon. Though open to the sky, yet these depths are never visited by the sun, so that the ice was lying here in July as hard as in January. Huge masses of it were so wildly tumbled about among the newly fallen fragments of rock, that it was scarcely possible to walk through them without cutting the limbs. In a side cave, of vast dimensions, the snow was heaped twelve feet deep, and would not be melted till September, if even then; a frozen snake, near two feet long, was lying amongst it, but how he came there did not very clearly appear. From this cave, which forms an open cone all the way up, a pump ascends; it is kept constantly at work, and carries off the water from the adjoining mines so effectually, that we were able to wander over its whole extent to gather specimens of the rock, asbestos, pyrites, &c.

At one side there is a very singular cavern, entered by a most forbidding gateway of ice, where you must get down on hands and knees to creep over the slippery glaciers piled nearly to the roof, with the chill water pouring down them, or dripping from above, and sprinkling you most pleasantly from top to toe. Fewer royal visitors have ventured down these mines than those we last were in; but we here *felt*, for we could not see, the name of "Max Von Leuchtenberg," who had been in them the previous summer. In this passage which communicates with another branch of the mine, we wandered till we were completely numbed and insensible. The cold, in fact, had now become so extreme that, delighted with the prospect of escape, we thought not of the dangers of our upward flight, but gladly entered our trusty cage, and soon reached the top in safety. The entering and the landing from the bucket, are the most dangerous steps of this undertaking.

But the inexperienced reader may ask, How is the stone made into iron? At all the smelting places which we had been travelling amongst for so many days, the process is conducted pretty much as in our own country. In the first place, the ore, reduced to lumps about the size of the hand, has to undergo the operation

of *roasting*, which is conducted in the open air, in large round or oval kilns, with holes below and open at the top, and built of the most durable stone. When about to be fired, the bottom of the kiln is covered with a layer of wood (or, in some places, of charcoal), eight inches thick; over this a bed of the iron-stone is placed pretty thick, but not quite so wide as the wood; then follows another layer of fuel; after which comes the second bed of stone, and so on to the top, the stone always diminishing in extent and thickness. The entire mass is now covered with moistened dust of charcoal to the thickness of several feet; and, at last, fire is set to the lowest range of fuel which gradually ignites the whole body. The blaze sent up from these places often fills the evening sky, far and near, with its glare, the flames waving fearfully from side to side in the breeze. A few days are required to cool the remaining mass, which, be it remarked, is not yet pure iron; it has only been made fit for *smelting*, having got rid of certain extraneous ingredients, such as sulphur, arsenic, water, and inflammable matter. In this state it is placed in a *furnace* with certain quantities of fuel and *limestone*, the latter of which acts as a flux: in some parts to $2\frac{1}{4}$ tons of roasted ore, nineteen hundred-weight of tran-

sition limestone are put, and the mass leaves one ton of iron. Fire being set to the furnace, the whole falls down in a few hours, and the iron runs out as red as the fire it came from, and as fluid, seemingly, as water, into furrows of sand, when it speedily cools into *pig-iron;* or it may be *ladled* out of the furnace, as we saw at Bderum, into moulds of any shape, so as to make the thousand articles comprized under the name of *cast-iron* ware. In order to make *bar-iron* for our blacksmiths, &c. the cast-iron is smelted over again with charcoal, and then welded and hammered by means of the huge instruments moved by machinery, or by water, as at Smedgebaka, &c. *Steel,* which we also get from Sweden, is the produce of a further process, known by the name of *cementation:* fine iron is placed on a close furnace alternately with beds of charcoal: after being intensely heated for several days, it is suddenly cooled, by plunging it in cold water, and comes out the article so useful to man.

As has been already intimated, none of these operations are carried on here, but at the different kilns, &c. scattered all over the country. The mines of Dannemora are now the joint property of a company, which reckons among its members some of the wealthiest men in Sweden.

Count Djer is the largest proprietor, one-third of the produce being allotted to him, and one-third of the expense. Count Oxenstjern, Count Ugglas, Mr. Tam, and Benedicks, the Jew banker at Stockholm, are some of the other owners. They are at much pains to guard their people against accident, by employing none but the best machinery and the steadiest workmen: there has been only one accident in many years, and it arose from the mistake of a man in a state of intoxication, who fired the gunpowder in place of the match, and was blown to atoms. These mines, on an average, yield about 4,000 tons of metal yearly (one-tenth of all the iron produced in Sweden), and have been equally productive ever since they were first discovered in 1470. Others of the Swedish mines are said to produce a larger quantity, but their iron will bear no comparison with that of Dannemora, the superior quality of which is ascribed by Berzelius to the presence of the metal of silica, by others to the presence of manganese, while many assert that it is almost entirely owing to the excellence of the process by which it is treated.

Several individuals residing near the mines live by acting as guides to strangers. At the house of the one we had engaged, we found a

numerous collection of minerals, and brought away some beautiful specimens. To the half-frozen visitors, however, still shivering from their subterranean chills, the cordials of his wife's cupboard are fully as attractive as the good man's minerals.

CHAPTER VIII.

UPSALA AND ITS UNIVERSITY.

Church of Old Upsala—Antiquities—Stool for Drunkards—How to defeat the Pigs—Our reception at Upsala—Linnæus forgotten by his Townsmen—Monument to Gustavus Adolphus—Students' Beer-shops—Glass Signs—University Library—Curious Relics—Virgin Mary's Slippers—The New University—Number of Students — Income of Professors — Examination for Degrees—Printed Lists—The Botanic Garden.

Soon after leaving the mines we passed the white mansion of Count Oxenstjern, embosomed in wood, where the present King of Sweden is a frequent guest. At each step forward, the country assumes more and more the character of a well cultivated and long inhabited district. In place of the silent forests and undulating hills of the North, we have now smiling corn-fields and extensive plains, unbroken by any object more lofty than occasional clumps of hard-wood, or more distant masses of fir.

From the nature of the surrounding country, the venerable towers of Upsala are seen at a great distance. There is an ancient city of the

same name, however, which the traveller should not fail to visit, about a mile or two to the north of the modern one. It consists merely of a few huts grouped round some of the most interesting *tumuli* or burial-mounds which we have ever seen. Without entering into any disquisition regarding them, it may be stated that they exactly resemble those singular mounds (*Kourgans*) which I have elsewhere described as occurring in such amazing numbers in the Ukraine and other parts of the south of Russia,* and which are found in almost all parts of the Old, and even in many of the New World; for the American Indians make long journies to spots, in the remotest tracts of their forests, covered with similar mounds, supposed to contain the ashes of their fathers. Be the history of those of Upsala what it may, they are certainly among the most interesting objects now existing in the country. Being popularly considered as the tombs of the distinguished triumvirate, Odin, Thor, and Freya, who shall wonder that pilgrim feet wend thither from every corner of Scandinavia? So much indeed is the spot revered, that the present King of Sweden paid it a solemn visit not many years ago; and that the occasion might

* See *Excursions in the Interior of Russia*, vol. ii. p. 381—385.

be honoured by some appropriate ceremony, the students of Upsala presented him, on one of the mounds, with a venerable drinking-horn, from which Odin may himself have quaffed, filled with the famous mead, of which, unless fame belie him, the hero was in his drinking days so distinguished a patron.

On the top of a little mount, close beside these tumuli, stands a venerable church, which has also been the subject of much discussion among antiquarians. In shape and general appearance it is not unlike the plain unarchitectural churches built in Sweden at the present time: besides being of stone, however, which is not a common material in churches here, it claims the respectable age of some eighteen hundred years; nay, there are chroniclers, and of course the old beadle is among the number, who maintain that it was built *at least* two hundred years before the birth of Christ, the legend being that it was a place of worship for many centuries in the days of paganism. That the high priest of Odin officiated here there can be little doubt. The floor is paved with very ancient tombstones, one of which marks where the good St. Eric lay till his bones were removed to Upsala. The walls show some monuments of recent date, and especially

a marble tablet to the memory of Celsius, the first who employed the Centigrade thermometer; father and son were both professors in the neighbouring University. Some singular relics are also displayed, which were discovered on opening one of the tumuli; especially a curious worship-chest, formed of a single tree, shaped like a barrel, and containing a censer, &c. used in the heathen worship.

Though deeply marked with the touches of time, this fabric is still in such good condition that it is now and has been, from time immemorial, occupied as the parish church. At its door, accordingly, outside, may be seen a modern curiosity fully as likely to interest the traveller as the old ones within, namely, the stool of punishment for drunkards. If the pastors do their duty unflinchingly, these seats have no sinecure; they are common, indeed, at the churches all over Sweden; and it is only to be regretted that there is too much use for them. Notorious offenders are condemned to sit here on Sunday, exposed to the gaze of their fellow-parishioners, fastened—not by the *neck*, as was the case in our less ceremonious Scottish *jougs*, but by the *feet;* for a little way in front of the high bench is a frame with round holes in it, through which the ancles are passed, and then

screwed down in the most uncomfortable manner possible. We made a slight trial of this correctional machine, and found its embrace by no means so winning as to tempt us to renew the experiment; but that the Swedes are too fond of their brandy to be deterred from indulging in it to excess by the soon-forgotten terrors of this stool, may be inferred from the length of the bench and the number of holes, which are quite sufficient to enable more than one pair of culprits to be exhibited together. At many churches some may be seen doing penance every Sunday. We are told, that the poor wretches look silly enough, at least for the moment, and seem as much ashamed as if they were forming vows of amendment; but, alas! renewed temptations generally leads them into new offence.

Take a look at the church-yard gate before going out: it brings to mind another fact characteristic of the country. Here and in every other province, the scampering pigs are so numerous that means must be taken to keep them from invading the mansions of the dead. The wall is always too secure to be undermined by their prowling snouts; but the gate would be an open point under which these accomplished engineers would soon bore a way for themselves, were means not taken to exclude them. This

is done by forming the sill of an open grating, into which is fixed a bar with strong iron spikes pointing downwards. Not knowing that this obstacle stands in his way, piggy begins the boring operation with every prospect of success; but the moment his snout touches the cold iron, he knows himself betrayed, duped, laughed at, and takes to his heels in sad dismay.

UPSALA, built on a gentle height and part of the adjoining plain, in a very level and fertile country, is one of the most beautiful, old-fashioned cities in Europe. The larger portion of its fifteen thousand inhabitants depend more or less on the ancient and highly renowned University which still flourishes amongst them; only a few are engaged in some manufactures and the little trade carried on by means of the smallest and laziest of rivers, the Sala, which runs through the city towards the lakes, and thus opens up the means of a steam navigation all the way to Stockholm.

The view in approaching this seat of learning is very fine: an old red palace on the hill, occupied by the governor of the province, with the newly-finished University buildings glancing white beside, and the grey towers of the Cathedral rising calmly over both, give an air of grandeur to the place, as seen by the distant

spectator, beyond that of any town we had yet visited in Sweden. There is something in its look which tells at once of bygone days. Other places here never carry us back a single lifetime; all is new and perishable: Time has not had it in his power to leave a trace upon them, and they look as if they would not survive to receive his hallowing touch. If, on entering, this city loses somewhat of its dignity, still its broad quiet streets, and, as we advanced a little further, its strange old houses, generally of bricks covered with stucco, or of wood painted red and roofed with turf, impressed us at once as in excellent keeping with the character of this favoured retreat of science and wisdom.

Our reception, too, was highly flattering, and such as became an university town. Not that the professors turned out to meet us in solemn procession—for it was late in the evening, and most of them had probably drawn on their night-caps, and sat down to smoke their hundred-and-tenth pipe just before laying it aside for the day. But their wives and daughters—who, it is well known, are in every university town of much more consequence than the professors themselves—hurried to the fine windows as we passed, threw aside their knotting and their music—nay, rose from the tea-table, round

which a whole faculty of them were assembled, and, by the amiable interest which they obviously took in our muddy persons and still more muddy shandrydan, amply atoned for the neglect with which we have to charge some other Swedish towns, where our entrance was regarded as a mere ordinary event, which no eye would waste a glance upon. It is very presumptuous, and argues great want of modesty in us to say so; but we are firmly persuaded that our transit will live in their learned memories as long as the latest bit of university scandal; for never before had the echoes of those silent streets been roused by wayworn travellers presenting figures so wretched as ours were on this memorable night. Hunting through forests and diving into mines, wearing ragged clothes and sporting grisly moustaches, for weeks together, may be very improving for the mind and health, but are by no means calculated to beautify the person.

There are few foreigners who enter Upsala in whose breast the memory of Linnæus will not be the uppermost thought. But how fleeting is fame! Almost the first question we put, on alighting in the inn-yard, was whether any one was at hand to point out the great botanist's house, or some monument of him; and none

could tell any thing about him: the name seemed quite new to them! Even our friend Berglund, although he comes here two or three times a-year, appeared never to have heard of such a person. He did not distinctly say so, but consulted with a comrade to ascertain something about *Professor* Linnæus, as they called him, and at last came to us with the novel information that he was no longer in life! He believed, however, that there might be a monument to him in the Cathedral. Later in the evening he corrected the statement, by telling us that *Mister* Linnæus' monument was in the Botanic Garden.

Nothing can be finer than the way in which the hill above our inn is laid out; its shrubs and well-kept walks attract the burghers to enjoy a view of great beauty over city and plain. Here stand all the great buildings of the place; but they are so wide apart that no one injures the effect of its neighbour. The most conspicuous of all is the splendid new University, one of the handsomest buildings of the kind in Europe; it is of simple Florentine architecture, and built of a fine warm-looking freestone. Until it was raised, there was no university building worthy of the name, except the spacious but unpretending old library, &c., which

still remain very near their stately successor. Close beside them is the lofty Cathedral, which ranks the first of all the ecclesiastical edifices of the kingdom. A shady walk in the same quarter is terminated by a fine obelisk, lately erected to the memory of the hero of Lutzen. The inscription (Latin on one side, and Swedish on the other) is excellent:—"To Gustavus Adolphus, in the name of the Swedish people, Charles John XIV." How different from the monuments in Berlin, where the *nation* is never mentioned! *They* are all raised by the king and in his name.

We had unfortunately come at the worst season possible for visiting a University: all the students had fled to the woods and wilds, and so had nearly all the professors. If we may judge by the number of beer-shops,—large square rooms full of small tables,—the studious youth would seem to live as much in them as in their lodgings. They are called *coffee*-houses, but the Swedish students do not patronize such pithless liquor: the people stared at us as very unstudent-like indeed, when we entered one of the largest of them, and asked for the refreshment which their designation announced: had we called lustily for beer or mead, we should at once have been welcomed as worthy

of the freedom of the house. There is one temptation held out in the streets to the riotous, which it would scarcely be safe to exhibit on the banks of the Cam or the Isis—many of the shopkeepers use *glass* signs, the only instances of the kind we ever saw—little panes, with some painted device placed in a frame, swinging most seductively over the door; yet the good youths seem to pass by, night and day, without dreaming that they could be broken.

We were early in motion next day to visit the University, an occupation in which we enjoyed the courteous assistance of Professor Afzelius, the younger. It is seldom that these shades are disturbed by so many foreigners as were now within them, for we were accompanied by some German friends from Potsdam, Barons B—— and M——, whom we had expected to meet at a much earlier part of our journey; and an English party, ladies and gentlemen, had entered just before us. As most of the professors lecture in their own houses, little is to be seen except the Library, which has not yet been removed to the new edifice. It contains 100,000 volumes in all languages, the most complete portions of which is the ancient Swedish: the oldest printed work is a collection of fables, in Latin, which appeared at Stock-

holm in 1483. We were also honoured with a sight of the celebrated *Codex Argenteus*, a MS. of the fourth century, known as Bishop Ulfilas' translation of the Evangelists: it is beautifully executed in letters of silver, approaching to Runic, but the parchment is now so black, that many portions are illegible.

To the herd of visitors, far more attractive than books and MSS. is another ornament of the library—a most curiously carved and intricate cabinet brought from Augsburg, and presented by Queen Christina. Its drawers, concealments, cameos, and enamelled slides, are countless and curious; but still more curious are their contents. The Swedes beat the Roman Catholics completely in relics. When our countryman, Evelyn, was at Paris two hundred years ago, he was greatly amused with the relics exhibited in the Cathedral of St. Denis, among which were a likeness of the Queen of Sheba, Solomon's drinking-cup, Judas' brass lanthorn, and other things equally rare and authentic: but here, in a Protestant country, we find in our own day things fully as marvellous, such as Nebuchadnezzar's razor, lying side by side with two small red slippers, the identical pair in which the Virgin Mary danced at the marriage of Cana! Believe this,

and you will have no difficulty in pronouncing genuine the piece of money laid beside it in a small purse, and said to be one of the coins paid to Judas for his treachery! The exhibition of these things may be excusable as a satire on the foolish passion for relics, more particularly when we find them preserved in the very gift of a witty queen, who herself became afterwards a convert to the faith in which such things are respected. In another room is preserved a truly national gift, which came from the present king only last year: it is a most beautiful drinking-horn, set in the richest chased silver-work, presented to the students at a public meeting, with a view of encouraging amongst them a taste—not for national literature—but for the drinking of mead, the true old beverage of Sweden. There is not the least danger that his majesty will be disappointed in his patriotic object, more especially as his son, the Crown Prince, who was present on the occasion, made a most suitable speech, and set them an impressive example in using the splendid gift.

One of the small rooms below contains a cast taken from the head of Charles XII. after death, which is well known in England: the fatal wound, round and clean, is the size of a large

musket-ball. He first raised his hand to the wound, then grasped his sword, and fell; the bloody glove is still shown here. A small collection of portraits of all the Vasas is very interesting. Among other honoured portraits is that of Count Fleming, a Scotchman, one of the greatest benefactors of the institution. That Scotland could boast of having given an Abernethy and a Currie to Montpellier, an admirable Crichton to Mantua, and a Dempster to Paris, who also taught on almost every branch successively in the Universities of Toulouse, Pisa, Bologna and Nismes, were facts long known to us, but we scarcely expected to find the name of a countryman preserved with such reverence among the benefactors of an University of the North: his patent of nobility is preserved with great care in the new University.

In one of the small rooms we were also favoured with a sight of the large black chest bequeathed to the University by Charles XIII., with instructions that it should not be opened till fifty years after his death. It is supposed to contain private correspondence on the passing events of his time, and that he left this injunction, in order that all the parties implicated might be dead before the contents are known. The time for opening it is now not far distant,

but little curiosity is felt on the subject in Sweden, a belief having gone abroad that a princely hand, fearful of disclosures about himself, opened the chest, and abstracted from it every paper of moment, so that little will be revealed even when the day arrives.

From the Old we passed to the New University. Of its exterior, we have already spoken with praise, and may now say of its interior, that the staircase is one of the most magnificent ever constructed. We were disappointed, however, to find that it does not lead to lecture rooms, &c.; nearly the whole of the vast structure has been devoted to two splendid halls, occupying its whole length and breadth, one for the principal library, on the first story, and another, on the second story, for oratorios, disputations, and academic promotions; for in Sweden university honours are conferred with all the traditional pomp and éclat of the middle ages. The ground floor is occupied by some handsome rooms, intended for manuscripts, of which four thousand are already deposited here. It is now eighteen years since this building was begun, and it is not yet quite finished within. Upwards of four hundred thousand banco dollars (above £33,000 sterling) have been expended on it, partly from the

royal purse and partly from the funds of the institution.

This institution (founded in 1478), like nearly all the Universities of Europe, was modelled on that of Paris. The number of students now attending it is eight hundred ; the average expenditure of each, as nearly as we could ascertain, is about the same as in the provincial Universities of Germany, which, taking rich students with poor, may be estimated at £30 for every half-year. The only other University in Sweden is that of Lund, which is also well attended : in Stockholm there is only a medical faculty, which, however, reckons among its teachers some of the greatest ornaments of science.

Of all the professors, none draws more than £300 a-year, and many fall far short of that sum. Salaries are paid in corn, or in money to those who choose to take the commuted value. Only *private* lectures are paid for by the students ; but very few are attended, except those of Adam Afzelius and Wahlenberg, the two great ornaments of the University. The former, who died soon after we left Sweden, is well known throughout Europe, both by his medical writings and his early travels in Asia and Africa. He was the only surviving pupil of

Linnæus. Wahlenberg ranks among the first botanists of the age.

The lectures commence in October and continue till Christmas, when there is a six weeks' vacation, after which they are resumed, and continue till May. There is no fixed number of years prescribed for a degree, the rule being that a candidate may obtain it as soon as he can pass the required trials, which few attempt until they have studied eight or ten years in the University. The *public* examinations are not very formidable; but there are *private* ones to be gone through with each professor separately, and these are much dreaded. A young Scotchman belonging to a family now settled in Sweden, told us that most medical students attend twelve years! but having already got through some of his trials with success, he hoped to get off with eight.

Printed lists of the students are published every year. In these we find them divided into *nations*, each having a professor as inspector, and various honorary members, as well as a curator and librarian. The nations are as follow:—Stockholm, Upland and Roslag, Ostgötha, Westgötha, Sudermanland, Westmanland, &c. In each nation the names are classed under the various divisions of *Seniorer*, *Juniorer*,

and *Recentiorer;* then *Novitier*, and *Examinandi;* opposite the names of those who have exhibitions (*bursaria*) stands that of the foundation from which it is drawn. Students of noble family have the contraction *Nob.* appended.

There are now no secret associations amongst the students; they meet openly at authorized houses to dine, read, and converse. At these meetings the president's chair is usually filled by some professor, chosen by the members themselves, of course from the most popular and those whose other duties do not engross their whole time. These assemblies have not been long in existence, but they are said to have already produced the very best effect. Both the dancing and fencing rooms, however, are still well attended; they stand under the same roof. Foreign languages are much cultivated, but especially German; most of those who are able always spend a season or two at Berlin, or some other German University, before entering on the serious duties of their profession.

In the University lists for the preceding session there appear four Professors under the *Theological* faculty, with four Adjuncts and two Docents; Practical, Exegetic, Doctrinal (*Dogmatic*), and Moral Theology, and Ecclesiastical

History, are the different divisions under this head. The *Juridical* faculty is composed of three Professors, two Adjuncts, and one Docent. In the *Medical* faculty are five Professors and two Adjuncts. In the *Philosophical* faculty are fourteen Professors, eleven Adjuncts, and nineteen Teachers: to this faculty belong J. H. Schröder, Lecturer on Literary History and Archæology; Holmodin, on Eloquence and Politics; Svanberg, on the Lower Mathematics; Bredman, on Astronomy; Grubbe, on Æsthetics; Palmblad, on Greek; and others on History, Oriental Languages, Eloquence and Poetry, *Practical* Economy, Logic, and Metaphysics, &c. In all, there is an array of twenty-six Professors, nineteen Adjuncts, and twenty-four Docents; after whom come the usual appendages of a German University (to which, as will have been remarked, this bears a great resemblance)—Masters for German, Dancing-masters, Fencing-masters, Music-masters; and, besides the Royal Stalmästare, who stands first among these minor worthies, there is a Mr. Johann Way, Professor of Riding. The long procession is closed with Masters for French and English, and a Music Director.

The Botanic Garden, which stands in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, is scarcely

worthy of the reputation of the University. Part of it, laid out in the French taste, with formal avenues of limes, surrounding well-kept flower-plots, would seem to be used as a public walk. Here stands the Museum of Natural History, a very handsome edifice in the Grecian style. The minerals, as well as the birds, beasts, &c., are chiefly marked as from the collection of the celebrated Thunberg, another of the great names of which Sweden has to boast in natural science. The specimens are by no means numerous, and are very ill preserved. The principal hall is used as a lecture-room, and is appropriately adorned with an excellent statue of Linnæus in white marble; it is of the natural size, and inscribed with the words "Carolo a Linné Juventus Academica Upsalensis, 1822." He is represented with the Book of Nature open before him; the fine head, and calm contemplative features correspond well with the character of the great philosopher.

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO MISS LOUISA LINNÆUS.

Cathedral of Upsala—Tomb of Gustavus Vasa—and of Linnæus—A Bishop's Robes—Old Garments—St. Bridget's Apron—Search for the House of Linnæus—Forgotten by his Fellow-Citizens—Find his Daughter—The Snuff-box—A kind-hearted Parson—Linnæus' Lime-trees—His House—St. Eric's Well—Churchyard, and Walks of Upsala.

THERE still remained some interesting sights for us in the venerable city of Upsala; and we are persuaded that some of them will not be devoid of interest to the reader.

Be it known then, that from the Botanic Garden, described at the close of last chapter, we repaired to the ancient Cathedral, an imposing edifice, although built entirely of brick.

It would be difficult to assign its strangely-formed towers to any particular style, but they have not unjustly been compared to those of Notre Dame at Paris. The long and lofty nave, terminated by a magnificent altar, is of the noblest character. In this time-honoured sanctuary

most of the kings of Sweden have been crowned, and in its side-chapels many of them are buried. On the tomb of Gustavus Vasa, large sums have been recently expended; the walls are adorned with costly pictures, representing the great events in the hero's life, executed by Sandberg, an eminent artist, and other expensive ornaments are still to be added to this gorgeous tomb; in the centre is a large marble group representing the king tranquilly reposing, with a queen on either side of him. Close by the altar is a silver coffin containing the remains of St. Eric, with his huge golden crown suspended above. Within these precincts some of the first families of the kingdom are interred; and near the grand entrance lie the remains of Linnæus, in the same grave with those of his father: the spot is indicated by a broad slab in the floor, inscribed "Ossa Caroli a Linné Equ. Aur." His monument is in a side aisle to the left; it is of beautiful black marble, and displays a very expressive medallion with a well-merited inscription, "Carolo a Linné Botanicorum Principi, Amici et Discipuli, 1798."

Some of the coronation jewels, with the costly crowns, &c. used on the occasion, are freely exhibited to visitors, who will also find the vestiary well worthy of inspection. Here are

preserved the Archbishop's crosier, heavy with gems, and his huge and costly mitre, a burden, as we felt in trying it on, by far too great for ordinary mortals—next came his robe of ceremony, loaded with gold embroidery, till they almost stand of themselves; and near them are the mantles of the inferior clergy, made of light blue brocade, glittering with silver stars, and looking more splendid than any clerical dresses we ever saw even in Roman Catholic countries. But these, though highly characteristic of that love for splendour among the clergy which has greatly surprised us in this reformed land, are not the greatest curiosities: here are preserved also, with various similar objects, the clothes worn by an unhappy count, when he was stabbed by one of the kings of Sweden; the marks of the eight stabs are still carefully shewn, as well as the straw rope which was tied about his neck when the body was dragged through the streets; curious relics surely to be found among ecclesiastical robes, but they would not be worth mentioning were it not that they are characteristic of a passion which the Swedes have for bundles of old linen, and clothes of any kind which may have belonged to celebrated characters. There is no person of note, good or bad, in their history, of whom

they cannot show some clout or other. Tattered petticoats, mutilated handkerchiefs, and dingy shirts, form the most treasured contents of their museums. Even poor St. Bridget has had her wardrobe pillaged to satisfy this rag worship; for her innocent apron is here shown side by side with the count's bloody jerkin.

All these fine sights, however, had not driven Linnæus out of our head. We were persuaded that a house, a class-room, or some place or other of his, must still remain, and sallied forth in the evening determined not to rest without being satisfied on this point. At first our search threatened to be fruitless. At last, however, —just as we were preparing to leave in despair, a deserted court-yard, in one of the principal streets, to which we had been directed as containing something or other connected with Linnæus,—some prospect of success began to dawn upon us: our German friends, who had remained in the street attracted by the figure of a lady reflected in a little mirror placed at an upper window, halloo'd to us not to give up the chase, for the fair original of the fair shadow seemed to understand our errand, and was about to do something to aid us. The casement accordingly was soon opened, and we were invited to come up; we felt reluctant to invade the

privacy of a family on whom we had no claim, but the lady soon appeared at the head of the stair, an outside one in the yard, and, when we had stated that we were in search of the house of Linnæus, told us that, if we would but take the trouble of ascending, we should see not only the house but the daughter of Linnæus! Could we believe our ears? This distinguished naturalist died in 1787, and that any child of his should still survive, contrary to all the biographies, which state that none of his family survived him long, appeared not more incredible than that she should be so little known to her townsmen.

On ascending the stair, however, our doubts were completely dispelled. The lady who had first addressed us now spoke a little English, on discovering what country we belonged to, and ushered us into a neat little carpeted parlour, where we found the personage in question, Louisa von Linné herself, seated in a high-backed arm-chair, in company with another lady. Her appearance was highly interesting, but indicated a degree of feebleness both bodily and mental, which her eighty-seven years but too amply justified. Her grey silk gown and crimped cap spoke of a bygone taste, but were in excellent keeping with her venerable age;

while the tidy look of every thing about her indicated the unforgotten habits of order and cleanliness in which she had been trained. She attempted to rise when we approached, and seemed highly gratified on learning that we were all from such far countries, and had come in search of her father's house, out of regard to his great fame. Her speech is almost gone, but she still follows attentively all that is said. The sharp scrutinizing glance which she cast at each of us ere she consented to give us a pinch from her silver snuff-box, was highly amusing. We might be relic-hunters—such seemed to be the thought passing in her mind—and would not restore it. The extended hand was almost withdrawn—but a second survey removed her suspicion, and the antique implement made its circuit from one to the other of us with all the reverence due to the name which it bore. Our visit evidently gave her great pleasure; it seemed as if she had never known the extent of her father's fame: she could scarcely understand how people from such distant countries could know or have heard aught about a Swedish professor.

The other ladies were obligingly communicative, and mentioned that the fortune left by her father was so considerable, that she has been

able to retain all her life the country seat purchased by him, which is so near that she spends a great part of the year there. As we took her hand at parting, and felt the sands of life ebbing so fast that a few weeks might lay her by his side, we rejoiced that our idle visit had shed a glimpse of joy over the last hours of a great man's child. By diffusing a taste for studying the works of nature, and facilitating the means of becoming acquainted with them, the immortal Swede has been one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. So many millions are indebted to his labours for the happiest hours of their existence, that in imparting a moment's pleasure to any one connected with him, we felt that we were but repaying some of the debt which humanity owes to his name.*

The search, however, was not yet over: this mansion, it appeared, had never been strictly the dwelling-place of Linnæus, though he had often visited in it. The real house stands within a gateway further down the street: it is a very handsome cream-coloured edifice of two

* The tomb has now closed over the last surviving daughter of the great botanist. Louisa von Linné, though still in life when these pages were prepared for the press, died at Upsala on the 21st of March, 1839, at the venerable age of 90. Her fortune descends to the two grandchildren of Linnæus, the widow Martin and Mrs. Riddersbjelke.

stories, with an avenue of shady limes in front, planted by his own hand. Here he wrote most of his great works. We were now destined to have another scene. Having been too abruptly shown into a spacious drawing-room, we startled a bevy of young ladies from some social game; but the honours of the house were performed by a jolly personage who, in good German, announced himself as the clergyman of Falun. He was now on a visit to the city where he had spent, as student and magister, twenty of the most happy years of his life. The sigh with which he accompanied the word "happy" prepared us for the frank confession that it would not be natural to live in an University town so long without being in love, and that as the place where we have our first heart-affairs, as he called them, possesses a charm for us even in later years, he had always peculiar pleasure in revisiting Upsala. On being told that we were from Scotland, there were no bounds to his raptures. Scotland! Had he really lived to see people from that land of his dreams! The land of Ossian, the poet whom the Swedes know by heart, better than their own sagas! Of Walter Scott, the enchanter who can stir every heart in the remotest wilds of Scandinavia! Scotchmen! He

could scarcely believe the tale. He had known Russians—there were two of them just now, excellent youths, studying at the mining school in his parish; he had known Poles—he had known natives of nearly every nation, and all excellent people; but, Scotchmen, he had never seen, nor hoped to see. The good man could have ate us up for joy—he must take another look at us to see that we were really men. Then forth burst his eloquence anew. There never were people like the Scotch—the greatest poets, the greatest philosophers, the greatest soldiers—but here his enthusiasm took another turn. We just got room to edge in a word, saying, that our companions were Prussians. "From Prussia!—the land of Frederick the Great!—the land of Blücher!" and off he set again as mad about Prussia, as he had just been about Scotland. His brain was not fit to bear the shock of so many foreigners at once. At last, however, his exclamations relented a little on reflecting that he had a countryman of ours in this very house—at least one sprung from Scottish parents—a mine-inspector called Throbson, or Drobson, or something similar—the name, in short, of one of our great historians. Robertson we supposed might be the name; and so it proved to be, when the young mine-

inspector was produced to answer for himself: he had apparently found "metal more attractive" in Linnæus' house than in the mountains. —It was now time, however, to terminate our colloquy. We had too long disturbed the pretty mädels of the family, but did not depart without a warm sense of the politeness of its inmates, and grateful to the hearty old pastor of Falun, for the affectionate manner in which he gave us his blessing, and prayed for us the wanderer's prayer, that—"HE, who is everywhere—by the hearth and by the way, in the crowded city and on the lonely deep—might be our guardian, wherever we journeyed." Here lies a leaf of Linnæus' lime-tree—a memorial of a great man and an agreeable visit.

Our curiosity about Linnæus was now fully satisfied; in passing through the streets, we could fancy that we saw the amiable man on his way to visit his pupil Fabricius, "at our abode almost opposite his house, where he came to us almost every day without form, in his *red night-gown and green cap lined with fur, and with his pipe in his hand.*" The beautiful simplicity of his character is still more forcibly shown by the picture which is drawn of his country life. "Kuhn, Zoega and I (Fabricius), all foreigners, lived near him in the country also. Linnæus

and his whole family came to see us once a week; on which occasions we always provided a peasant who played upon a kind of violin, and danced in the barn, with infinite satisfaction. In truth, though our ball was not very splendid, our society not numerous, our music not superexcellent, our minuets and Polish dances not dignified, yet we amused ourselves not a little. The old man, who generally sat smoking his pipe with my friend Zoega, and looked on, would now and then *start up and join himself in a Polish dance, in which he far surpassed the youngest of the company.* These days and hours will never be forgotten by me."

It is singular enough that most biographers speak as if the family of Linnæus became extinct so long ago as the year 1783, on the death of his son, who had been joint professor of botany, but did not display any distinguished talent. In addition to this son, his family consisted of four daughters, one of whom—our venerable Louisa,—was the discoverer of the luminous properties of the flower of the *Tropæolum.* However forgetful the citizens of Upsala may have become of this family, the rest of their countrymen are not insensible to their claims: the king lately caused a handsome monument to be erected to the memory

of Linnæus in his native village, Roershutt, in Smaland, where his father was vicar. It has been said that some of the family took the surname of Tiliander, in reference to the Latin name of the lime-tree (*Tilia*), of which some large and beautiful ones still adorn the farm cultivated by the Linnæuses. Linnæus himself, however, never assumed that addition: in all his writings and on all his monuments, he is invariably called Linné. How he came to be styled Linnæus by foreigners does not appear, but so little do the Swedes know him by that name, that we have no doubt the difficulty which we had in getting information about him, partly arose from our using a designation which the people were not accustomed to.

Of the curiosities of Upsala, few now remained to be explored, except its marvellous *springs*—three gushing sources which spouted up from as many drops of St. Eric's blood, and to this hour supply the city with the freshest water. The little maiden who gave us the lid of her tea-kettle to drink from, seemed to think foreigners very ignorant indeed, when they did not know the whole of the veracious legend of the wonderful Saint. Was there not close by another spot which he had made famous—the very steps where he had met the great enemy of

man, and dropped his Bible in fright? And is not the place still marked with iron rails? There was no excuse for such ignorance.

The *Church-yard* here is an exception to all we have seen in Sweden. It is most beautifully kept and contains some tasteful monuments; but the simplest pleased most, especially those which displayed little but a wreathed chaplet of blue flowers hung on the honey-suckle which twines round a humble headstone. The height on whose farther slope it lies, and which has already been so often mentioned, is a delightful spot to enjoy the evening hour upon, and it augured well for the taste of the inhabitants that they did not allow so fair a sunset to pass unimproved. In the early part of the evening many were strolling in quiet groups along the green banks of the Sala, where a little steamer had just arrived from Stockholm; but when the sun declined, as if attracted by the sweet bells of the cathedral, they repaired to the high walks, from which is presented an extensive view of soft fields, now waving in all the luxuriance of summer. There is scarcely another eminence in the whole landscape. The adjoining country, in fact, presents one of the most level and best cultivated districts in Sweden; but though the soil be favourable for all kinds

of grain, barley is the favourite crop—a preference accounted for by the constant demand for it among the brandy distillers. From the greater steadiness of the summer heat, the crops, as in the districts already spoken of, are much more advanced than in any part of Scotland at the same date. Though the season was unusually late, the common fruits were already abundant (early in July); but the strawberries which we got to dinner had little flavour. A Scotch gentleman, who is often in this quarter, tells us that though he does not leave Upsala till all the crops are cut, yet on arriving in Scotland he frequently finds harvest only beginning, even in the Lothians.

CHAPTER X.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S CASTLE; OR "THE CLOISTER IN THE WOOD."

Noble Oaks—Count Ugglas' Villa—WRANGEL'S CASTLE, *Skugkloster*—Its resemblance to Holyrood—Ornaments of the Galleries—Portraits of the General's Companions in Arms—Great number of Scottish Officers—Many Noble Families in Sweden founded by Scotchmen—Montgomeries, Gordons, Campbells—The Astrologer's Turret—Schiller's *Wallenstein*—Portrait of the Count of Mansfeldt—Reminiscence of a visit to his Castle in the Hartz—Piccolomini—Colloredo—The Library—Cabinet of Curiosities—Medals, Busts, &c.—Museum of Ancient Armour—Beheading Swords, &c.—View over the Forest and Lake—The Boatman's Hut—Hospitality and kindness of the Swedes.

ON the way to Stockholm, by going a short distance off the road, the traveller may visit one of the most interesting mansions in Europe—the Castle of the famous Wrangel, known to the readers of history as one of the most distinguished generals of the Thirty Years' War, and to the lovers of poetry as one of the characters named in Schiller's *Wallenstein*. He built his castle in 1649, after the peace of

Westphalia, and called it *Skugkloster*, which means the Cloister in the Wood, from the circumstance of its standing near the site of an ancient nunnery, which once occupied a sequestered retreat in the forest. The male line of the family having become extinct, this mansion now belongs to the Brahé family, whose chief married the heiress of the old warrior, and thus united the blood and the fortunes of two of the wealthiest houses in Sweden. Its present lord—the gallant and popular Count Brahé,—seldom visits it, being in such favour with the king, that he can never leave the capital, where his military duties also demand much of his attention.

A few miles from Upsala, we passed the remains of one of the largest oaks we have ever seen: from the turf-seat formed round it, it would seem to be an object of veneration with the citizens, who extend their holiday walks to visit it. A few miles further we turn off the great road, and leave the carriage at Krusenberg, a pretty villa, lately purchased by Count Ugglas for 130,000 Banco dollars, (nearly £10,000). A short walk through fine green avenues, brought us to the margin of an extensive sheet of water, a branch of Lake Mälar, skirted by oaks of some centuries' growth dip-

ping their broad boughs into the limpid tide. The boat was soon launched, and, as we had been early away, a beautiful sail of about an hour landed us at Wrangel's Castle before the dew had risen from the velvet turf which stretches between it and the shore.

Nothing could be finer than the impression made by this well-preserved edifice, glittering white through the leaves, on a low but rugged point; we paused on our oars once more to admire its beauty, before landing among the reeds which surround the summer-house, jutting into the lake; and its charms did not diminish on approaching nearer. It is built in the form of an open square, with huge octangular towers at each corner. The body of the Castle is four stories high; the towers rise to a much greater altitude; hence, though the style of the architecture be very plain, the building imposes by its bulk and happy proportions. It is said to be nearly a copy of the Castle of Aschaffenburg; and, in general form, it bears a strong resemblance to Holyrood: its many windows, however, and the bright care with which the walls are whitewashed, give it a livelier air than that of the deserted mansion of our Scottish kings. The low-browed arch, leading into the quadrangle, is adorned with some beautiful marble

pillars, presented to the family by Queen Christina; but for which her successor afterwards made £1,500 be paid, under a pretext that they were public property. The open arcade which runs round the court is extremely light and spacious; some of the arches contain guns and falconets, of curious make, mounted on small carriages—trophies from the German wars.

The ample staircase is decorated with grim busts, and fading pictures. On each story is a gallery, lighted by large windows from the court, running round the whole way, and corresponding in dimensions with the arcade below. The first of these galleries is filled with portraits of the distinguished officers who served with Wrangel's father, generally having the name of each painted on the canvas—a plan most convenient for the visitor, and more likely to prolong the fame of the person represented, than the usual way of leaving all to conjecture. Beneath each is also some motto, printed in large characters, and consisting of a grave aphorism, a heroic allusion, or a poetical thought, taken from an Italian or a Latin author. The opposite side of the gallery is lined with busts of the Roman Emperors, and the ancient philosophers, similarly furnished with names and mottos. The pictures being so

numerous, and painted by wholesale, of course want finish, and look poor to the eye that has been accustomed to the galleries of other countries. They possess, however, a high interest to the student of European history, from connecting him so closely as they do with one of its most interesting portions. To a Scotchman, in particular, this gallery presents a great treat: on ascending to the second story, which contains portraits of Wrangel's own brethren in arms, he finds a great number of his countrymen, who had held a high place in the favour both of Gustavus and his general. In fact, the majority of both collections consist of such names as David Drummond, Captain Kammel, James King, Patrick Ruthven, each followed or preceded by its respective military designation of Captain, Major, &c. It gives a favourable opinion of the old commander's heart, to find him thus surrounding himself in times of peace with the gallant comrades who had stood by him in the shock of war. Here is a portrait of Major Sinclair, who distinguished himself at a later period in the Swedish service; he fell in defence of Charles XII. in Turkey; and was the founder of a noble family, still existing. As was stated to us in Upsala, by a countryman who had been long there, many of the best

families in the kingdom are of Scottish descent. Leslies, Montgomeries, Gordons, Duffs, Hamiltons, Douglasses (lately extinct), Murrays, in short, all the best names of Scotland are to be found in Sweden, having been introduced by cadets of our noble families who served under Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years' War.

In the upper galleries a great many daubs from Scripture history, on the largest scale, are going rapidly to decay. Altogether, there are more square yards of painted canvas here than in any dozen of ordinary palaces.

Without an astrologer's turret a mansion of the seventeenth century would have been as incomplete as one of the nineteenth without a conservatory. The highest part of the eastern tower is accordingly devoted to this important appendage; and it is still furnished with costly instruments, some of which are of old construction; for the study of the heavens was a favourite occupation with Wrangel—a fact which reminded us of Wallenstein's confidence in the stars, a part of his character which the tragic poet has turned to such beautiful account. Many things, both in this and other parts of the castle, brought the gloomy and ambitious chief to our view, and we regretted that no portrait is preserved of him among the many which

remain of his associates. We were much interested by that of the gallant Count of Mansfeldt, whose history and death form one of the most striking episodes in Schiller's eloquent *History of the Thirty Years' War*. This portrait carried us back to the happy hours we had spent the previous autumn, in the now tenantless castle of the Mansfeldts, one of the most romantic and interesting spots in the neighbourhood of the Hartz. Alas! the name and lineage of a noble house are now completely extinct! The fox roams through the gardens, and the owl hoots from the tower where chivalry and beauty once held their court; yet out of respect to a gallant name, we lingered long among its crumbling walls, and now gazed with interest on their master's lineaments. Here is a portrait of the Italian Piccolomini, and one of the Austrian General Colloredo.

Another part of the mansion is worthy of the great soldier's taste, though all great soldiers have not shown the same passion—the library. It is arranged in a suite of handsome rooms, containing 23,000 volumes, many of which are of such value, that the professors of Upsala make frequent visits to consult them. The large collection of state documents and papers connected with the German campaigns, is said

to be very valuable. Here is also an excellent collection of dried plants, specimens of all kinds of wood in neat drawers, and of seeds in phials, all shewing the practical and useful nature of the tastes which have characterized the noble owners. The volume most consulted by the public is the one containing the names of visitors; among the latest entries stand the autographs of the present king, in big sprawling lines, and that of his queen "Desirée," both written as awkwardly as if their majesties, besides being sovereigns, were also authors by profession.

From each of the galleries already spoken of, doors open into large and handsome suites of apartments, the windows of which command a beautiful view of lake or forest scenery, according to the side in which they stand. A few of the rooms are tastefully furnished in the modern style; but by far the greater part are full of antiquated ornaments, Gobelins tapestry, &c. Some contain pictures of the Flemish school, and one is hung with family portraits, among which that of the astronomer Tycho Brahé, a near relation, is greatly honoured. The high bald forehead of Charles XII. is seen at every turn. Bernadotte is the next most honoured guest; there are busts, pictures and statues of

him innumerable. The large statue, executed at Rome by Professor Burstrom, represents him in the garb of a Roman warrior, whose shield is adorned with the nuptials of Norway and Sweden; the former a handsome youth with the bearskin on his shoulders, the latter a young and lovely female with the lion at her feet. Among the medals, or portraits of living Swedes of eminence, how few are of men known to the rest of Europe! Bishop Tegner is almost the only poet here whose name is familiar to us.

To describe cabinets of curiosities is an endless, and, generally, a very unprofitable task; but this castle contains so many of them, and things of such strange variety, that we cannot omit saying something about them. As usual there is a good store of garments of sundry kinds, and of sundry illustrious individuals, such as King Eric's slippers, Queen Christina's high-heeled riding-shoes, and a fragment of the grave-clothes of the great Adolphus, taken from his coffin when it was opened at the last centenary of his death, in 1832. The Brahés themselves have contributed, and in a very fatal manner, to this stock of personalities: for so far does the Swedish taste in this way carry its vagaries, that they have actually treasured up the boots and clothes in which one of their ancestors

went to the scaffold. Those who study character from walking-sticks, may here find a collection of them supplied by nearly all the kings of Sweden. Here is also a great profusion of royal saddles, but we were plebeian enough to take little interest in these regal memorials, compared with that inspired by the tea-cup and saucer of Linnæus—small things like French coffee-cups, with his namesake the *Linnæa*, painted blue, streaming showily, but not very naturally, over both. In one of these collections—for there are many rooms full of such curiosities—may be seen some of the old Swedish sixteen skilling pieces formerly spoken of, as huge and heavy as the coins used in the days of Roman simplicity and virtue. There is a singular German prayer-book, most beautifully written on vellum by a nun who had no hands, but had been taught to write with her feet!

Of such rarities there are thousands to be seen; but we must leave them in order to visit the armoury, which occupies several rooms in one of the towers, and displays a whole arsenal of curiosities. Here may be seen mail of every variety, especially some of immense strength and weight, intended for the war-horse. Pistols, swords, scimitars, Andrea Ferraras, and Damascus blades, gleam in dozens among cross-

bows, rude guns, gloves made of the skin of the elk's neck, more than an inch thick, and every other implement of defence, or assault, used in ancient warfare. Wrangel's banner still waves among those of foreign leaders, and his armour glances near John Siska's sword from Prague—while the muster-roll of the allied forces in the German wars remains to speak for the confidence reposed by the other powers in the Swedish general. Near it may be seen the batons of several commanders and great marshals—short instruments with heavy notched heads. Less heroic fire-arms are also displayed in great profusion. Queen Christina's pistols, and Louis XIV.'s fowling-piece, keep company with Carl Johann's dress-sword, and Charles XII.'s walking-stick. Here is a very singular piece of mechanism—an iron-hand worn by a guardsman of Charles IX. He had lost his own hand in battle, but was enabled to use this very neat and ingenious contrivance, by pressing down with the remaining member a small spring at the wrist, in obedience to which the iron-fingers opened or closed on the partizan, which he was still able to wield as stoutly as ever.

Of less noble weapons here assembled it were long to tell; some of them bespeak a very singular taste in the collector, such as the Duke of

Alva's beheading-sword, keeping company with the one which struck off the heads of the Swedish councillors executed at Lidkopping. In fact, there is a complete collection of the headsman's weapons, from the different countries of Europe; they are all long straight blades, from two to three inches broad; narrowing a little towards the broad square point.

Leaving all these dainty sights, however, we for a moment turned our eye on the fair scene without. The view from the tower is rich on every hand. Wood and water stretch in varied beauty wherever the eye can fall. The flower-garden, kept in the highest order, stretches from the walls toward the forest; shady walks of lime-trees surround the mansion on every other side. The church, which is at the same time the family burying-place, rises softly through shading trees, close beside the castle; and village spires, interspersed among gentle knolls, are frequent in the distant glades: in short, a lovelier spot has seldom been seen. It is one of those mansions with a half-dead, half-living interest, which excite the fancy more than structures blazing with all the glare and tinsel of still untarnished splendour: we had already spent hours in it, and could have enjoyed many hours more, but the advancing day warned us

to take leave of the intelligent castellan, now almost the only tenant of this princely dwelling.

The timid glance of a damsel at her washing on the shore, was the only adieu sent after us from the Cloister in the Wood; and in a few moments we were pulling stoutly at the oars on our way back, with a bright sun above, and a soft breeze to curl the waters below us. The Upsala steam-boat, hissing up on her way to Stockholm, roused us from our dreams of the German wars; and the scenes passing on its deck, reminded us that it was full time to think of breakfast, after being six or seven hours in motion without food. Our wants were quickly relieved when we reached the boatman's house, a comfortable cottage, sheltered by some magnificent oaks meeting over its roof, and surrounded by green turf as fresh and soft as fairy ever trod. The splendid trouts swimming in the wooden tanks at the edge of the lake, were soon transferred to the frying-pan, and to these the rosy-cheeked mistress of this hospitable home soon added other and equally welcome fare. But the sweetest sauce we got was the anxious kindness of our entertainers: wife, mother, and master, were all helping us, yet all with quiet order and harmony: one cooked the fish, another handed down loaf after loaf

from the well-stocked pile on the cupboard, and a third brought fuel; nothing was thought troublesome, and none of their stores were grudged. In fact, the interest taken in promoting his comfort, by all he comes amongst, is one of the greatest pleasures of the traveller in Sweden. The most humble cottager not only gives his best, but he gives it with pleasure; he is delighted when you call for more, and as eager to anticipate your wants as if he were to be rewarded with gold instead of the few pence, for it is often no more, that each guest has to pay for a lowly but most wholesome meal. We have never been in any country where we are better repaid for giving a little more than what is asked; the Swedes are not so voluble or cringing in their gratitude as the Italians, but the glow of the cheek, and the hearty "thank ye," say more than speeches.

A journey of some thirty miles more, and we found rest and welcome in the gay capital of Sweden.

CHAPTER XI.

STOCKHOLM.

The Seven Islands of the Mälor and Seven Hills of Rome—Magnificent Scenery—General Situation and Aspect—Rocks and Waters—First Impressions on entering—The puzzled Sentinel—Lodgings—Inns—Greatly improved—Wooden houses on their travels.

STOCKHOLM is one of the most romantic and most agreeable cities of Europe. This may not, indeed, have been the opinion which the first sight of it led us to form; but here again were we taught the value of the maxim, "Trust not to first impressions."

If Rome and Constantinople can each boast of its seven hills, Stockholm can also boast of a seven-fold foundation, and of a much less doubtful character. The traveller who visits the great capitals of the ancient world, has at first much difficulty in making out the requisite array of hills; but the seven islands on which part of Stockholm is built are too distinct—for many of them are bold rugged ridges—to leave any one in doubt for a moment. Let not the term island,

however, lead the reader to suppose that this city, like the mistress of the Adriatic, is literally in *the sea;* for they are situated in the mouth of the waters which run from an *inland lake* (the *Mälar sea*) just at the termination of a long narrow inlet of the Baltic, at nearly the same distance from the outer coast as London Bridge is from the sea. On the islands—and more particularly on the three called *Stockholm* (the *Island of the Castle,* which gives its name to the city), *Riddarholm* (or the Knights' Island), and *Helge And's Holm* (Island of the Holy Spirit), all of which are so near each other, that they are united by thirteen short bridges of stone and others of wood—stand the king's palace, a modern structure in the Italian style, which for beauty of architecture and effect surpasses all the city palaces in Europe—the great Cathedral—the Bank—the House of the Diet—and most of the more conspicuous ornaments of the city: but the larger portion of the private houses are built on the mainland, which on the north side (called the Nörr-malm or north suburb) slopes gradually and beautifully backwards from the shore; but on the south side the Södermalm rises in bold abrupt cliffs, where the white houses nestle beautifully among shading trees.

With this general idea of its position, ascend one of the lofty towers on the islands, or one of the crags just spoken of, and it is then you will form a correct idea of what Stockholm is. Now it lies like a scene of magic at your feet. On one hand, are the waters from the lake, dark, deep, and strong, rushing past you like an arrow; on the other, sleeps the broad river, glancing like a mirror, with a hundred barks in motion on its many branches, giving singular life and variety to the scene. Before and around you rise masses above masses of shining architecture, of which the immense palace forms the fit and beautiful centre; beside it are towers piercing the sky—beyond are long lines of regular houses, stretching as in terraces along the mainland, and beautifully relieved by the dark foliage of their surrounding gardens—nearer, the more ancient structures group high and stormy above each other—behind these are huge masses of rock, hanging like clouds in the sky—farther away are varied heights, on which grey crags and dark pines struggle with each other for the highest points—in some nooks glow the beech and hazel; in others, green pastures and quiet gardens are seen—while at the most distant point which the eye can reach, the long line of the inlet may be seen winding lazily round steep cliffs, on which are indistinct

clumps of foliage, and houses seeking for peace far away from city haunts. A goodly sight! and over all shines the bright sun, giving life and beauty without end.

But since these beautiful objects, and more than all these, may be seen from almost any eminence in Stockholm, may it not with justice be placed among the most beautiful of European cities? The buildings, separately, are not, indeed, so picturesque as those of the Turkish capital, nor have the waters the imposing width of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn; but there is a "freshness" over them which the gazer misses in the fair but fading Istamboul; and is it not of itself saying much for a scene, if it makes its describer think at all of a city so matchless? Stockholm has also been contrasted with Naples; but in the latter, man has aided Nature more than in the former. The dense but finely varied masses of the lower parts of Naples are so admirably grouped, as to add beauty to a winding shore in itself already most beautiful; while the fantastic battlements of St. Elmo occupy the very point where some object is wanted to fix the eye. In short, art has done all that Nature needed to make Naples faultlessly beautiful; but *here* we find beauty in spite of what art has

done; for, with a few exceptions, the masses of building are so monotonous, that in any other site they would be pronounced deformities.

Those parts of the city which occupy the main land are very regularly laid out with streets generally crossing each other at right angles. Most of the great thoroughfares are tolerably paved, but as yet the only foot-pavement in the city is a short line in front of the house of Mr. Owen, a gentleman from Glasgow, who has long conducted a very extensive establishment for building steam-engines, &c. He paved his part of the street by way of example to his fellow-citizens; but the Swedes have never been too eager to adopt outlandish innovations.

Except some churches, few buildings of importance are situated in the northern suburb. This division contains, however, the two principal squares of the city; one of which, the "King's Garden," is bordered with large shady trees, and contains a good statue of Charles XIIIth, while the other, called the square of Gustavus Adolphus—one side of which is formed by the theatre in which Gustavus III. was assassinated, and the other by a small palace—contains a well-executed equestrian statue of

the Protestant hero. From this square a very handsome bridge, known as the New Bridge, opens a communication with the principal island, and at the same time forms the most fashionable and agreeable lounge in Stockholm; all heavy goods being here transported by water, it is never encumbered by the huge waggons which in other capitals keep bridges from being what they ought to be,—the most attractive places of resort to the inhabitants. As part of this bridge rests on a point of the Helge-And's Island, the centre arches are occupied by a fashionable coffee-house, with a pretty garden in front, where the best society of the capital may often be seen. Close by the south end of the bridge rises the Great Palace, which, with its shining Italian look, has a beautiful appearance, from whatever side it is viewed, but especially from this. Broad and massive quays, surrounding the palace on its two sides, towards the principal harbour, effectually prevent the noise and confusion of the shipping, which at one point is very dense, from reaching the royal apartments. On one of the quays, within view of the palace windows, stands a statue of Gustavus III., and at the other end of the avenue leading from this point, a small but handsome obelisk has also been raised to his memory; proofs that

though he fell a victim to the wrath of the nobles, his exertions in behalf of the people have not been undervalued by posterity.

From this enumeration it will be seen that Stockholm, for its size, contains a great number of public statues. Public buildings of an ornamental character, however, are not numerous. Glancing at the most conspicuous of these, we find, near the monument last referred to, and on the highest point of the principal island, the church of St. Nicholas, or the great Cathedral, a very imposing mass, which, next to the palace by which it stands, forms the most conspicuous object in the capital. Our catalogue of the more prominent ornaments and buildings of the city will close when we have mentioned the Exchange, which is also in this island. The Riddarholm Island contains the venerable church of the same name, where so many of the monarchs of Sweden repose; also the *Rad-huset*, or Town-Hall, and the *Riddar-huset*, or House of the Nobles (in which the four states of Sweden hold their sittings), displaying an inscription in gilt letters, like those of a sign-board; and, finally, a statue of Gustavus Vasa.

The reader will now have formed some idea of the general outline of the city in which we found shelter, after our wanderings in

the wild regions of the north, and we trust that he will henceforth admire its beauties as much as we did. We have said, however, that our *first impression* was much less favourable, and in order to show the cause of this feeling, shall now briefly describe our entrance into the city which was to gain on us so rapidly.

After leaving the cottage of the hospitable boatman, described at the close of last chapter, only three stages of our journey remained. This tract presents little variety of scenery, being almost entirely filled up with tame corn fields and dreary woods of fir. On approaching the termination of these, we were on the alert to catch the first glimpse of the romantic beauties for which Stockholm is famed; for, with the traveller, a good *first view* of a capital is of immense importance; it tinges, more or less, all his future thoughts of it. In this instance, however, we were balked of our wish. Entering Stockholm from Upsala, there is no commanding point from which it may be seen to advantage. The approach, in fact, is far from picturesque, and, for a capital, very lifeless.

The first symptom of city bustle commences just after passing through a silent fir-wood, at a little lake about a mile out, where the most marvellous of boatwomen, propped on shoes

with a huge heel in the *middle* of the foot, are seen plying for passengers with a bell in their hand; but even here there is no crowd, no stream of life indicating that we are near a great capital—the houses are neater than in the provinces, but nearly as quiet. On reaching the wide gate of open iron bars, the Dalecarlian soldier on duty, a good honest fellow, in a blue coat and white trowsers, was sadly puzzled about our names and where we came from. It was his duty to take the particulars down in writing, but the state of his thick unwieldy fingers, showed that he was more accustomed to handle the spade than the pen; even when we had written them for him, the rueful countenance with which he regarded the bit of paper, would have moved the most relentless to pity. He turned it up and he turned it down, read it from the right and read it from the left, heaved a big sigh, turned up his eyes and looked mysteriously, then shook his head in doubt, and raised his hand to scratch it into comprehension. He had never heard of such a country as Scotland, (for the general description which we gave of ourselves as "Englishmen," did not please him); after spelling it over and over again letter by letter, he gave it up in

despair to be decided on by his captain or the police, and handed us over to the custom-house officers on the other side of the way. Every thing was now opened and unpacked in the public street, it being usual to exercise great vigilance against all coming from Norway, where taxes are so low, that every Swede who visits it, brings away as many articles as he thinks he can pass without detection. We had seen a man in the wood concealing a broad package of cloth beneath his waistcoat to make a new coat with, and were told that he would save at least a fourth of what he would have paid in Stockholm.

A long dull street, edged on each side by a line of trees, and the high dead walls of the gardens by which the houses in this quarter are surrounded, now commenced, and continued so long that we began to be impatient for a glimpse of something more romantic. The many well-dressed persons returning from forenoon calls towards the country, reconciled us to this wearisome avenue, and at length we got into the *Drottning*, or Queen's *Gatan*, one of the principal streets, long and viewless, but with lofty handsome houses on each side. The good figures and fine features of the gay groups whom we

now met were worthy of all admiration, but we pitied sadly their poor feet on the rough-paved flagless thoroughfare.

When half-way down this street, we stopped at a private house, which had been recommended to us, and where we secured four excellent apartments on the second floor for the moderate charge of 25 Banco dollars (about two guineas) a-week. Travellers may sometimes hear of lodgings at the gate, or even before reaching it, at the house where the Upsala and Gottenburg roads meet, to which, in the fine season, cards of address are sent by those inclined to receive strangers. This system of course implies a deficiency of hotel accommodation; in fact, until lately, there was no good inn in Stockholm: the traveller was much worse off here than in the country towns. So late as 1820, Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke speaks of the house he went to as being worse than a hen-roost: and even more recent visitors describe the state of the Stockholm hotels as disgraceful to a civilized country. Now, however, the case is very different. In a capital which so few natives, and, until of late years, almost no foreigners, ever thought of visiting, the hotels can neither be so splendid nor so numerous as in Germany, where so many travel that hotel-keeping is the most profitable

occupation in the country; but, from what we saw of the Stockholm hotels, we should say that they are now fully equal to those of the second-rate towns in other parts of the continent. There are two at least, the *Hotel du Nord* and *La Couronne*, where clean and comfortable apartments may be obtained on very reasonable terms. The only meals to be had in these, however, as in the private lodgings, is breakfast: dinner must be taken in some of the eating-houses, of which, as we shall see hereafter, there are many in the principal parts of the city.

Finding that all the hotels were full, in consequence of the number of strangers attracted by the court festivities in honour of the Duchess of Leuchtenberg's visit, we at once took possession of private apartments, as has been already mentioned, at the Fru Forselle's, and during the fortnight we remained, found no reason to regret our choice. Two or three weeks of dust and fatigue would have disposed us to be pleased with her clean and quiet apartments, even had they not in every way been as comfortable as any we ever had in London at the same price. To be sure there were no carpets, but in the heats of July bare floors are a welcome luxury.

The streets on the mainland are in general pretty regular, though not very wide; but

many of those on the islands are as narrow and crooked as a lover of irregularity could desire. On the three principal islands most of the houses are of stone, but in the north and south suburbs the greater part of the houses are built of stuccoed brick, painted white, yellow, or faint blue. In the remote suburbs wood is still the only material employed. In most houses the stairs and lobbies are of a dark blue stone, with such a slippery surface that the stranger is exposed to many a tumble before he gets accustomed to them, just as on the treacherous drawing-room floors of France, where the newly-arrived often measure their length before experience has taught them how to walk in a strange country. The Swedes have no use for studying the art of Mosaic: the stone now spoken of is so full of petrifactions, fish, &c., that their lobbies display compositions fully as intricate, if not so classical, as those of a Pompeiian villa. In all parts of the city, from the nature of the ground, it has been necessary to build upon piles. There are no fortifications of any kind round it; its distance from the coast, and the singularly rugged nature of its position, render walls unnecessary.

Some of the prettiest houses about Stockholm are the little villas in the park, which are

of a most convenient and obliging construction. These mansions are all built of wood, and are so contrived that they may be taken to pieces and removed on very short warning. In consequence of this pleasant portability, a man may dine snugly to-day in his own house in town, and, shipping it on the lake or the bay, may still dine under his own roof one hundred miles off on the morrow. When we have portable beds, portable soup, portable sailing boats, and a thousand other portables, there can be no reason why we should not also have some of Colonel Blöm's portable houses. They make the most delightful little nests that can be imagined.

CHAPTER XII.

SUMMER LIFE IN THE SWEDISH CAPITAL.

Pursuits and general Character of the Population—Foreigners—English—Mr. Scott—Dress and Manners of the Crowd—Places of Amusement—The Djurgarten—Most romantic Park in Europe—Happy Scenes there—Palace of Rosendahl—Evening Hymn at the Camp—Dining and Coffee-houses—Prices—Women at the Taverns—Merry feast at the Blue-Posts—Affection for the English—Palace of Haga—Familiarity of the Royal Family—Ruins of Gustavus III.'s Palace—Fate of the Dalecarlian Boat-maiden.

Of the 79,500 inhabitants of Stockholm, the greater portion are natives of the city itself. There are, of course, many settlers from the various provinces, especially among the more laborious kinds of city occupations; but on the whole, the proportion of provincialists in the more lucrative walks of business is less than in other capitals.

The number of foreigners is not very great; of French, though the king is himself a Frenchman, scarcely one is found at the head of any extensive undertaking; for it is one of the most striking features of Bernadotte's wise policy,

that he has never roused the jealousy of his subjects by patronising adventurers from his own country at their expense. Of Germans, there are a good many engaged in various handicrafts. Of the Jews in the capital (Sweden contains in all about 450) many are from Germany. Amongst these are to be found not a few of the wealthiest bankers and manufacturers, and we must not neglect to add, that to some members of this intelligent body we are indebted for much attention during our stay.

We found many more English than we had expected, but they are chiefly of the working classes; the foundries, the making of steam-engines, some manufactories, &c. being chiefly carried on by English hands. The religious interests of our countrymen are very zealously attended to by Mr. Scott, a Presbyterian clergyman (of the Seceder connexion) from Glasgow, whose talents and industry deserve honourable mention from every traveller. Being perfectly master of the language, and very popular as a pulpit orator, in addition to his English ministrations, he preaches every Sabbath to a large congregation of Swedes, and is said to have done much good in a city where an example of zeal among the clergy was very greatly wanted.

The number of travelling Englishmen who visit Stockholm is increasing every summer: we had, consequently, the good fortune to meet several countrymen, whose society was of great consequence to us. We thus formed one of the largest English parties that had been there for some time. Many of the inhabitants are well known for their attention to Englishmen, and amongst these we must not forget our obliging friend, Colonel Blöm, an architect of great talent. The British minister was absent during our visit, but had a very courteous substitute in the Hon. Mr. Bloomfield, British *Chargé d'Affaires*.

The stranger who has lately come from Copenhagen is greatly struck with the contrast between its streets and those of Stockholm. The silence and order of the Danish capital are here replaced by a degree of turmoil and confusion indicative at once of greater wealth and greater industry. The number of showy or well-filled shops is not very great, nor are they much frequented ; but in all the more central streets, especially near the palace, gay equipages are in constant motion ; and the principal quay, except at the resting-hour of noon, exhibits all the bustle of a thriving sea-port.

The aspect of the street crowd is exceedingly

lively, and every stranger must be struck with the beauty and elegance of many of the women; those of the better ranks are dressed in the newest French fashion, but the women of the lower classes display a variety of costume very different from the general monotony of northern attire. The boat-women are among the most conspicuous, most of them being arrayed in a showy muslin cap, of most outrageous dimensions—a bright scarlet boddice—a striped apron of blue, black, and red, over a greyish petticoat — and tremendous shoes of the rudest leather, with soles so thick that they would really form a load to ordinary mortals. Some of the market-women surpass even their aquatic sisters in the gaudiness of their dress. Many of these gigantic ladies have an almost oriental look. Those from Winaker, in particular, strut most majestically along, with a bright flowing robe swimming behind them with more than peacock splendour. Indeed, when in full dress, as on Sundays, these women are quite a show. The long kerchief rolled round the hair, like that of a Turk, only that the loose end is left slanting on the shoulder—the long white robe, of thick cloth edged with red binding, thrown open at the girdle, and the lower corners pinned at the leg behind—the petticoat, also of bright

colours and ample dimensions,—all give the wearer so much of an Asiatic look that one can scarcely account for their appearance among the blue skirts and homely linseywoolsey of the general population.

From the avenues of the city itself, passing to the great places of popular resort, the traveller will find that the most frequented of all these is the celebrated *Djurgarten* (Deer-park), which, from the romantic character and great extent of its scenery, is without exception the finest public park in Europe. The rugged peninsula, of which it occupies the greater part, is so finely varied with rocks and trees that Art, which must do every thing in the parks of other great capitals, has here only not to injure Nature. Its distance from the city by the bridge for carriages may be about two miles; but to pedestrians this circuitous route is greatly shortened by the immense number of small boats, all rowed by women, which are constantly crossing from various points, each loaded with twelve or fourteen passengers. The margin of the island is covered with old-fashioned eating-houses, &c. Within this confused circle runs the beautiful carriage-drive, which is lined with modern villas of very beautiful design, Swiss cottages, Italian verandahs, &c.

Among these are placed coffee-houses, equestrian theatres, dancing rooms, while the space between them and the road is occupied with flower-plots and shrubberies, through which rustic seats are scattered, at the most favourable points of view. The fringed rocks form a beautiful background to all these objects, carrying one a thousand miles away from the city tastes, to which they give a much higher charm. Noble oaks have been left at the most "telling" points, and a luxuriant vegetation covers every height. But a few years having elapsed since this park was formed, the only piece of sculpture which it yet contains, is the bust of Bellmann, known amongst the people, strange to say, by the undignified title of the king's jester, but, in reality, a lyric poet of great excellence. He lived in the time of Gustavus III., and composed many of the best songs in the language, both patriotic and convivial. All who can appreciate the language, speak of the poems of Michael Bellmann as possessing merits of the very highest order. Nothing can be more fresh than their pictures of Swedish life, and nothing more touching than their depth of feeling. His works, especially the *Bacchi Tempel* (1783) and the *Fredman Epictlaroch Sänger* (1791), are still so popu-

lar in every class, that he may be fairly entitled the national poet of Sweden. We need not wonder, therefore, that the anniversary of his birth is kept with great rejoicings by all classes, but especially the Bacchanalian Club, whose members, headed by the king himself, come out in festive array, to parade round this bust, which is very appropriately decorated with grapes and vine-leaves, in the character of the rosy god.

A short way beyond this very popular monument, we come on the lovely little palace of Rosendahl, the Valley of Roses. This favourite mansion of his majesty (built on the portable principle already mentioned) is one of the most delightful and simple retreats ever raised by the hand of taste. It is surrounded by flowers and trees, which separate it from a similar structure, occupied by the royal attendants. These mansions, and, indeed, all in the park, are built of wood, but being tastefully painted, and of very classical design, they have all the effect of more lasting materials. The porphyry vase below the windows of the palace, is one of the finest in the world, and is said to have cost nearly £10,000. Though it stands in a spot where thousands enter daily, and might be very easily injured, yet no accident has ever

happened to it,—an impunity which would scarcely have been extended to it in a similar situation in England.

The days when his majesty is to leave the city to dine here being known to all the world beforehand, his loving subjects invariably take care to invite themselves to the feast. On such occasions, the mansion is surrounded by an immense crowd, generally composed of the most respectable inhabitants of the capital, who first see his majesty and the royal party passing, by an open gallery, from the drawing room to dinner, and then walk about in the park till the evening, when he presents himself at the upper windows. The queen and the crown princess seat themselves on the balcony, and never fail to take very gracious notice of the assembly below. So far from being thought low or ungenteel, it would seem to be fashionable to attend these *al fresco* receptions, for we generally met a great number of the nobility and the *corps diplomatique* in the orderly throng.

On the evening of our first visit to this unequalled park, we enjoyed a sight which interested us so much that we cannot refrain from describing it. Crossing a long floating bridge, a short way beyond the palace just spoken of, we reached another peninsula which was now

the scene of a yet more impressive exhibition. Beneath a line of low rocks, crowned with fir-trees, a summer camp had been formed, the white tents of which, with all their picturesque and stirring accompaniments—placed on turf so rich and smooth, that it might have served as a carpet to some holiday banquet—gleamed softly in the evening sun. Banners floating broad in the breeze, piles of arms glittering red in the rays of the parting day, groups of soldiers in close converse, women in wild and gaudy costume, all presenting themselves among cliffs and trees of most romantic beauty, united to form a scene which the painter would have envied. Prince Oscar's pavilion, raised high above its fellows, and surmounted by the royal banner of Sweden, was at once recognized as that of the commander of the warlike host. The wide grassy plain in front of the camp, serving admirably for manœuvres on the largest scale, was now occupied by crowds of visitors from the city, among whom we lingered enjoying the beautiful scene till night had almost closed upon it (if night there can be said to be at this season). At length, just when we were about to turn away, the soldiers were summoned to the Evening Hymn, the singing of which formed one of the most impressive scenes we have ever

witnessed. Each company assembled in front of their tents, all without arms, except the officers, who stood behind their respective lines, with their swords raised as in the act of saluting. After a pause, when all had uncovered, a slow and most imposing melody was sung to the honour of the God of Battles, with an effect altogether indescribable. So many manly voices —for twelve thousand men joined in this solemnity—echoing through those aged rocks, would have affected us under any circumstances, and made the hour be looked back to as among the most memorable in our lives; but what gave the scene its peculiar charm was, that it enabled us to figure the touching scenes in which these very Swedes bore a part under their great Gustavus, who was himself wont to lead the devotions of his troops with that rich and mellow voice that was soon to be heard above the crash of contending hosts. We should love the Swedish soldier were it only for this becoming usage:

> "No bigots we—but still we love
> The strain that lifts to Him above—
> Meant to remind, 'mid change and tears,
> Of blissful and immortal spheres."

The usage, as formerly stated, is universal in the army and navy of Sweden; there is a printed

book from which the officers generally read a short service.

Either in the Park or in the other places of amusement surrounding the city, the people of Stockholm find constant attractions for the evenings of summer. With the better classes that season is literally one long holiday; and even among the poor, nobody seems to think of anything but enjoyment towards evening. All kinds of work are suspended at such an early hour, that during a great part of the day, Stockholm looks like a deserted city. Those who are tired of the park, form boating parties in the bay, or join in excursions to the surrounding forest or the wild crags in the distance. In short, some pretext or other is always found for running away from the city in which frost and snow had for months imprisoned them so closely that they enjoy the charms of nature with tenfold relish when they once more smile forth.

On becoming acquainted with this arrangement, we no longer wondered to find that after six o'clock, and sometimes as early as five, scarcely a creature is to be seen in the streets. The shops are deserted. The very bridge is desolate. In the Drottning's Gatane (Queen Street) is a coffee-house or confectioner's—which is very unlike other coffee-rooms, being merely a quiet

carpeted parlour, hung with prints of Dryburgh Abbey and other Scottish scenes, French pictures, &c.—which in other cities would be most crowded towards evening, is here quite deserted at that hour. Entering it one evening about seven, we were told we might read the newspapers—of which (we believe none but Swedish) great abundance was strewed about—but that they never made any coffee after six, as nobody would come to drink it. Even the fashionable café of the bridge is deserted for the walks and coffee-houses of the Djurgarten, which at this hour are full to overflowing.

Not satisfied with making the most of their long evenings, it is a rule with the Swedes to carry the summer eve as far into the night as possible. Nor do we wonder at this plan of turning night into day: the evenings are so lovely that they really deserve to be enjoyed to the utmost. The sky is clear almost till midnight, and the air so balmy that it is possible to remain exposed to it all night without the smallest inconvenience. When ladies are of the party, the amusements consist of walking, tea-drinking, singing, and dancing. In re-crossing the ferries we often heard the most beautiful music floating from the quiet waters on every side of us long after eleven.

For gentlemen parties there are other and less simple amusements. Both in the Djurgarten and other places of resort, excellent restaurants are established, to one or other of which the forlorn bachelors of Stockholm repair every summer afternoon, to console themselves with the charms of a good dinner, and, we fear, to drown their cares in the well-filled punchbowl. It is part of the system at these places to select for attendants none but the most beautiful young women that can be found. A male attendant is never seen in them, nor indeed at any inn, lodging, or eating-house in Stockholm. The natural charms of these ladies are always set off by a very smart dress, and nothing can be prettier than the coquettish style in which their hair is worn, which would seem to be a kind of badge of their class, for we never saw it on any other. The hair is always bare: a cap or bonnet is seen only on those who are married, or who have risen to the important rank of housekeepers. Young women still in the rank of a servant dare not aspire to the splendour of net and ribbon; the utmost they can assume is the pretty kerchief, generally of silk, but this is worn only in the open air. As already hinted, however, they indemnify themselves for this privation, by dressing their hair in a very attrac-

tive style. Being in general very beautiful,—for at the taverns some of the handsomest women in Sweden are seen—it is to be feared that many of them pay the melancholy penalty which so often attaches to beauty in an exposed and humble station. It would be unjust, however, not to state that there are exceptions; for many of them are of good character, and make excellent marriages. It is not many years since one of the attendants in a tavern of Stockholm, famed for her beauty, became the wife of an Englishman of high rank. Such pains were afterwards taken with her education, that the once humble Christina is now not only one of the most beautiful, but also one of the most accomplished ornaments of a court famed for the beauty and accomplishments of its fair.

Ever since this event English guests are treated with double attention by the Annettes, Agathas, and Marguerites of Stockholm; and nowhere is this more conspicuously shown than at the fashionable *Blaue Pforten* (Blue Posts), which, standing at the carriage-entrance to the Djurgarten, is a place of great resort with foreigners and natives. From three to twelve this house is crowded, from lobby to attic, by noblemen, officers, *élégans*—all who can afford to pay well for good fare.

As already hinted, there are many places of the same description in the city, both on the mainland, as at the Old Conservatory, in the King's Garden, and in the Bärn Huus Källare, near the Foundling; as well as on the principal island, as in the Stura Kirka street, &c. In these places, however, dinner is served much earlier than in the Park. From one to four they are crowded, and the insinuating "Lilla flikka" (little girl) may be heard from twenty tables at once; but, after that, it is scarcely possible to accomplish a dinner in them. Some of them consist of one large room, others of a few small rooms opening into each other, in which several tables are arranged, each large enough for three or four guests. Near the centre of each room stands a table, garnished with the indispensable bottle of Swedish brandy, flanked with cheese, biscuits, horse-radish, shreds of sour lemons, &c., of one or all of which each guest partakes before sitting down. Next comes the bill of fare, consisting of a long string of mysterious words, half French, half Swedish, written by some handmaiden who evidently trusts more to her dimples than to her orthography as a means of making her way in the world. The dishes, though far from being *recherchés*, are not to be complained of. *Vin*

ordinaire, misnamed Bordeaux, is very abundant; but most wise people, for the short time of their stay, will prefer the ale of the country, which is exceedingly good. Like most places of public resort throughout Sweden, nearly all of these city establishments are strewed with the small tufts of the pine-leaf (not so offensive as juniper-leaves). We never saw ladies in any of them. If they possess no other recommendation, they can at least lay claim to the merit of being very cheap: one may dine in them very well for a couple of shillings! Indeed, even at the most fashionable places in the Park, the charge, as compared with England, is extremely moderate. We happened to see the bill for a dinner that would not have disgraced the Star and Garter. Fish, fruit, and every delicacy of the season, were served in the utmost profusion. The wines also were first-rate, and included port (here a dear wine), sherry, claret, Rudelsheimer, champagne, and punch (the dearest of all, charged eighteen shillings a bowl)—all supplied in profusion to four-and-twenty guests; yet the whole charge, including attendance, was only 250 rix-dollars, or about twelve shillings a-head—much less than would have been charged in London for an ordinary dinner and ordinary wines.

The sound of English from a party in any of these places seldom fails to attract the respectful notice of the other guests. We had a particular instance of this at the Blaue Pforten above named. A large party of officers, who had been giving a dinner to their colonel, invited us to join their circle, on the plea that, as England is among the best friends of Sweden, it is the duty of Swedes to cultivate the friendship of Englishmen whenever an opportunity occurs. As the rejection of such an invitation would have been set down to the proverbial pride of the nation, we deemed it wise to make our appearance. Healths were now pledged; champagne was as abundant as if the Mälar-zee were filled with it. "Brotherhood" was pledged with more sincerity than pledges often are given; till at length,

> "With many a vow and linked embrace,
> We tore ourselves asunder;"—

not to part, but to comply with the summons of the piano-forte, which had now been called into the *mêlée*. The waltz went as gaily, though not quite so gently round, as if, in place of moustachoed counts, fair sylphs had been the partners —until, finally, some of the officers, chiefly young men from twenty-five to thirty, began some national songs, Finnish and Swedish—all

executed with admirable effect. A good-humoured revel it was, to the glory of England, and the long continuance of friendship between her and Sweden!

"Trifles these!" But they are mentioned as proofs of feelings which we were glad to find universal here — respect for England, and a desire to cultivate a good understanding with all belonging to it. We had further proof of this soon after, on being present at a dinner given by a few gentlemen, chiefly English, in the same place and to the same party. The room was decorated with the national emblems of Sweden, America, and England, mingling in harmony surpassed only by that which prevailed among the goodly company assembled beneath them. The foreign division did their utmost to respond to the kindly feelings manifested by the Swedes. One member of the party, who spoke excellent Swedish, was the leading orator of the evening; those who had not Swedish, declaimed in French, and those who had neither French nor Swedish, could sing a song or drink brotherhood, which were equally to the purpose. The Swedish guests were not to be outdone in amiability—each strove to say or do something that might demonstrate his regard for England. One of the devices in greatest

favour for this purpose was to claim an English origin. Nearly one-half of the eighteen officers present brought forward demands of this kind, but we could not conscientiously admit more than four of them to the honours of English descent; even of these we had considerable doubts, and when we state the names of Baron Fack, Major Klercker, Captain Mounck, and Mr. Ellars, the reader may like us have some difficulty in recognizing his familiar friends Fox, Clark, Monk, and Ellis. Whether English or Swedish, however, all were alike eager to testify their good feeling, and with the help of an adjournment to the open air, kept up waltzing, gymnastics, and speechifying, till late night parted those who may never meet again.

These scenes serve at least to shew the frank and kindly feelings of the Swedes. Many similar scenes occurred during our stay, but we prefer confining ourselves to those unpremeditated and accidental cases, both because there is less delicacy in mentioning what may be called a public display of this nature, and because they are less liable to suspicion than any expressions on private occasions. One instance of this feeling amused us not a little. Returning late one night from a party in the Djurgarten, we had to pass with our boat near a royal steamer

—a very fine vessel of about five hundred tons burthen, chiefly employed for the summer voyages of the king, or other members of the royal family; the commander, a nobleman of high rank and good fortune, learning from one of our party that we were English, insisted that, late as the hour was, we should come on board to see his ship and try her stores. This invitation, even at eleven o'clock at night, it was somewhat difficult to refuse from a frank-hearted tar, who assured us that he thought himself bound to consider all Englishmen as friends ever since he had served as a youngster on board one of our frigates; and when at length we got away, it was only on condition that we should return at an hour when the hospitalities of the Swedish navy could be displayed to more advantage. The cabins are beautifully fitted up with Swedish mahogany (birch), and every part looks as gay as a lady's boudoir.

These rambling notices will suffice to give some idea of the summer life of the social Swedes. Boating, it will be seen, fills up a great part of their time. This life upon the waters reminds one of Venice: many gentlemen, just as in the Mistress of the Adriatic, in place of a cab and a tiger, keep a boat (read *gondola*) and a rower, for moving about in dur-

ing this gadding season. A great part of the inhabitants spend their whole time in the Djurgarten. We cannot vouch, indeed, that they stay there *all* night, but have reason to assert that some of them very nearly do so. The visits to it commence at a very early hour in the morning, for on one occasion, when we had repaired to it as early as five o'clock, to botanize in the more distant parts, we already found boats in motion towards it; and as we had usually heard music here among the latest sounds at night, so were we now to be greeted by it among the first sounds in the morning. The clouds and dew were rapidly disappearing. We were admiring the calm aspect of the city in the distance, and the rich vegetation of the northern plants, clustering beneath the trees, when voices low and soft were heard from the water, singing an air quite new to us, and of a wild singular beauty. For a time, the songsters were invisible, but we soon discovered that they were a band of young maidens rowing themselves down the broad full bay; and, aided by a violin, beguiling the time with this striking melody. They were, probably, bound for some family festival at a distance, and had started so early that, among the thronged ships through which they glided, now

shining in the strong morning sun, scarcely one of the mariners was yet in motion.

Lest it should be suspected that these numerous meetings for social purposes fill the evening streets of Stockholm with scenes of vice and drunkenness, it must be stated, that in no great capital have we seen so few of these. Leaving our friends late, as we generally did, we were in the streets literally at *all* hours of the night—nay, to our shame be it told, we, on one occasion, bivouacked in the open air, philosophised *al fresco*, (and the place in which the summer climate permitted this, be it remembered, is almost on a parallel with the most northerly point of the Orkneys,) till the morning dawned; but on no occasion did we meet a person the worse of liquor, or witness a brawl of any kind. Travellers write about the profligacy of Stockholm, and, for aught we know, it may be a very profligate place; but, assuredly, it presents much less of *public* indecency than any other capital. We never met one of the unhappy creatures who still throng so many of our London thoroughfares; nor, what is equally to the honour of the Swedes, did we hear any of those heart-rending appeals from the homeless and the starving, which we so often hear, even

in the shortest walk home, in the richest quarters of the English metropolis—appeals which make us wonder whether we can really be in the great and wealthy London, famed, and justly famed, for its charities, yet outdone, even in charity, by the small capital of Sweden!

Another fact, which struck us at night, in Stockholm, is, that we never saw in the streets policemen or guards of any kind: such is the security of life and property, that except an occasional guard of the fire brigade, or a sentinel at the palace, we often traversed several streets without meeting a living being.

What we now remarked of the sobriety of the evening crowds of Stockholm, we had previously remarked of other continental cities, where the people indulge in similar out-of-door amusements: and we are persuaded that, in every country, the more such tastes are encouraged, the more will drunkenness and dissipation be checked among the people. Where public places of easy and indiscriminate resort are not provided for the lower orders, they necessarily betake themselves to the ale-house, and the wine-vaults; but let such resources as those of Stockholm be put within their reach—let them be allowed to amuse themselves in their own way, without the drilling or galling of a police,

and the haunts of vice would soon be abandoned. There is in all men an innate and indestructible love of the beauties of nature, which, if properly taken advantage of by their rulers, may be made one of the greatest instruments for refining both the manners and morals of the populace; and no people on earth possess this feeling more strongly than the people of London. It may be an anomaly to find this taste for nature amongst a population brought up in crowded streets and pestilential alleys, where a glimpse of sunshine can scarcely penetrate; but it is an anomaly whose truth must be well known to all who ever sat five minutes on a tavern-bench in the neighbourhood of London, and marked the holiday crowd enjoying their slow-returning glimpse of the face of nature. We call the Londoners gin-drinkers, and beer-sippers; but who made them such? The Legislature; which has done nothing, or next to nothing, to encourage or to gratify their better tastes. We neglect the thousands on thousands of our metropolitan population, and justify our neglect by aping their dialect and calling them cockneys. But it is time that this treatment were at an end. It does little honour to England that the inhabitants of its metropolis should continue to be the most neglected,

and the most slandered in the world. As a body, they possess good qualities too frequently wanting in those who call themselves their superiors. We term them selfish; but with how little justice! I have seen something of the lower orders of most of the great cities of Europe, and can with honesty declare, that those of London surpass them all in real kindness of heart, and readiness, at least to sympathise with, if they cannot relieve distress, which unhappily presents itself around them in such abundance that harder hearts would become insensible to it altogether. We delight, too, in calling them *immoral;* but, considering the facilities which they enjoy for indulging and concealing vice, the lower orders of London are, on the whole, the most moral that can be found. If too many exceptions can still be pleaded to this remark, we again insist, that the Legislature has the power to diminish them, by opening places of innocent and healthful resort for leisure hours.

Returning to our Swedish friends; we would guard the reader against inferring, from what has been above stated, that Stockholm is entirely free from haunts of vice and dissipation. Unfortunately, it contains too many such; but when the authorities endeavour to keep these

indecencies from the public view, the foreigner who is at pains to hunt them out—who revels in what but for his gloating industry would never have presented itself—has not the smallest right to turn round on the government, and accuse it of encouraging immorality. The traveller whose time is given to other things—"filled up," even though it should in some cases be almost idly, with seeing all that is not hurtful—will never wander into such pruriencies. "To be fully occupied," and to have the mind and the time devoted to some practical aim, is the great secret for escaping such scenes. With this charm about him, the traveller can draw some useful lesson even from the painful sights which he is of necessity compelled to witness:

"And Thalaba, he gazed;
But in his heart he bore a talisman
Whose blessed alchemy
To virtuous thoughts refined
The loose suggestions of the scene impure."

From the sketch of their amusements which has now been given, it will be seen that the park and its encircling waters, constitute the summer elysium of the people of Stockholm. So many, indeed, are the attractions of the park that, after a few days' stay, we began to visit it as duly as any idler of them all. In grandeur of scenery, as already stated, as well

as in the variety and magnificence of the views to be obtained from it, it is infinitely above all the parks of Europe; and even in gaiety it is not inferior to many. Its distance from the city, and the trifle paid to reach it by water (about half a farthing), are quite sufficient to give the society the appearance of being select without being exclusive. The tasteful and crowded coffee-houses (another name would be more appropriate, for gin and *petits verres* of other descriptions seem to be more drank in them than coffee), the showy theatres, the gay villas, the pretty palaces, all give it an elegance which makes it the favourite resort of every class. Grave ministers, gay ambassadors, and rich merchants are to be met at every turn, or perhaps some royal equipage rolls gallantly past. The members of the royal family do not merely show themselves, and then disappear, but generally remain long in the drives. One evening while we were seated on a balcony with some friends, the queen drove past three times, and never failed to acknowledge most graciously the salute with which the company always stood up on her approach. His majesty is also to be seen very frequently in these drives: when we were in the company of Swedes who were known to him, we always ranged ourselves by

the side of the road, as they did, to salute him, and invariably received the best of bows in return.

Another place of resort for the evening crowd is to be found in the gardens of the *Palace of Haga*, which is situated a few miles from the city, without the gate by which we first entered it. Hearing that the king was to dine there one evening, and knowing that the towns-people would, as usual, invite themselves to be of the party, we did not fail to start in due time. It is a small palace two stories high, standing on the closely-wooded margin of a lake, on which small boats are constantly plying. Many thousands were already assembled listening to the music of the two regiments of guards till such time as the royal family should rise from table. In the small, but well laid-out gardens, which reach to the windows of the drawing rooms, every one roamed where he pleased; there was no restraint, nor police of any description, nor was there the least need for them. Though all the places about Stockholm are open to every class, we never saw a drunk or riotous person at any of the public sights. Such is the license permitted that here all were pressing quite close to the windows of the saloon in which the king and his guests were seated, and when the royal

party repaired to an adjoining apartment to take coffee, the windows, which open to the ground, were thrown open, and the queen and her attendants sat down by them to chat, we might say, with their friends in the crowd, while the young officers of the suite amused themselves bringing oranges to the pretty children in the crowd. Nowhere is royalty seen in a more amiable light than in Sweden; it has completely discarded the stiffness and restraint, which in too many countries make the people look up to it as a thing to be feared, rather than loved.

The spot on which we now were, was well calculated to remind us that royalty has ameliorated its spirit, with other ameliorations of our time; for here it was that, according to the first plans of the conspirators, Gustavus III. was to have been assassinated. In this immediate neighbourhood also may be seen the very remarkable gigantic foundations of a palace begun by that ill-fated monarch, but never carried higher than the underground works. What his intentions were regarding it, no one can tell; it remains a complete mystery to this hour. The dungeons, for such they seem, more than apartments, are of great depth, and the walls of each at least fifteen feet thick. Did he in-

tend them for prisons to confine his discontented nobles? If so, from the immense extent of these foundations, he must have contemplated playing the gaoler on a very large scale. The structure of course will never be completed. Part of the materials have therefore been removed for other buildings, but enough still remains in these walls to build a handsome palace. They are so much neglected, that plants, and even trees, are now growing from the crevices.

Before quitting the grounds of Haga, we must say a word of the very remarkable boat-women who ply their hardy task on the adjoining lake.

From many allusions in this chapter, it will have been seen that in all the public places of Stockholm, *women* act a very conspicuous part. In no other capital are they employed in so many occupations dragging them from the privacy of home, and with what effect on their principles and happiness may be too easily conjectured. It is unfair, however, to brand the people of Stockholm with profligacy, or to charge all the females with immorality, because of this state of things. Many of them in every class, and we have already said so of one large class, we were assured, are of irreproachable character; and we confess the assurance was not unwel-

come, for he must be a callous philanthropist who could endure without horror the idea that all the women by whom he is surrounded are but the wretched creatures whom the lower classes of Stockholm have been often represented to be. Even the boat-women, rudely as they toil, are undeserving of the easily invented and readily circulated accusation. Those of the Lake, now alluded to, are, by far the most conspicuous. They appear, in fact, to be quite a distinct class, and, as their strange costume very speedily indicates, are all natives of the distant valleys of Dalecarlia. These they quit in the month of May, at the perilous age of eighteen or twenty, and make the long journey to the capital, in order to ply the oar during the short months of summer, at the close of which they return to gladden the hearts of their poor parents. They are exceedingly contented, good-natured, and industrious, toiling incessantly from seven in the morning till ten at night, and seldom enjoying any higher meal than the slice of bread snatched while resting on their oars. If not very beautiful, all of them are famed for fine teeth. Their dress, though coarse, is not without its attraction: it consists of a small white woollen cap, fitting close to the hair, but often thrown aside; a crimson woollen jacket, intended

to be fastened, but, from the exertion required in rowing, either thrown aside altogether or opened, so as to leave the bosom quite bare: a large kirtle of blue cloth, with the white *chemise* exposed at the top, and protected by a striped apron of red and white; thick stockings, or rather swathes, of flaming red; and, finally, the largest and most marvellous shoes in the world; for, with their soles of birch-wood, at least ten times as thick as ordinary soles, all covered with iron, and a heel, or great round lump, a substitute for a heel, but placed in the *middle* of the foot, it is really wonderful that they can walk at all in them. Fortunately, however, walking is not their occupation, for unless to ring the hand-bell which announces that they are about to start, they seldom quit their floating kingdom. The boat is in general large and heavy, yet two girls—certainly of very masculine charms—rowed nearly a dozen of us more than two miles as stoutly as the jolliest watermen.

One of these Dalecarlian boat-girls lately excited a very romantic interest in the gay circles of Stockholm. Her personal charms were so great, that for a time it was quite the rage to patronize the Beauty of the Lake. As was but too certain to happen in Stockholm, suitors gay and wealthy sought her smiles, and, what was

better, more than one substantial wooer sought her hand. But by all was the shy stranger unmoved. The secret of her indifference, however, was at length discovered. In leaving her mountains, she had left a lover behind her: and neither city gold nor city love could make her forget their pledge. This discovery raised the public interest still higher. Poets disdained not to celebrate her charms, and the newspapers—those talking meddlers, which make and mar so many reputations—took up the theme, till at last her fame wandered back to the glens of Dalecarlia. But alas! for the faithful boat-maiden. Her name did not travel thither unaccompanied by the tale of calumny and envy. Suspicion of her truth arose in her fierce lover's breast. He hastened to the capital, and upbraided her with infidelity. All her protestations of innocence were vain. The little fortune which she had anxiously hoarded for their future household, was but an evidence of her guilt. They quarrelled—and parted for ever: for, though repentance came at last to the jealous youth, it came too late. Too proud to stoop even to one for whom she had sacrificed so much, poor Agatha had flown to her mountains, carrying with her that fatal dower which so many maidens of higher degree have carried back from cities—a broken heart and a slandered fame.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PALACE, THE HOSPITAL, AND THE PRISON.

The Fish-Market—Moses' Mount—The Grand Palace—Pictures and Statues—The Endymion—The Odin—Royal Chapel—Romish resemblances—The Churches—The Communion—Tombs of the Kings of Sweden—Military Hospital—Female House of Correction—Discipline—Occupations—Silk-worms—The Foundling Hospital—its deplorable effects on public morals.

HAVING in the two preceding chapters given the reader a general idea of Stockholm and its population, we shall now introduce him more particularly to some of the most interesting of its "sights." These are far from numerous—fewer, indeed, than in any other capital of the same population.

Among the miscellaneous scenes, that which most amused us was the fish-market, which is held, not on solid land, but on board certain small shapeless boats, floating in great confusion by the quay near one of the bridges. Each boat is divided into wells, respectively filled with carp, bream, pike, perch, or eels, all

swimming about most lustily. Always as we boarded a new boat, the girl in charge raised a huge ladlefull of the more tempting kinds, with as much indifference as if the poor fish were quite habituated to this unwelcome airing. From these boats, the inspector of the market, who speaks English, led us to see some huge wooden machines, of a square shape and pierced with small round holes, which almost block up the archways of the adjoining bridge. Into these structures, it appears, the owners of the small fish-boats all remove the finny inhabitants of their tanks every evening; and after enjoying a good swim over-night in the fresh water, they are recaptured at dawn to be again imprisoned in the sale-boats. As the water under the bridge seldom rises more than two or three feet, even in floods, it never causes any damage to the floating reservoirs, nor to the houses crowded on either shore.

This quay, being that first reached by boats coming up the bay, appears to be a kind of general market-place. Milk and vegetables, which come from a great distance, are also sold here on barges; and some boats are covered with long files of huge jars, full of sour cream and soft cheese. Near these were several ships with cargoes of linen, brought by strangely at-

tired women from Helsingland, to whom all the thrifty housewives of the capital were flocking to get bargains.

Across the river from the quay stands *Möse-backe,* "Moses' Mount," which, forming the finest point of the Södermalm, commands one of the loveliest views of this lovely city; there is no point more favourable for distinguishing its real position and that of its islands. Those who care not for magnificent views will here find a terrace, hanging, as it were, over the city, on the brow of a rock, in a garden where skittles (and beer and brandy, which usually keep company with skittles) attract all the idle apprentices of the city. Nowhere does the square solid proportions of the palace, rising in grandeur over its subject mansions, appear to greater advantage than from this point. A walk on the same hill, but in the opposite direction, also made us acquainted with long quiet streets of whose existence we had previously no idea. After traversing many of them, we at length reached a kind of city solitude—a rocky wilderness in the midst of houses; and from some of the grey bare peaks looking into the people's gardens, we enjoyed a view of the city more striking and varied perhaps than any we had yet fallen upon.

The Grand Palace, already so often mentioned, is of course one of the principal objects of interest to a stranger. Nearly an hundred years have passed since it was completed (it was chiefly built by Charles XI. and terminated in 1755); but the climate of Sweden being more merciful to the architect than that of England, it looks newer even than Buckingham Palace. The architecture is beautifully simple, imposing more by its great proportions than its details. The lower part is of polished granite, and the upper of brick covered with cement. It forms a vast square, with an open quadrangle in the centre; but to describe its various divisions would weary the reader, who will be enabled to form a sufficient idea of its extent from the fact that it accommodates all the members of the royal family, with their physicians and attendants of every description, besides affording quarters for a considerable body of troops, and apartments even for royal visitors.

The terrace of the palace, overlooking the principal quay, supports a well-kept flower-garden, the wall of which is adorned with vases full of rare and showy flowers, which, rising among the naked masts of the harbour and the arid masonry of the quays, afford a delightful

relief to the eye. The river at this point, as indeed every where, presents a most animated and lovely sight. Dense masses of shipping close at hand, with gay boats continually passing to the Djurgarten—and, in the distance, the broader part of the bay varied with groups of ships in full sail, entering with rich cargoes, or seeking their way to the sea—form a view such as few palaces command.

The Picture Gallery of the palace is worthy of a higher reputation than has ever been assigned to it. Though it cannot be placed among the great galleries of Europe, and is on the whole but indifferently kept, yet it contains not a few most valuable pictures. We were particularly struck with two exquisite Raphaels, one of which is a perfect gem; there are also an excellent Teniers, a Paul Potter, and several Ostades, all worthy of their masters' names. Some apartments on the ground floor are devoted to objects of statuary, among which the Endymion, a celebrated antique brought by Gustavus III. from the villa Adriana, ranks the highest; it is of more than natural size, but so exquisitely finished, and in such good preservation, that it may rank with the finest trophies left in Italy itself. A series of the Muses, and another of the Roman Emperors,

are worthy of their fame. The gallery is far from rich in modern works of sculpture, but amongst them we were greatly struck with Professor Egerstrom's allegorical statue of "Odin," which displays all the attributes of the Scandinavian deity, most poetically combined and admirably executed.

The library in the palace contains a well-arranged collection of 40,000 volumes in the various departments of literature. Like every other public place in Sweden, the palace also contains an old clothes gallery, of kings' jerkins, princesses' night-garments, &c., but we had not the good taste to pay our respects to the invaluable relics.

The royal chapel, which we attended on the Sabbath, is among the handsomest of any palace in Europe. The pulpit and altar blaze with gilding, as well as the lofty ceiling. The seats, ranged on either side of a long central passage, rise gradually back till they reach the level of a fine organ placed over the entrance; and at the further end are the royal pews surrounded by glass. The congregation, which was very numerous, was exceedingly devout. The clergyman at the altar shone in robes of dazzling splendour, with a huge silver cross embroidered on the back. The service, with its many forms

and changes, also appeared to savour greatly of the Romish ritual. In fact, a stranger in a Swedish church of the highest dignity, so far as mere externals are concerned, is greatly puzzled to tell whether he is in an assembly of Protestants or of Roman Catholics.

This difficulty of deciding what church the forms of the Swedish service belong to, was not diminished the following Sabbath, when we visited the great cathedral (St. Nicholas) in which the kings of Sweden are crowned. It is a spacious edifice, of old date, abounding in lofty pillars and long aisles. Its principal ornaments are a large painting of the Crucifixion, and one of the Last Judgment, both of considerable merit—an altar backed with ebony, so as to throw out, with great effect, the well burnished silver of the candlesticks and other ornaments—an organ of great size and power—and on the same level with it, a huge piece of wooden sculpture, representing St. George slaying the dragon. This strange performance is an object of great admiration among the people, many of whom were mounting the adjoining steps to get a better view of it. When the first part of the service was over, the audience engaged in the solemn ceremony of celebrating the last supper, and here, of course, the Romish

resemblances were at an end. Two clergymen stood within the wide semicircular railing which surrounds the altar, one in splendid figured robes, the other in a plain black gown. When the former had pronounced a short exhortation, a certain number of the congregation came forward with great decorum, and knelt down at the railing; when all were ranged, he walked slowly from one to another, giving each, as he came opposite to him, the consecrated bread, and at the same time uttering a few words, while the other clergyman followed with the cup and raised it in succession to the lips of each communicant. When these retired, another division came forward; and it was edifying to remark the devout aspect of the whole crowd during this part of the service. We were much struck with the large proportion of *men* among the communicants; in most countries of the continent (meaning Roman Catholic countries), generally none but *women* are to be seen in the churches on any occasion.

The church of St. Catherine, a large white structure near Mösebaka, is worthy of a visit, were it only for the beautiful views obtained from its neighbourhood. It is surrounded by a crowded burial-ground, the gravestones of which, lying nearly as flat and as close as a

street pavement, present a singular appearance from being all composed of the stone already spoken of, covered with petrified eels, and many other kinds of fish. Though it was Sabbath, several women were seated among the graves selling gingerbread, &c. Indeed from what was stated at a former page, the reader will not be surprised to learn, that here "the Sabbath shines no day of rest." Toward evening in particular the park is a scene of more than usual festivity: dancing, theatres, and other amusements are carried on the whole night through.

The most interesting of the sacred edifices of Stockholm is that known as the *Riddarholm Church*, which, though far from beautiful as a piece of architecture, is greatly revered from its historical associations. In it are preserved the military trophies won by the Swedes in foreign war, and in it rest the remains of Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII, Gustavus III, with many kings and queens of minor fame. Some are laid in large stone sarcophagi in the side chapels, and others in less substantial repositories in the vaults below. To these we descended, and listened to the lesson of humility preached by the crumbling bones of royalty. Here young and old, the dead-born and those

who long wielded the sceptre, are laid side by side in indiscriminate decay, all of royal blood, but, except vain trappings, presenting nothing now to distinguish them from vulgar dust.

Until the preceding year, this church contained nearly five thousand banners, the proud and effective memorials of Swedish triumphs in Germany and other lands. These have now been removed in consequence of the conflagration, which destroyed the spire and greatly damaged the body of the church, on the 28th of July, 1835. The top of the spire having been struck by lightning, smoke was seen issuing from it several days before the flames burst forth. Meantime, many attempts were made to save the lofty pile, but no way could be found of reaching such an elevation. One individual proposed to build scaffolding, and *saw off* the top of the spire (for it was of wood), and thus prevent the flames from spreading to the roof of the church ; the king, who was sent for to the country, suggested that it should be *shot off* with cannon ; but to neither of these schemes would the city authorities consent, and the spire was completely destroyed. Inside, however, little was injured beyond the organ ; but every moveable ornament having been removed, in the alarm, from the pillars, it now

looks very desolate, with a smoked roof, and nothing but a few tattered escutcheons on the walls. The architecture is very plain: the floor, in fact, is the most interesting part of it, for it is composed of slabs opening into the tombs of the oldest families, and consequently displaying not a few historical names, and especially those of the Thirty Years' War. It is no longer allowed to inter here.

Next to the Churches, the Hospitals and Prisons occupied the greatest share of our attention. In many respects these are greatly improved, compared with what they formerly were. The *Military Hospital*, which stands on the Kongsholmon, one of the more remote islands, is a perfect model. We do not recollect any hospital in Europe to be placed above it. [We had not yet visited Russia.] It has been recently built at a great expence, and from the handsome style of the architecture, it forms one of the finest structures in the capital. The passages are very wide, the wards lofty and well aired; the bedding is extremely clean, the food generous, and the comfort and convenience of the patients provided for on the most liberal scale. The arrangements on the ground floor for baths, kitchen, apothecary's and surgeon's rooms, &c., are most complete.

There is an ample garden for convalescents, together with a summer hospital; and a long range of warm and cold baths stands between the principal building and the shore. On expressing our surprise at the liberality displayed in supporting this institution, compared with the parsimony in the management of others which we had visited, we were told that the superiority of this establishment arises from the partiality of the Crown Prince for the army. His principal physician being at the head of this hospital, nothing is withheld from it that money can procure. There were 170 patients in the house; some of the divisions, especially the fracture ward and another, contained several frightful cases.

The same degree of praise cannot be extended to the *Public Hospital*, founded by Gustavus III. Though a large, and on the whole commodious, building, its vast wards appeared to be greatly overcrowded and badly ventilated. We have little doubt, however, that many improvements will be introduced under the superintendence of the courteous and talented Professor Eckström, for whom a house is now being built close beside, with the view of enabling him to devote more of his time to this important establishment. The lecture-halls

and dissecting-rooms of the medical school are connected with this hospital.

Among the Prisons, the first which we visited was the *Female House of Correction*, an extensive and on the whole a well-conducted establishment. It is built of brick, well whitewashed, and in most places two or more stories high, forming a complete square, with a large yard in the centre. The matron, or governess, a very mild and humane person, made the rounds with us herself; for male keepers are scarcely ever employed in it. There were in all two hundred and eighty prisoners, of whom no fewer than thirty-eight, huddled together in two small rooms, were condemned for life; nearly all of them had been convicted of the too frequent crime of child-murder. If they conduct themselves well, the sentence for life is relaxed; most of them, in fact, are liberated at the end of five or six years.

The frequency of minor offences, unfortunately, is so great, that the building is much too small for the numbers constantly sent to it. In one room, not of very large dimensions, we found no less than eighty at work, all of whom sleep in the same locality. There was great order and cleanliness, however, in every corner. In general the inmates are very easily managed.

All, except those condemned for the greater offences, may be liberated at any time, if a respectable person becomes security for them, or consents to take them into service. We saw one woman who was here of her own accord; not being able to obtain a situation, she thought it more safe to be in prison than to be exposed in a city where she was a stranger. A dark cell and spare diet constitute the only punishment ever resorted to in this prison; of the very few whom we saw confined in this way, none had been guilty of any greater breach of rules than quarrelling with their companions. The occupations of the prison are spinning and weaving on small looms for the manufacturers; some make straw hats, sailors' clothes, &c. In two of the lower rooms a few young women were employed in tending silk-worms, which we did not expect to meet so far north: they appear to thrive very well, and consume about sixty pounds of mulberry leaves each day. There is often great difficulty in procuring food for these industrious strangers. The year before our visit they were fed with leaves which, from the description, must have been some kind of *scorzonera*, which they consumed with avidity all the season; but, strange to say, they would not so much as taste them the year we were there.

Not far from the institution now described, stands the Prison for Untried Criminals, a ruinous-looking structure of red brick, with strongly grated windows, but altogether in such a state that English prisoners would make their way out of it in a single night. We can only speak of the outside, however; for after the gate was opened to us, it was deemed advisable, from the insecurity of the place, not to let us see the cells. Groups of hideous men were at every window, hooting and mocking as we entered the court.

The *Foundling Hospital* is an immense edifice, accommodating many hundred children and their attendants. So far as concerns the mere nursing and physical training of the children, it is a most beneficent institution; but we only repeat the words of all we spoke with, when we add, that its effects on the general morals of the people are most pernicious. Every one knows that the number of illegitimate children in Stockholm is immense, the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births being as one to three, which is nearly double that of London or Paris. But we did not long wonder at this melancholy state of things when we were informed of the system of this hospital: for who can be surprised that illegitimate chil-

dren are numerous in a city containing an institution in which a child may be nursed, educated, and apprenticed out for a single payment of a few pounds sterling! which exonerates the father from all the duties, and, as may easily be supposed, all the feelings of paternity.

The facile rules of this institution, in fact, solve a problem which all must approach with pain. The Swedes are not by nature more immoral or licentious than other nations; but temptation, we might say encouragement, in the indulgence of passion, makes them appear to be so. Illegitimate children will always be numerous, where the maintenance of them costs next to nothing, and where to be the parent of such brings no shame. The government, in fact, like that of Russia, may be said to hold out a premium to immorality. Its argument is, "Let us have subjects — men — numbers—at any price. Let morals thrive or decline as they may—let poor woman be the prey of lawless appetite—consign her to remorse to misery, to shame—

'Go weep, go weep, ye fond maidens;
Go weep, go weep, ye mothers young!'—

What matters it to the state who are the victims — what tears are shed in secret — what

hands are imbrued in blood! For without these the state would want men, who are its sinews—hands, which are its weapons; and provided these are raised in any way, it cares not how they come."

Strange policy! unhappy logic! which purchases national strength by individual misery.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN EVENING IN THE ROYAL CAMP.

Illustrious Strangers—Fine appearance of the Soldiers—Their Farms—Handsome Uniforms—The King—Enthusiasm of the People—The Queen—Her Father Clary—Her early Friend—Duchess of Leuchtenberg—Princess of Hohenzollern-Hechingen—Princess Theodolinda—Duke Maximilian of Leuchtenberg—The Crown Prince Oscar and his Princess—Their Family—The Crowd—Cooking Scenes.

We had been so much delighted with our visit to the camp, described at a preceding page, that we did not fail to pay it a second visit on the evening when the annual manœuvres were to close with a grand parade and review in honour of the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, better known as the wife of Prince Eugène Beauharnais and sister of the King of Bavaria. This amiable princess was now on a visit to her daughter the Crown Princess of Sweden, accompanied by another married daughter, the Princess of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, and an unmarried one, the Princess Theodolinda, as well as by her gallant and fortunate son Prince

Maximilian of Leuchtenberg (now son-in-law to the Emperor of Russia). The presence of so many distinguished guests made the court of Stockholm more than usually gay, and led every one to expect, on this occasion, a military spectacle of the greatest splendour.

Nor was public expectation disappointed. At six o'clock in the evening the whole of the twelve thousand troops were assembled on the extensive and finely varied turf of the further park. They were at first drawn up in two long lines, but after these were inspected by the king, the various corps went through certain evolutions of which it is needless to offer a minute account. Without professing to be able to give a soldier's judgment of this military scene, we may be allowed to state that we have seldom witnessed a more splendid or a more gratifying spectacle. The troops were in the highest order; the Swedes, in fact, are by far the most hardy-looking soldiers to be seen on the Continent. They are not beardless youths like the Prussians, but *men*, and fit to brave any danger in a good cause. What a contrast with the Danish soldiers! The easy round-about men seen in Copenhagen, would excite a smile if seen side by side with these handsome fellows, who may not march so stiff nor look so like

machines as the Germans or Russians, but in every other respect are far superior even to those boasted legions.

The Swedish Guards, in particular, we should rank among the finest men we have ever seen; their uniform is plain but handsome, consisting of white trowsers, a dark blue coat with scarlet breasts, and a high feathered cap, like our old Forty-second one. Not only of the guards, but of all the troops, we should say, that as in strength and figure, so in features also, they have decidedly the superiority over the great armies of the Continent. This superiority would not have struck us had it been confined to the officers, but even in the ranks might be seen many faces which would have matched with the best of Europe. All the French, many of the Austrian, and in particular the Russian soldiers, in the ranks, have always struck us as decidedly "ugly" men; here, on the contrary, the large majority are good-looking. The officers have a far more *comfortable* look than is generally to be seen among foreigners. Their uniforms too are full and handsomely made—not clipped and buttoned as if to stint broadcloth and conceal dirty linen; while their open healthy faces tell of good fare, or at least of something better than coffee and black bread.

A few of the majors certainly look as if they did not always shun the service of Bacchus; but, on the whole, it is rare to see amongst officers of any rank one with a dissipated or bloated look.

The honest, well-fed aspect of the common soldiers may, in a great measure, be attributed to their mode of life. They do not live in close quarters the whole year round, exposed to the fatal effects of each other's bad example, and to all the evil habits of the barrack and the city; most of them, on the contrary, are living on their farms at home, and, except for the weekly drill, never assemble together above one month at a time in the whole year. Every man in this branch of the national force, officers as well as privates, occupies a farm, of a certain description, during the period of his service. To understand this system fully, it must be borne in mind that the whole of Sweden is divided into military districts or provinces, each of which is bound to contribute a certain number of men to this branch of the national force. Each holder of as much crown land as forms what is called a *hemman*, is bound to provide a man, to whom he assigns a *croft* of land, with a cottage, cow-house, and barn, and an annual money allowance of about £1. 8*s*., one suit of rough clothes, and two pair of shoes. The croft is cultivated by the

soldier himself while at home, but during his absence on service, with the army at the annual reviews, or on any government employment, it is cultivated by the landholder for behoof of the family. When the soldier dies, his widow and children transfer the house, &c. to his successor, whom the landholder, under a considerable penalty, is bound to provide within three months. To furnish a cavalry soldier with his horse, &c., two or three *hemmans* are united; but both in regard to cavalry and infantry, the provinces are divided in such a manner that the colonel of each regiment shall have his farm (also provided in the way just explained) as nearly as possible in the centre of the whole regiment; a captain in the centre of his company, and so down, through the lowest non-commissioned officers. The farms occupied by officers are large and valuable. The landholders are bound to transport the men, with their baggage, to the annual reviews, and to allow them so much a-day for their expenses. Government furnishes the uniforms, and in time of war gives the men a higher pay, which is afterwards raised from the landholders. In time of peace, these soldiers are turned to excellent account, by employing them on roads and other public works; and, when not required for these purposes, they are

bound to labour for the respective landowners, at the current rate of daily wages. The number of officers in this corps, as, indeed, in the whole of the Swedish army, is unusually small, there being only one officer to about every forty men, while in France and Austria there is an officer to every twelve.

No man can be received as a soldier without a certificate of good character from his clergyman, and the very *look* of the men in the ranks tells that they are of better character than soldiers generally are; they do not look like needy reckless desperadoes, but like men who have something of *their own* to defend. Each regiment being raised in a particular province, and being called by the name of that province, there is also a kind of pride of home amongst the men, which induces them to refrain from doing any thing that might disgrace their native district: a feeling similar to that which, it is well known, wrought such wonders in some of the regiments of Scottish Highlanders during the late war. In fact, after witnessing these reviews, we were no longer surprised that Gustavus Adolphus should have achieved such wonders with his small army. Exclusive of occasional reinforcements, the whole amount of the force which he led across the Baltic did not ex-

ceed ten thousand men. What other troops so few in numbers, even if aided by the brave Germans, could have behaved like the Swedes?

The troops now spoken of, in all about thirty thousand strong, are called the *Indelta*, and though we cannot correctly term them either yeomanry or militia (of which latter, it will be seen below, there is a numerous body in Sweden), yet they partake more of the character of a militia than of a regular army. In addition to these, however, there is a standing corps for garrison service, and especially for the protection of the strong citadel of Wanas, in the interior. This body which, including the artillery, &c. is about nine thousand strong, is not nearly so respectably composed as the force just described. The men are enlisted from characters of all descriptions, and often not the best.

The farm system, which we have said in some measure accounts for the healthy looks of the majority of the Swedish troops, leaves them in a much better state of discipline than we should have expected. Their high discipline, however, was accounted for when we were told that the soldiers of each parish meet for exercise every Sunday after service. During spring they assemble weekly in larger numbers; after harvest, or in summer, when little field work is

going on, the companies are also assembled separately for two or three weeks in their annual encampment; and, finally, a general review of the whole regiment is held every three years. Their appearance on the present occasion, therefore, was most correct and soldierlike. This impression was, doubtless, aided by their very judicious and effective uniforms. The magnificent uniforms of the cavalry regiments would alone have given splendour to the pageant: the uniform worn by one small body is beyond all question the most gallant and knightly now remaining in Europe; one of its principal parts consists of a jacket of light blue, covered with showy braiding, hanging loose from the shoulder with truly picturesque effect. The hussars also made a fine show, as well as the regiment of the Crown Prince, and the Norwegian Jäger corps. The horses are all good, and well trained, but especially the heavy dragoons, a corps composed of splendid and powerful blacks, and forming the only regiment we have seen that can be compared with our own cavalry. The splendour of the king's cortége was dazzling beyond description, being composed of officers chosen from every regiment in Sweden, each consequently in a uniform different from that of his neighbour. His majesty

was closely attended by his favourite, the gallant Count Brahe, commander-in-chief of the army, and probably the handsomest man of all this handsome array.

The festivities concluded with a grand ball in Prince Oscar's pavilion, which was splendidly fitted up for the occasion, and continued crowded till two in the morning,

As this was the occasion on which we had the best opportunity of seeing his majesty, we may be allowed to state the impression which he produced upon us. It is not every day that we have an opportunity of seeing a man who has been ten years a common soldier, and twenty years a king: and we confess that our curiosity in regard to Bernadotte was in full proportion to the rarity of such a phenomenon. Though now in his seventy-second year, he looks as hale and vigorous as most men at sixty-five. Judging by the more common portraits, which give him a very singular expression of face, we did not expect to find him a person of such agreeable looks. His face is round, full, and good-humoured; the centre somewhat prominent, but not nearly to such an extent as to injure the expression. In fact, he is fully as good-looking as the portrait prefixed to this volume makes him; which while it has the merit of being the only good

likeness ever taken of him, is at the same time a most unflattering one. His majesty's smile is extremely fascinating, and has nothing of the constrained grin which monarchs and great men are often forced to acquire. In person he is large and well built, with a figure still full and manly, which appeared to great advantage in a plain hussar uniform with the broad green sash of the Seraphim across his breast. He galloped about with all the ease of a youth proud of his first steed; but it is only reasonable to suppose that the loyal shouts of the troops and the people made him more than usually animated on this occasion. Always, as he came to a new division, a loud, long, and honest *hurra, hurra, hurra!* rang from end to end of the file. It was evidently no purchased homage—it came from the heart; and the same was evident in the shouts of the crowd. Not one remained silent when he approached any point where he had not previously been, and all doffed their hats when he was in front of them. His exertions in acknowledging these greetings constituted the most toilsome part of his evening's work. At times, the multitude, in their eagerness to be near him, pressed so closely on his cortége that there was great danger of accident, especially as he rode very fast the whole

time. All being in good humour, and there being no rude forcing back of the people anxious to see their king, everything passed over without accident.

When the principal evolutions were completed, his majesty took his station in the centre of the field. His son, the crown prince, Oscar, now placed himself at the head of the troops, and led them past in gallant style, the king remaining stationary till all had defiled before him. The prince is one of the handsomest men we have ever seen. He is now thirty-six years of age. His figure is extremely light and graceful. He has a black and glancing eye, and dark features, set off to advantage by his moustachoes *à la Henri*, also as black as jet. He wore a dark green uniform, without ornament of any kind. His manners appear to be frank and winning, and his whole bearing easy and soldierlike. When the display was drawing to a close he rode about from regiment to regiment, speaking familiarly with the officers, and congratulating all on the gallant appearance they had made.

Nor can we omit to make particular mention of the Queen, who, of course, was also present at this festivity.

There are few commercial cities can boast of having seen the two daughters of one of its

citizens raised to be queens; yet this can Marseilles do: for the Queen of Sweden and her sister, wife of Joseph Bonaparte, king of Spain, were daughters of the wealthy Clary, long known among the most distinguished merchants of that great sea-port. If fame speak true, Eugenia Clary narrowly escaped even higher honours: it is said that her hand was sued for by Napoleon, in the days when his sword was his only kingdom, and that he was rejected in consequence of her father having destined her for General Duphot, who was afterwards assassinated at Rome. Fortune, it appears, reserved her for a happier destiny than either of these alliances would have procured. It should be stated to her honour, however, that, as a queen, she has never shewn herself unmindful of her origin. A rich banker in Stockholm, the well-known Mr. Arfvedson, who was in her young days an inmate of her father's house, is still honoured with much of her friendship. It has been said, that at one time a feeling more tender than that of mere friendship existed between them. But they parted. Days now passed away, and years. Meantime the strange drama, which was so long played on the mighty stage of Europe, was in progress. Kings rose and fell—sceptres were transferred from hand

to hand, with rapidity more reckless than that of the mimic scene; till, in one of the shiftings of the hour, the wife of a French general found herself on the steps of a throne; for when she and her humble friend again met she had come to his native city almost as a queen. So far from overlooking him, however, both Bernadotte and his spouse had the good taste to take great notice of him, and they have ever since continued on the most intimate terms. The queen always opened the New-year's-day Ball annually given to the royal family by the merchants of Stockholm, by dancing with her early friend.

Her majesty being now fifty-five years of age, we must not find fault with her for being less beautiful than the young princesses around her. She drove up in a dashing equipage, drawn by six black horses, which were conducted by pages in most gorgeous livery; behind the carriage were exalted a couple of attendants in silver-laced short frocks, white satin nether garments, and white-ribboned shoes, all of the style of the olden time, and too amazing for language to describe. Opposite to her majesty sat the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, now in her forty-eighth year, but still very beautiful and very fascinating. Her features have a particularly soft expression; for want of a more defi-

nite term, we must describe them as very *English* in their character; which, as all the world knows, is the term employed by an Englishman when he means to be very complimentary. The same expression prevails in the features of her beautiful daughter, the Princess of Hohenzollern Hechingen, who has the sweetest smile and most engaging salute in the world. All the princely ladies had enough to do in bowing to the gallant shouts of the multitude; but this princess in particular had hard work to acknowledge all the homage paid to her charms. Her sister, the Princess Theodolinda, appears to be in delicate health. Their brother, Prince Maximilian, is said to be very like his father: but we did not recognize any of what portraits give as having been the features of the knightly Beauharnais.

The Crown Princess of Sweden is one of the most elegant-looking women we have ever seen. Her beauty is such that we could not refuse our assent to the opinion which has been given by high judges, that she and her husband, Prince Oscar, are the handsomest royal pair in Europe. She is now in her twenty-ninth year. They were affianced when she was sixteen, and married three years after. The prince's choice of a bride was very popular;

as heir to a throne he might have sued for the hand of the proudest in Europe, but he had the good taste to prefer the daughter of his father's companion in arms to every other. Their family is very numerous, two having sometimes been born in one year. A cluster of their children sat in a separate carriage, kept in awe by a grave tutor and governess; they are blythe, frank, healthy imps, apparently much liked by the people. The boys were in blue caps and jackets, the uniform of some regiment; but they were not dressed to look like apes, as nursery warriors generally are. The eldest son, the Duke of Scania, to conciliate the people across the border, is always attended by a Norwegian preceptor.

In the excess of our admiration of all these royal personages, we have been forgetting the vulgar crowd. Without them the scene would not have been what it was—namely, one of the most animated that could be imagined. The wide plain was covered from side to side, and every height, especially that on which the prince's pavilion stood, crowded to the summit. The great bulk of the population of Stockholm must have been present; yet among all these thousands there was not a ragged nor a meanly dressed person to be seen. The look of comfort

among the people was much more general than we had expected. The number of beautiful women was beyond reckoning—tall and elegant figures were to be seen in every group.

When the review was over, the people mingled more freely among the soldiers, who at last marched toward their tents, only a few hundred yards off, in high spirits. In the excess of their joy, some of the regiments, on their way back, burst out into loud shouts every few minutes; while, at a short distance from them, other regiments might be seen keeping time as they marched to the words of a national air, in which every voice joined with great precision. Rare scenes of roasting and boiling were now going on among the rocks behind the tents, where the wives of the soldiers were toiling over pots and pans, placed on huge fires among a few rough stones, as hard as their husbands had just been doing in the field. The most savoury smells now filled the air as widely as the music had done half an hour before; and we doubt not, ere midnight arrived, many a loyal glass was quaffed to the health of the good king who provided the feast.

The review, which, as we have said, began at six, was not over till ten; and though the time of the day selected for holding it may appear

unusual, the evening is surely much more suitable for such an exhibition than the broiling heat of noon. The weather was most propitious. Indeed, it is a proverb here, that *the weather is sure to be fine whenever the king has anything to do.* When a ride or walk is proposed, it is no unusual thing to hear the hesitating members of the party silenced in their objections about the weather, by the words, "There is no fear—the king is going out to-night."

CHAPTER XV.

CHARACTER AND POPULARITY OF THE KING OF SWEDEN.

The Early History of Bernadotte—More marvellous than romance—Objections regarding his Conduct to Napoleon—His Change of Religion—Public Conduct—The Exiled Family completely forgotten—Their Intrigues and History—Colonel Gustavson—Bernadotte's Private Conduct—His Liberality—Respect for the National Feelings—Anecdotes—The Poet-Bishops—The Ennobled Bridegroom, &c.

THE fact mentioned at the close of last chapter justifies us in asserting, that in small, as in great things, Bernadotte is still the favourite of fortune. Will his star continue to shine as benignantly to the end? If he go on making the same moderate use of his powers, he may leave to the world another confirmation of the truth, that good fortune, to be permanent, must be aided by prudence and moderation on the favourite's part; for without these, the fortunate are but raised to eminence that they may serve as a warning by their fall.

The history of this soldier-king is wilder

than the wildest romance. Combining in itself all the wonderful characteristics of our own wonderful times, it also realizes what the tales of chivalry only imagined. By nothing is its marvels better shown, than by selecting a few of its more memorable epochs:—In 1764, born in a station which precluded him from the necessity of taking up arms for bread, for his parents, influential citizens and members of the bar of Pau, in the Bearnais, were in highly respectable circumstances—yet in 1780, from patriotic enthusiasm, entering the army as a private soldier—in 1789, still a simple serjeant—in 1793, no longer in the ranks, but, having distinguished himself in almost every engagement so highly as to merit rapid promotion, a general of division under Kleber—in 1794 carrying off a large share of the honours of Fleurus—in 1796 leading the French across the Rhine—in 1804 a Marshal of France—in 1805 taking a distinguished part in the glories of Austerlitz, where he held the centre, and for his conduct is made Prince of Ponte-Corvo—in 1808 gaining a good name where so many had lost it, by his judicious and temperate conduct at Hamburg, and in the northern provinces of Germany—in 1809, though in broken health, taking the command in the too celebrated affair of Wal-

cheren—in 1810 chosen by the gallant Swedes, to whom he was known only by his well-earned fame for valour and moderation, to govern them by his wisdom, and protect them by his sword —in that same year received by them with rapture as the adopted son of their king—in 1818 ascending the throne as their independent sovereign—and now, in 1836, still hailed by that people, as we have just seen, with rapture as ardent as that which greeted him on first landing amongst them, twenty-six years before. Such are some of the more striking events in this monarch's history; but of all its marvellous facts none is more marvellous than that last alluded to —that he has retained his popularity as warm as at first. Other men have been raised to thrones by the voice of the people, but how few have kept their favour. They have lost popularity, not because the people, the crowd, are fickle and unjust—for where their interests are involved, though they may waver for a moment, nations are in the end just to their benefactors—but because they have broken faith with those who exalted them. Bernadotte has retained the affection of the people simply by *keeping his word.* He vowed that their rights should in his hands be sacred; that he should never encroach on privileges gained at the expense of much

blood; and that this was no empty pledge, the whole of his conduct has proved. From first to last his sole aim has been to realize the beautiful inscription on his coins, which, unlike many royal mottos, is not an empty boast—*Folket's Kærlik min Lohnin*, "My people's love is my reward."

Nor are his merits solely of this negative kind. He has not only not impaired the privileges of his people, but has extended them. Under him, also, the country has been raised to a degree of influence and prosperity to which she had long been a stranger. Look to Sweden as she was and as she now is—no longer a disregarded uninfluential power, but gradually returning to the high rank which she once enjoyed among the nations. Commerce extended—manufactures multiplied—agriculture ameliorated — resources husbanded — popular education cared for—banks established—canals completed —roads formed—benevolent institutions founded—reforms introduced—abuses checked: these are titles to national gratitude too numerous and too strong to be overlooked by a people so intelligent as the Swedes.

In stating that the king is still very popular, we do not speak merely from what we ourselves saw; for passing strangers may easily be im-

posed on by the natural ebullition of a popular show; but we are repeating the sentiments of every thinking man with whom we conversed. That Bernadotte and his dynasty are most firmly rooted in the hearts of the nation, is the opinion even of foreigners who have no interest in sporting loyalty. A shrewd observant Englishman who has been many years in Sweden, and has mixed freely with all classes from the highest to the lowest, assured us that there cannot be the smallest doubt of the stability of the reigning family. No royal family in Europe, he said, is more firmly settled on the throne; and the reason which he gave for this opinion is most conclusive: "The king is beloved by the *people* for the best of all reasons—because he rules with mildness and justice; and by the *higher classes*, because, while he acts courteously to all parties amongst them, he gives exclusive countenance and favour to none. His son is popular because he gives evidence of sincere intention to walk in his steps." If any further proof were wanting of the popularity of the reigning family, and of the confidence reposed in them by the nation, it might be found in the fact that the States have passed a decree authorising Prince Oscar to conduct the government in case of the illness of the king.

Two points connected with the history of Bernadotte may here be briefly referred to, because even now they are sometimes misrepresented in England. The *first* of these is the charge, that in the hour of need he abandoned his benefactor, Napoleon, who had raised him to the throne—a charge which is founded on a gross mis-statement. Napoleon did *not* raise him to the throne. On the contrary, there is sufficient proof to show that when it became known that the Swedes were about to deliberate on the choice of a person to fill the vacancy in the succession occasioned by the death of the Prince of Holstein-Augustenburg, Napoleon wished to influence them in favour of the king of Denmark, and actually knew nothing of his brother-soldier's election till it was announced to him in Paris. In selecting the Prince of Ponte-Corvo, the people were influenced by no foreign power whatever; his high character was his sole recommendation; and even with that character fully before them, the Diet did not decide without two months of anxious deliberation. It therefore follows, that having had no share in raising him so high, Napoleon could have no claim on his devotion. But it is not even true that Bernadotte showed himself unkind to his former emperor only when Fortune began

to forsake him, for he had joined the enemies of Napoleon before the Russian disasters. This was in 1812, when he met the Emperor Alexander at Abo, and laid the foundation of their well-known treaty. He refused to be any longer the vassal of Napoleon, because he had begun to treat him as if he had been one of his puppet-kings, and to trample on the rights of the Swedes, by confiscating their merchant-ships, and keeping faith with them as loosely as if they had been but one of the conquered divisions of Italy or Germany.

The *second* accusation against Bernadotte is, that he showed little steadiness of religious principle when he so readily abandoned the Roman Catholic church in order to qualify himself for a crown. But this also rests on a misapprehension. Though he lived in the forms of the Romish religion, it does not appear that he ever formally adopted its tenets. In fact, he was brought up in the Reformed Faith, and made a public avowal of it in Paris, before he departed for his new country. Even had he been originally a strict Roman Catholic, no blame could attach to him for changing. The man who passes over to any church, Protestant or Popish, on firm conviction, attained after mature inquiry, is far more respectable than he

who lingers in his old creed, doubting its truth, yet fearing to leave it, lest he should become the object of ridicule or misrepresentation. Honour to him who has the courage to become a convert! it requires more nerve than to face an hundred bayonets.

Bernadotte is said to be very wealthy; but he makes a noble use of his large fortune. If he be rich, it is not, assurêdly, by meanness that he has become so; for his hand has ever been open in a good cause. In all parts of his dominions—and he makes a rule of visiting their remotest corners—he has sought out and relieved distress. Even of the nobles, many have to thank him for aid judiciously bestowed; those who had squandered an ancient patrimony, have often been restored to honour and independence by his generosity.

As might be expected, Sweden has not been entirely free from intrigues to restore the exiled dynasty of Vasa. The latest of these was in 1823, when the States adopted measures which appear to have put an end to all attempts of this nature. With the consent (1824) of the surviving members of the family, all the property belonging to them in Sweden was converted into money, which was paid over to them, with the view of cutting off every pretext for

holding communication with individuals residing in the kingdom. So efficient has this measure been, that the very name of the ancient race would appear to have died away in the country where they so long were kings. We did not hear it once repeated in the whole of Sweden.*

The private habits of the present king are said to be, at times, sufficiently amusing. Though always attentive to public business, he indulges in the most "admired disorder" regarding all domestic matters. He dines to-day at one hour—to-morrow, at another; sometimes in

* The history of the exiled family may be told in few words. On the death of Gustavus III., his son, Gustavus IV., displayed much of the high genius which had distinguished nearly every member of the royal line. But, alas! madness, it was soon seen, mingled with his generous, but ill-digested schemes. These symptoms afforded a pretext to his aged uncle, a weak tool in the hands of France, for joining in the conspiracy for dethroning him, and he was proclaimed his successor by the title of Charles XIII. The exiled monarch at first retired to England; but afterwards wandered over the Continent, and finally, assuming the name of Gottorp, settled in Switzerland, where he showed many symptoms of his sad malady, such as repudiating his wife; joining the Moravians; and wishing to marry a lady of that body. Meantime, Charles XIII., with the consent of the nation, adopted the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg as his successor, on whose death, as we have seen, Bernadotte was chosen to be Crown Prince. The exiled sovereign, after many vicissitudes, died as he had lived, and left but one son, known as Colonel Gustavson, who is now high in the service of Austria.

the evening, sometimes not till midnight, and sometimes not at all, to the great discomfiture of cooks and scullions. Night he literally turns into day. Those who read to him often have rosy dawn to light them to their chamber. None who approach him, however, though they may have a fitful task to discharge, have ever said that it is an ungracious one. His manners are so kind to all about him, that every varying humour is cheerfully complied with.

An interview between him and some honest Swedish peasant is said to be highly amusing. The gallant king, with the light-hearted aversion to drudgery characteristic of his countrymen, has never acquired the Swedish language; but what he wants in words he makes up by good-humour and readiness to join in the laugh at his own blunders; and as the honest Swede never doubts that the French he has heard is all very much to the purpose, the parties separate, delighted with each other's amiability. It is one of the King's best qualities, that he is most accessible to all who have wrongs to be redressed; and though the waggish lieges of Stockholm may sometimes indulge in a smile at our "good king's" eccentricities, no one has ever had to accuse him of harshness or injustice. He may have been, at times, exacting, but never un-

grateful—wayward, but never treacherous; and of no man can it be said, as can be said of him, that, after fighting his way from the musket to the sceptre, he has never forgotten a friend, nor shown himself revengeful to an enemy. In short, "take him for all in all," he is worthy of his high fortunes; and is one of the best men that France has ever produced.

It is not a bad sign of the king that he is extremely sensitive under popular censure. We do not insinuate that he is *afraid* of it, but it is well known that any expressions of dissatisfaction—and they have been very rare—annoy him exceedingly. There was an instance of this when the Crown Prince named one of his sons after the Emperor Nicholas: the people, who, as we had many opportunities of learning, most cordially hate the Russians, were so indignant at this harmless compliment to the autocrat, that it was long before they could be brought to forget it.

One of the chief causes of Bernadotte's popularity is the great respect which he has always displayed for the national feelings of the Swedes. He gave an instance of this in the very name which he assumed on becoming their king: in place of retaining his own name, as the founder of a dynasty has usually done, on the

death of Charles XIII. in 1818, he took up the old Swedish name, and was proclaimed as Charles XIV. He has ever since acted in the same spirit, seeking every opportunity of gratifying the tastes of the people. The great names in their history he has ever been the foremost to honour; and every popular predilection or usage not conducive to error, he has eagerly adopted.

So many instances have already been given in these pages, of the pains he has taken to erect or preserve monuments commemorative of national events, in all parts of the country, that it is unnecessary to add more. We may mention, however, that while thus mindful of the dead, he is not forgetful of the living glories of Sweden. Men of genius, in every walk of life, are encouraged and raised to the highest honours. Natives never have to complain that they are thrust aside by foreign favourites. Even literary men—though his majesty is more a worshipper of the sword than of the pen—meet with every encouragement. When any one distinguishes himself by his writings, he has a fair chance for the best things going; and as the church affords the highest prizes, it is usually in it that provision is made for the cultivators of letters. It is not long since Tegner, the first poet in

Sweden, was appointed to one of the wealthiest bishoprics (Wexiö); and we have seen that Aghard, the botanist, has been similarly rewarded. It is not said that these ecclesiastical promotions have always been made with the strictest regard to the qualifications of the individuals for the sacred office, which in some instances have been much more poetical than episcopal. In England, no one would be sorry to hear of honours being bestowed on the author of *Lalla Rookh*, but *Bishop* Moore would sound somewhat strangely in the ears even of his most ardent admirers. Such incongruities, however, are not unknown in Sweden, and their only palliation is, that they are not likely to be ever repeated.

Men of high scientific eminence also receive public honours. Some, whom we met, such as Berzelius, Eckström, &c., besides receiving appointments under the crown, have been raised to the rank of nobility. The delicate manner in which these honours are generally conferred greatly enhances their value. His majesty selects the moment when they can be bestowed in the way most gratifying to the feelings of the party, who often receives them when least expected. An instance of this occurred in the case of Berzelius. This distinguished *savant*,

amid his many scientific labours, at length found leisure to think of the delights of matrimony, and selected for his bride the fair daughter of the estimable Poppius, who had long discharged the duties of a public appointment with zeal and distinction. The marriage day arrived, and the marriage ceremony was performed. While the family festival was going forward, with the most distinguished of their friends and of Stockholm assembled round the paternal board, a messenger arrived from the king. The festivities are interrupted for a moment, but suspense was soon removed by the announcement that he was the bearer of a patent, raising Berzelius—who was previously a nobleman, but not a titled one—to a high dignity in the peerage, accompanied with the most gracious assurances of regard for him and his father-in-law, who thus, in the same day, saw his daughter a bride and a baroness.

CHAPTER XVI.

PARTING WORDS WITH THE SWEDES.

General Character—Amiable, but too fond of Indulgence—Courteous and Kind — Titles — Ceremonial of Addresses, &c.—Knights—Rouged Gentlemen—Character of the Swedes as Legislators contrasted with that of the Norwegians—The Constitution of Sweden—The States—The Nobles—Clergy—Burgesses — Peasants — Proceedings in their Parliament—Their Control over the Revenue, Army, Navy, Education—State of Education, of Literature, and the Church—Literary Men and the Clergy—Literary Lady—Influence of the Clergy with the People—Improvement in popular Morals—Charges of Travellers repelled—Their frank Character illustrated by our parting Scene in the Family of Berzelius—Character and Manner of that great Chemist—Good Night to Sweden, and Adieus to the Reader.

BOTH the bad and the good qualities of the Swedes lie so completely on the surface of their character, that "he who runs may read" them. The former may be summed up in two words—*intemperance*, the vice of the lower classes; and *love of amusement*, the vice of their superiors. Take away his corn-brandy, and the Swedish peasant would be a model of industry and worth; check the great passion for social

pleasures in the better ranks, and there will remain amiable qualities sufficient to entitle them to the very highest place among the nations of Europe.

This love of pleasure among the higher classes leads to the same evil consequences as in other kingdoms: for many families, with fortunes nominally large, are greatly burdened; and others, left with large inheritances, have squandered them entirely in riot.

Even in the middle classes of society the same passion operates to a most fatal extent. The moment a Swedish merchant or manufacturer makes a little money, he begins to think of enjoying his ease. Unlike the Englishman, who perseveres till he has made his small saving a handsome independence, the Swede sits down to live upon it. If he has invented anything which, with a little exertion, might be useful to him and his family after him, he stops half-way; satisfied with a little, he will not take the trouble of making it more. As a natural consequence, foreigners get "a-head" of the natives even on their own ground. This is so notoriously the case that, a few years ago, in the Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures held in one of the palaces, scarcely a single article was brought forward *made by a Swede;* all objects of interest,

new inventions, &c. were sent in by *foreigners* settled in the country.

To balance these bad qualities, however, the Swedes have many good ones. They have uncompromising manliness, high spirit, great generosity. That they possess a remarkable love of order, and, when they chuse to exert them, strong powers of application, is as well known as the fact that to their possession of these qualities Sweden is indebted for the distinction of having given to the world some of the most successful students of the works of nature. They are brave almost to a fault, but totally without the boasting vain-glorious spirit which makes even bravery contemptible. That they love liberty is of itself a virtue, but they deserve the yet higher praise of loving it rationally: for in all their contests, (and they have not been few), they have had a *practical* aim in view; and even in the fiercest moments of popular excitement they have never been transported into those sanguinary excesses which stain the annals of other nations.

If from these public virtues we turn to their private ones, we find the Swedes warm-hearted and affectionate among themselves—strongly animated by all the more amiable feelings of our nature, and indulging them unrestrained in the

domestic sphere where they are best displayed. While thus amiable in their own families, they are open, communicative, and sociable with strangers. In fact, their great frankness and good-breeding, combined with their desire to make foreigners forget that they are strangers, place them among the most agreeable people that the traveller can visit.

The principal pleasures of the social circle are dancing and music. Most young men of good education play the pianoforte or some other instrument, and not a few sing with great taste and science. We were greatly struck with some of their Finnish songs, which, both in style and pronunciation, resemble Italian so closely, that a foreigner can scarcely distinguish one from the other.

The Swedes are very courteous in addressing each other. They have a great love for titles and honorary distinctions; which, in writing particularly, must never be omitted. Hence the superscription of a letter to a nobleman or person in office is a very lengthy affair. We can suppose how an English nobleman would stare on receiving a letter with all his titles and offices sprawling on the back of it; but here, as in Germany, there must be a long string of *High and Mighty-born, Baron of this*, and

President of something else, all set forth with the minuteness of a pedigree. This ceremonial is employed with ladies also. In England, few would think of addressing an untitled lady with more than our old-fashioned *Mrs.*; but here we should have to couple with it some half-dozen of her husband's offices or distinctions.

The honours of some of the various orders of knighthood are also greatly coveted. Of these orders the Swedes have in all five: the Seraphim, the Sword, the North Star, with the order of Vasa, and that of Charles XIII. (which is chiefly confined to freemasons of the higher degree); and though the former of these are pretty freely lavished, it is still considered a high distinction to possess them.

We must not conceal that the Swedish gentlemen are accused of an unpardonable piece of coquetry—that of employing rouge. Some travellers, and amongst others Häring (Willibald Alexis, already named), more than insinuates that this fashion is very general; but not having instituted any experiments on the cheeks of our friends, we are not able to say a single word on the paint controversy. Mr. Häring is too gallant to charge the ladies with any such deceitful practices.

The Swedes, with all their good qualities,

cannot be said to be very tolerant toward those who differ from them in religious matters. The day is gone by when a Roman Catholic would be in danger of becoming a martyr if he showed himself amongst them; but, by the lower classes at least, he would still be looked upon with great horror. If any Swede departs from the Lutheran religion, he loses his civil rights.

Reverting to the social habits of the Swedes, it ought to be stated, that, however much they may be given to conviviality, yet no class amongst them ever carries excess so far as the Norwegians. They are also distinguished by a much greater taste for the fine arts, and by a much greater refinement of manners. In short, they are in every respect a much more *civilized* people than the Norwegians.

If we look, however, to their conduct in public life, we shall find that the Swedes do not rank so high as their sturdy neighbours. The constitution of Sweden is not, like that of Norway, of such recent establishment as to render any minute explanation of it requisite; but it may be briefly stated, that in place of *three* bodies, as in other constitutional governments, the legislature is composed of *four*—*viz.* the nobles, of whom there are 1,100; the representative clergy and professors, from fifty

to eighty in number; a house of representatives of the royal burghs, containing one hundred to two hundred members; and a house of representatives of the peasants or small farmers, consisting of one hundred members. From the smallness of the numbers in some of these bodies, a vote in them is comparatively of much more importance than in the others: a gentleman who has lately been ennobled, told us that his vote is now of little weight compared with what it bore while he was merely a professor.

The votes are given by classes, not by each individual. The nobles are divided into three degrees—the Lords, including all who have the rank of counts and barons, the Knights, or those descended of royal Councillors; and the simple Noblemen: of the whole body, it is seldom that more than three hundred attend the sitting of the States. All the bishops have seats in the house of the clergy, and the rest of the clerical members are sent in certain proportions by the various dioceses. The Citizens' or Burgesses' house is composed of deputies, as well as that of the Peasants, which consists of representatives of the free peasants of the crown exclusively.

Each of these bodies is entitled to propose any legislative measure, but it cannot become law without the consent of the majority of the

four. If there be an equality of votes, two to two, the measure falls to the ground, unless it be one of great consequence, in which case it is again brought in, and entrusted to a committee of the four bodies, so composed that there must be a decision one way or other. The king's veto is effectual against a majority of the four houses; and even when they are unanimous, he has power to reject the bill. The sovereign can propose any bill to the houses; he can also declare war on his own responsibility, and for this purpose a vote of one million of dollars is provisionally granted; but when the expenses exceed that sum, he must have recourse to the States before a war-supply can be raised. The States meet every five years, but the king can summon them on the occurrence of any unforeseen emergency.

The discussions of the Peasants' house are not very dignified, but are said to be highly practical and useful: the voice of this division, therefore, is greatly deferred to in all *country* (rural) matters. We were sorry to find, however, that, on the whole, this fourth estate does not possess a very high character for independence; and it is in this that the Swedes of the lower ranks contrast most unfavourably with the Norwegians. They are said to be very easily

brought over, even to an unpopular measure. Should they show symptoms of becoming very refractory, brandy is called in as a final persuasive: a breakfast is given in the palace, not by the king exactly, or at least he is not present on the occasion, but they are virtually invited by him—cajolery puts on its smoothest tongue, goodly viands are not stinted—and the most refractory depart so greatly mollified, or so completely overpowered by the arguments of the palace, that they withdraw their opposition, and the bill is allowed to pass. Even the members of the other houses, though more independent, do not appear to be well versed in the practical duties of legislators. There is more talk than business in all of them. A shrewd foreigner, who was in Stockholm during the whole of the fifteen months when they were last assembled, assured us that almost *nothing* was done. "The time was spent in brawling and squabbling," was his tautological and uncomplimentary account of them.

It would be unjust to infer however, from these occasional aberrations from the path of legislative dignity, that the States, either in their separate or collective capacity, are notoriously neglectful of their duty to the country. On the contrary, they have laboriously, if not in every

instance efficiently, applied themselves to the reform of the laws, and are gradually introducing most important ameliorations in every branch of the administration. Much, doubtless, still remains to be done in the way of reform; and nothing is more loudly called for than the removal of the present absurd restrictions on the importation of foreign, but especially of English, goods. With the hope that the exclusion of these would operate favourably on home manufactures, the most oppressive duties have been imposed; but even the Swedes themselves now admit that they are great losers by driving away their very best customers. Their iron and timber would be imported in much greater quantities to England, were anything like reciprocity established.

The laws regarding forests, and the export of timber generally, also operate unfavourably for the country; and this holds even more strikingly true of those which regulate the *iron trade.*

These laws of course affect a very numerous class; in fact the *Bruchpatrons*, or mine-proprietors and shareholders, constitute one of the most important bodies in Sweden, and are spread all over the country. It sounds strange, to hear that no iron-master is allowed to make beyond

a certain quantity of iron each year. In order to prevent this rule from being violated, there are three great depôts—Stockholm, Gottenburg, and Oregrund—to one or other of which all the iron made in Sweden must be sent; and if any master or company present more than is allowed by the public board, it is confiscated to the crown. In its origin, this system was dictated by necessity; had it been allowed to work the mines too rapidly, it was feared that, as has been already stated, the supply of wood on which each mine depends would have been soon exhausted. The proprietors might have amassed wealth for a time, but their successors would have been in poverty. The quantity of iron or other metal received from each company, now depends therefore on the quantity of wood allowed to be cut in the neighbourhood by the government survey. These restrictions are also justified on the plea, that they keep the market from being glutted by any sudden irruption, and help to maintain a nearly equable price and demand. But though there be much plausibility in the argument, that it is better to allow moderate and steady profits to the whole body of mine proprietors, than to permit grasping speculators to enrich themselves at the expense of the community, and of their own

descendants, yet these restrictions, like all limitations on national industry, operate so unfavourably, that steps have been taken for modifying them. So long as Sweden was without the dangerous rivalship which the iron mines of Great Britain have latterly raised to her commerce, she could lay down any rules that pleased her; but she now finds her system so impolitic, that a complete reform of all the laws affecting this vital branch of her industry is loudly called for by all parties.

The States exercise a rigid control over the collection and expenditure of the public revenue. The annual income amounts to something more than £1,000,000 sterling; of which about £50,000 are appropriated to the king, and one-third of that sum to the crown prince; £210,000 to the expenses of the royal households; £370,000 to the army, including the artillery, &c.; £180,000 to the navy; £180,000 to the royal senatus and the general government; £50,000 to the judicial and police branches; and £150,000 for extraordinary expenses, including the interest of the public debt, which even in 1819, when the States first seriously applied themselves to its reduction, did not exceed £1,387,520, and has since been so rapidly paid off that it is now very trifling.

The standing army (meaning by that term both the Indelta, or yeomanry, and the garrison corps, above spoken of) is composed as follows:—infantry, 25,409; cavalry, 4,705; artillery, 2,700. There is also a local militia, called the *Beväring*, amounting to 95,518. Instead of assembling once a week for exercise, (which as formerly explained is the case with the regular army) the militia is drawn out only three weeks every year: in it, all between the age of twenty and twenty-five are compelled to serve. There is also a distinct force, of 7,398 men, partaking of the nature of a militia, belonging to Gothland, which they protect without being liable to other service.

The number of sailors in the navy is 23,160, which, added to the numbers first stated, shew the disposable force of the whole kingdom to be 166,397. The principal force of the Swedish navy consists of thirteen ships of the line, fourteen frigates, and upwards of three hundred gun-boats, composing what is called the *Scheeren* fleet—a description of force most admirably adapted for the defence of a rugged coast. Such of their vessels as we saw are in high condition; but as we did not visit Carlscrona, their great naval station, we cannot speak of the great bulk of their marine. The defence of the harbour

of Stockholm is chiefly entrusted to the gun-boats—a service in which the Swedes excel. It should not be forgotten that they now possess also not fewer than twenty-two steam-boats of one kind or other.

Insignificant as these items of the expenditure of Sweden may appear when compared with the expenditure of the greater states of Europe, they are large when contrasted with those of Norway. On an average of several years, the revenue of that country does not exceed £350,000; of which £14,600 are voted in aid of the civil list, and about half that sum to the payment of the interest of the national debt. The military force of Norway, which is quite distinct from that of Sweden, costs very little, as may be inferred when we state that its whole strength does not much exceed 14,000 men, of whom 13,000 are infantry, and 1,100 cavalry. There is also a militia raised in the towns and throughout the interior, into which all between twenty-seven and thirty years of age must enter; and on the sea-coast there is another description of force, as a defence against invasion, in which all seafaring men and inhabitants of sea-ports of a certain age must be enrolled. The naval force of Nor-

way consists of six brigs, nine schooners, and forty or fifty gun-boats.

The States of Sweden have not yet been able to imitate their Norwegian brethren in establishing the publicity of debate: a proposal to throw their own proceedings and those of the supreme courts open to the public was negatived by the king in 1823. One great step in constitutional usages, however, had been made in separating the judicial from the executive power. This was accomplished in 1821; and, ten years later, the king proposed the abolition of his right to preside in the supreme court. The principle of ministerial responsibility has been recognized to a certain extent; the minister at the head of each department being held responsible for its transactions. It should also be stated that a body of each diet, styled the Constitutional Committee, enjoys the important right of examining the records of the cabinet, to discover whether any violation of the constitution has been committed. The system of keeping the public accounts is greatly praised, and a most rigid inspection of them takes place at stated intervals.

Though a wise economy has been enforced wherever it was possible, the States display

great liberality in all matters calculated to promote the public good. The cause of education, in particular, has been most liberally advanced: the sum voted to the Universities of Upsala and Lund, to the Medical School of Stockholm, to the eighteen Gymnasia or high schools in various parts of the kingdom, and to the elementary schools in every town and parish, is nearly £70,000 per annum. The Universities, the Gymnasia, &c. are under the superintendence of the archbishop, the bishops, and the heads of the clergy; and all affairs relating to medicine are controlled by the *Collegium Medicum* of Stockholm. Funds are also set apart for the support of poor students, for purchasing books and instruments, and for enabling men of promise to travel in foreign countries.

But while the measures of the States are thus favourable to the progress of knowledge among the people, the laws affecting the periodical press are still of a very anomalous character. Under a seeming freedom there is, in reality, a great power of tyrannizing over the organs of public opinion. There are in all about fifty daily and weekly journals published in Sweden. Of those which appear at Stockholm, many are conducted with great talent; but they do not appear to exercise any extraordinary degree of

influence over their readers. The *Aftonblad* is, on the whole, the most popular, and maintains its popularity by taking care to insert pretty frequently some article or other which, as is well known beforehand, is sure to be prosecuted by government. In Sweden, as in some other continental countries, a fine or two, provoked at the proper moment, have more effect in keeping up the list of subscribers, than well-written articles and early intelligence.

In regard to general literature, the laws appear to operate with very favourable effect. Swedish literature, in fact, is making rapid progress: all foreigners who have mastered the language speak of it as amply rewarding the labour, which, as stated in our first volume, is not so great as that required in studying many other European languages. As a proof that literature is a popular occupation, and that a taste for it is spreading among the better classes, it may be mentioned that Sweden can now boast of several lady authors of great talent. Among this fair band we rejoiced to hear the name of BREMNER mentioned with great praise; but whether the gifted authoress belongs to the German, the English, or the Scottish branch of that truly illustrious house, we could not distinctly ascertain. Her family has long been

settled in Stockholm, and is highly respectable. Her novels, which are published without her name, especially the *Hvar Tags Lifvet,* are very popular.

If Sweden had in former days but few literary names to boast of, she can at this moment reckon many and brilliant ones. Among these the most illustrious is that of Tegner, whose name is so well known to all who have any acquaintance with foreign literature, that further mention of him here is unnecessary. In Sweden, his poems, especially his *Axel,* are popular from the palace to the cottage; and his *Frithiof's Saga* is sung by all that profess to chaunt a single stave. These works have long been favourably known in all parts of the Continent, through the admirable translations of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, who in this task has shown the same fine taste and deep feeling which characterize every production of his pen. Some of Tegner's works are now made accessible to the English reader in faithful and highly poetical translations.

Among the literary names of Sweden, the clergy hold a high place. Another of the bishops, for instance, Wallin, Bishop of Stockholm, is greatly esteemed as a poet and as a churchman; and Franzen, another poet, also stands high as a clergy-

man. It is said, however, that while the Swedish clergy have done so much to adorn the various branches of secular literature, they have left their country singularly deficient in good specimens of pulpit eloquence. One esteemed poet of Sweden is a native of Germany—Brinkmann; his library is one of the best in the kingdom. Professor Geyer, author of a much admired History of Sweden, now in progress, we believe, also studied for the church: a collection of popular ballads, published by him in conjunction with Afzelius, is highly commended. Of Nikander and Levin we know nothing, except that the *Pique-Dame* of the latter has also been elegantly translated by Fouqué. The names of Dr. Atterbom and Fryxell, both authors of Histories of Sweden, as well as the name of Hammerskiöld, are well known in connection with this rapidly advancing literature.*

From the Universities and literature passing to the church, it may be stated that in Sweden the ecclesiastical establishment requires little direct aid from the state. With the exception of a few congregations in Stockholm, the people are all of the Lutheran church; but the revenues derived from church lands, and from the

* For further notices of these authors, see the *Herbst-Reise*, already quoted.

tithes, are so considerable that the establishment requires no additional funds. The Archbishop of Upsala (the only one in the kingdom) has an income of nearly £2,000 a-year; while of the eleven bishops none have less than £600 a-year each; of the seventy archdeacons and one hundred and ninety-two probsts (deans), the incomes vary from £400 to £700; and of the 3,230 inferior clergy, there are none have less than £120, while many draw as much as £300 of annual income, in addition to their several parsonages and glebe-lands. The affairs of the church, and religion generally, are conducted by the consistory at Stockholm, the president of which is always the first court preacher.

From the amount of the incomes, now stated, the reader will be prepared to hear that the church is often resorted to as a profession by the sons of some of the best families in Sweden. This is a state of things very different from what prevails in other Protestant countries of the Continent, and particularly in Germany, where, now-a-days, no man of family ever becomes a clergyman. One evil resulting from the comparative wealth of the Swedish church is, that the better livings, and some of the bishoprics, have been generally bestowed on candidates more conspicuous for their influence than for their

talents. On the whole, however, there is now no outcry against the church, which, as is well known to all who can go fifty years back in the history of Sweden, was far from being the case in former days. It is not pretended that *no* complaints are made; but such as still continue are less loud, from the prospect that they will be attended to. One of the most obnoxious features of the present system is, that the tithes affect not only old lands but also fall with equal severity on new improvements, and thus check the spirit of improvement. In all parts of the country, it is said, lands are still left waste, which, but for this drawback, would have been improved long ago.

Nor can it be concealed that other reforms, and of another kind, are called for in connection with the church.

Taken individually, the clergy, with few exceptions, are highly educated and of irreproachable character; but in their collective capacity and as instructors of the people, they were until of late by no means efficient. Both in doctrine and discipline great laxity too long prevailed; in fact, to the remissness of the clergy in past days, and their want of religious zeal, must be attributed much of what is most blameworthy in the conduct of the people. A

better spirit fortunately has began to operate in many quarters.

In no country do the clergy possess greater influence over the people, if they choose to exert it; and now many keep a very faithful watch over their flocks. All young people come to read to their clergyman at stated times, that he may be assured of their attendance at school, or supply their want of a schoolmaster. Drunkards, we have seen, are fined, or put in the stocks; and no person is allowed to sign as witness to a deed, to make a bequest, or to give evidence in a court of justice, who has not taken the sacrament. In consequence of this greater diligence, it is said that a favourable change is in progress throughout the whole mass of the population. In Stockholm, as already stated, the standard of morality is still very low; but among the people generally illegitimacy is rapidly on the decline. This fact is put in a very striking light, by the tables in the well-known and admirable statistical work of Carl af Forsell ("*Statistik ofver Sverige grundad pä offentlige Handlingar*"), which show that in the year 1749, the proportion of illegitimate children was as one to thirteen three-tenths, while by returns given for each succeeding period of five years, this proportion has been gradually falling, till in from 1820

to 1825, it came down as low as one to forty-nine.

In admitting that there is still much room for improvement in the morals of the people, we are far from agreeing with those who brand the whole of the Swedes as a profligate and immoral people. From the unsuspicious frankness of their demeanour, ladies even of the higher ranks throw themselves open to misinterpretation on the part of the unthinking stranger, who, because he finds them of easy manners, infers that they must also be of easy virtue. Like Frenchwomen—to whom in many respects, but especially in wit, grace, and ease, they bear a great resemblance—the Swedish ladies have often been accused of levity, by those who forget that as reserve is not always a sign of virtue, nor prudery an invariable proof of perfection; so neither is frankness necessarily the companion of frailty; nor does want of suspicion betray want of innocence. Those who know the Swedes well, assure us that among them are to be found as great correctness of conduct and as much devotion to the domestic duties, as among the female aristocracy of any country of Europe.

That the travellers of former days brought back other reports is not to be denied. But

such tales ought always to be received with distrust: we have never known an instance in which accusations of this nature did not proceed from the vanity or the mendacity of the coxcomb who retails them. He who has much to tell of his irresistible influence with the fair in the lands he has visited, will invariably be found to boast precisely in the inverse rătio of the opportunities which he enjoyed of bĕcoming acquainted with good society. If the matter be inquired into, it will be found that the circle of his female acquaintance was confined to a class whom few would select as specimens either of the virtues or the accomplishments of their countrywomen.

In short, we look upon the Swedes, with all their drawbacks, as a most amiable and estimable people. The general impression which they made upon us was highly favourable: and we are thankful that it was so. It would have weighed like a load upon our hearts through life, had we been compelled to leave Sweden with a bad opinion of its people: the religion and the liberties of Europe owe too much to the countrymen of Gustavus Adolphus to make their character a matter of indifference to any but those who care neither for religion nor for liberty. It is not necessary to add, after avowing these opinions, that the days of our

short stay amongst the Swedes passed swiftly and pleasantly away; but we cannot close this desultory chapter without giving one scene more, illustrative of their frankness and indulgence towards strangers. It is the more worthy of the reader's attention from its introducing him, as it did us, to no less a person than the distinguished Berzelius, the great ornament of science in Sweden; and it forms a not inappropriate conclusion to these pages, from having occurred among the last evenings of our sojourn in Stockholm, just before we embarked for Russia.

Owing to the temporary absence of Berzelius from the capital, we had no opportunity of being presented to him so early as we had wished; hearing, however, that he was on a visit at Kyvinga, the mansion of his father-in-law, the President Poppius, a few miles from the city, we resolved, although there were now many demands on our time, to avail ourselves of the kindness of a friend who had offered to accompany us thither. Embarking on the winding waters about six o'clock in the evening, the Dalecarlian girls soon rowed us past the palace of Haga, to their further extremity a few miles distant. Here we walked through a corner of the forest till we reached the ancient palace of Ulricksdahl, a white and handsome

edifice surrounded by cottages extending to the margin of another lake, or rather an arm of the sea, which here comes stealing up, when we imagined ourselves far away from it. A little boat having been procured with some difficulty, we rowed ourselves across, and disembarked at the garden of the good president, whose shining mansion rises beautifully on the steep edge of these waters. We now found ourselves in a gay and polished party to whom the president and his lady were doing the honours in the garden. Berzelius and the baroness had not returned from their evening drive; but with the aid of French and Walter Scott (to whom we have often before been indebted for making us feel at home under such circumstances) we soon forgot that we were strangers. When Berzelius returned he received us with great cordiality. We were much struck with his appearance—judging by the appearance of some of the German *savans*, we had expected to find him an odd out-of-the-way kind of being; but he is totally devoid of affectation either in dress or manner. Men of eminence in Germany startle the stranger in quite a different way; they may look like men of genius, but would seldom be mistaken for men of sense. Their pale faces, long "unkempt" locks, and antiquated garments af-

ford the most complete contrast to the healthy looks and unaffected bearing of this Swedish rival. In fact, from his dress, ease of manner, and total want of pretension, he might pass in any society in Europe, not for Berzelius the great chemist, but Berzelius the well-bred gentleman. In place of Dr. Faustus' garments, he sports a smart carriage cap, silk vest, and blue coat, very like those of ordinary mortals. He is a well-made, good-looking man, of the middle size, rather stout than otherwise, but with nothing in his appearance to make us suspect that he had gout, and found it necessary to drink chalybeate water. In a visit to Paris, the preceding summer, they had tried to kill him with kindness, but judging by his looks, we should say, he will survive many such assaults; he travels much, and proposed an early visit to Copenhagen.

If his manner be unaffected, his conversation is equally so: it has nothing of *the shop* about it. Not that he shunned—for that in him would have been affectation of the worst kind—all allusion to his own science. Part of the conversation (which was carried on chiefly in English with the aid of an occasional theft from German), turned on *our* eminent scientific men; and nothing could have been more be-

coming than the liberality with which he praised these his worthy fellow-labourers. Faraday, Buckland, Sedgewick, Jameson, all came in for the deserved meed of approbation; but the Wernerians of course did not escape without a gentle pat. When he remarked that their warm attachment to the principles of their school, was in a great measure attributable to their affection for its head, whom his pupils worshipped as a kind of deity, and, therefore, regarded every departure from his lessons as sacrilege — it struck us that the same may soon be said of himself and of his school. His pupils revere him with boundless affection; but they must expect in their turn to be termed "antiquated."

He spoke highly of Thomson, and expressed his regret that they had not met when that distinguished chemist visited Sweden, now many years ago. He said that Britain, was fortunate in possessing many young chemists of great promise, among the highest of whom he particularly named Professor Johnston, of the University of Durham, and formerly of Portobello, near Edinburgh. Graham of Glasgow, was also named with high commendation. In trying to recollect some particular name, he showed himself acquainted with almost every professor

of chemistry in Great Britain; Dr. Forbes, of Aberdeen; Hope, of Edinburgh, &c. With continental chemists of course he was still more at home. Among these, our excellent Schweigger, of Halle, was not forgotten; who, in spite of his dreams, is admitted by all to be the most learned chemist in Europe. From none, however, does Berzelius look for greater things than from the new professor of chemistry at Göttingen, who was a pupil of his own. In fact, he keeps a constant eye on his pupils, both while near him and in after life: through their agency have many of his greatest discoveries been made. Without their assistance it could not have been told of Berzelius, that though now only in his fifty-fifth year (he was born at Lidkopping in 1779), he has in his time advanced *every branch of chemical science*. It has been well said of him that he has done so much, and everything so complete, that it appears incredible how one individual could have done it all. But while labouring himself, he has always kept others in his house, or under his care, in constant application; he has not borrowed from them, but merely kept young men employed on experiments, all of which he superintends with the greatest watchfulness. Though there have been

many hands at work, there has been but one mind and one pair of eyes. "Never," says one of his German panegyrists, "does he confine himself to one fact, but extends his discoveries over the whole field of chemistry, every year surprising the world with some great addition to his former achievements."

Of the young and fascinating Baroness (who also speaks excellent English) we should have still more to say than of her Lord; but it waxes late. Even in Sweden the long evenings of July come to a close. The sky gleams fair above—the lake sleeps soft below—we shall have a beautiful sail home—and so must take leave of our friends, who, late though it be, will enjoy themselves among the trees and flowers for an hour to come.

And now, kind readers, in taking leave of our Swedish friends, we must take leave also of you. We have kept each other company through a long journey—three hundred and fifty miles in Holstein and among the Danish Islands, two hundred and eighty on the west coast of Sweden, four hundred and seventy in Norway, and now again five hundred in the interior and east coast of Sweden—in all, with our various windings, some SIXTEEN HUNDRED

MILES—enough surely to entitle you to repose before being invited to set out with us on our voyage to St. Petersburg, and wanderings in Russia.

I ask but one word in parting: If these pages shall beguile a single heart of its sorrows —if they remove a single ungenerous prejudice from a single breast—if any thought or expression which they contain shall speak to some early but far parted friend, and remind him of other hours—or if they excite even in one reader a wish to visit those regions, that he may judge of them for himself—then shall I rest contented;—happy in the thought, that my humble labours have not been altogether vain.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

OUTLINE OF A RECENT VISIT TO THE LAPLANDERS.

Route from Fredericksværn to Lake Miösen—Thence to Bergen—Travelling on the Fiords—A Scottish "Reel"—Norwegian Dances—Native Cars—Gulbrandsdal—Journey to TRONDJEM—Route to the Camp of the Laplanders—Rein-Deer—Snow.

THE Laplanders have of late been so seldom visited, that the travelling world will feel grateful for the following brief but animated sketch of a visit to their nearest encampment.

The tour, of which the following is a fragment, was made in 1835, by three gentlemen, members of some of the most distinguished of our noble families. The ground which they traversed is of the most interesting description, and loses none of its attractions in this light sketch, for the communication of which I am under very deep obligation. The first part of the route which they pursued—through the north of Germany, Denmark, and Sweden,—having been already gone over in these pages,

the reader is at once transported to a new scene in Norway.

21st *July*. From Strömstadt in Sweden crossed the mouth of the Christiania Fiord in nine hours to

Fredericksværn. In the month of June ten thousand lobsters had already been sent to London. Here the beautiful scenery of the north first presents itself. The coast is far more mountainous than that of Sweden; every hill covered with fir-trees, and water-falls ever meeting the view. The scenery about Langesund is strikingly picturesque, as is the whole road as far as

Porsgrund. From thence through *Skien* to

Fossum, where we first saw the singular dress of the Tellemark peasantry. Staid two days, and on

26*th July* reached *Kongsberg*. Thence to

CHRISTIANIA—and found our way, on

30*th July*, to the outlet of the Miösen Lake, where it assumes the name of Glommen. At length reached a small inn, called

Frendberget, where we were obliged to leave our carriage, it being utterly impossible to continue our journey but in the little cars of the country. Next day we made our first trial in them, and truly ridiculous it was. They are drawn by one horse, are without springs—in fact, six planks put upon two wheels; and so little could we accustom ourselves to the constant jolting, that we were at every instant obliged to stop, from our baggage or ourselves tumbling out. We again crossed the Miösen Lake, and arrived at a small inn, called

Vardal Hund. A cross-road from thence led us into the main post-road from Christiania to Bergen at a small farm called *Rodnæs*. We could now just distinguish in the distance the snow mountains, called the Weede Fellen. Travelled

through a most beautiful valley, "the Valdersdal," the hills on either side bending with the weight of the dark pine-forests, by the side of a lake formed by the numerous torrents of the neighbouring mountains.

2*d August*. Came to *Haavi*. Visited a peasant's cottage, —inns of the same description. Four rooms: one is kitchen and sleeping-place for men, women, pigs, &c., and one for travellers, with sheep-skin beds. For obvious reasons, we preferred the floor or hayloft. Mountains no longer green; naked, except where covered with the juniper or stunted willow; their height forbidding all other vegetation.

4*th*. Reached *Skongstad*, thirty-three Swedish miles from Christiania. As yet had seen no signs of a village all the way from the capital, and were disappointed in our expectation of finding one here; one wretched cottage was all we saw. But hearing there was good sport and fishing, we slept in the hay, and in the morning started on a sporting excursion. A failure. We only killed three ptarmigan and a few golden plovers. Luckily our servant had provided bread and butter, else we must have fared on cheese. Milk there was none, though usually abundant. The cows had all been sent off to pasture, the people establishing themselves along with them in temporary sheds.

Nyestuen. Ever as we climbed up another mountain's side, another mountain and another lake met our view. The road steep, but good; divided into small portions, with the distance inscribed which each farmer must keep in repair.

Our road out of the snow hills was very beautiful, and being on a steep descent, on the

7*th August*, we reached *Leirdalsoren*. We could have supposed ourselves among Fins or Lapps. The village looks miserable, but we found a really good inn. Four hundred Norwegian riflemen quartered here. They were perfect in

their exercise, but little attention is paid to their military costume. Some had trowsers, others breeches, with stockings of every colour. After dinner the officers proposed a "Scotch reel" to the soldiers. This truly surprised us. That even the title of a Scotch reel should ever have reached this corner! My dear Scotch fellow-travellers would not, however, allow that it had any resemblance to their national dance. A Norwegian dance was afterwards proposed. It was by no means graceful, the man continually turning round his partner, to the tune of a fiddle with two strings. They next displayed their agility in what was also termed a dance: a long pole was held up by the two tallest men as high as they could reach, and the dancers then jumped, turned themselves in the air, and knocked it out of their hands with their feet. Next morning we embarked on the lake, and, after a row of forty miles, found a good inn at

Vossevangen. Our next station was

Evangen, forty-four miles on. Hence to

Bolstadören; and, after carrying our luggage half a mile, crossing, for the third time, a lake about twenty miles long, arrived on 12th August, at

Bergen. Situation similar to that of Christiania.

Decided on returning to *Leirdalsoren* by water, as this was the only way of varying the journey, there being no sort of communication between Bergen and Trondjem, on account of the mountains, which are impassable;* and although we had to put up with some trifling adventures, we did not repent of our decision.

14*th August.* Rain pouring in torrents as we embarked, but too late for hesitation. Made twenty-four miles tolerably well; but the wind began to blow so strongly that we were obliged to shelter in a most miserable hut, the "Skys"

* See Barrow's Northern Summer.

or post-station. Our men would not proceed till we had all promised to help at the oars. Had time to kill some wild geese and Eider duck. Rowed upwards of seventy miles more, when we were again brought to by heavy weather. At first we thought the boatmen were tired, on their refusing to pull on; but when we all took the oars we were persuaded of the truth: we were twice literally driven back. We had already made a blazing fire on the shore, eat our dinner, laid in a stock of wood for the night, killed our first black game, and were in pursuit of more, when we were hailed by the sailors, announcing better weather—*good* weather I cannot say; but such as it was away we went, half-regretting our blazing fire. After a pull of four hours, we were first able to put up our oars, and threw ourselves to sleep at the stern of the boat. At three in the morning we reached

Leirdalsoren. From thence reached our old quarters at *Nyestuen,* having walked over the hills on a shooting excursion.

We now struck off for *Reien,* and on 19th August arrived at *Vardal Hund,* having made one hundred and seventeen miles the last day in the very worst of cars. Had any one before my departure told me that I should make even twenty miles in such a vehicle, I should have discredited him: we had already made near five hundred and twenty.

Crossed the lake at Hov; entered our old cars, and rejoined our carriage at

Frendberget. 20th August, started for Trondjem, resuming our old route along the Miösen lake, and it was not till we reached

Lillehammer that we saw its source. The Uta river is of a clouded green colour, caused by its rising among the snow-hills. Entered the high ground at

Ovre Losnaes, and slept there after our first day's journey.

21*st August*. Passed on to *Tromsöe Bröv*, which has been so much admired, and is so beautifully described by Dr. Clarke; but the fall is not large enough. A little beyond Breiden saw

Sinclair's Tomb, where 1,400 Scotch fell. The beautiful fall of the Uta struck me more than the famed one last named. The hills through the Guldsbrandsdal leave a narow cultivated valley; but the road, which we travelled at Lerdal, is hewn out of solid rock. Came late to

Largaard, yet went on to

Tofte, with the farmers walking before to show us the way. The inn is extremely good; but the difficulty of access to it cancels its merits of cleanliness and comfort: it lies half a mile from the road, without even a path to it. We arrived wretched with rain. The quantity of bears' and wolves' skins seen here and every where, are sufficient indication of the abundance of these animals.

22*d August*. Had thoughts of going to Schneehattan; but the snow and mist deterred us. Our route still lay over the Dovre-field. Were obliged to walk; five horses to the carriage for five stages. The falls into the Driv are so numerous that we did not inquire the names of half. At

Ofue the chain decidedly terminates. The country becomes more wooded and level. The forests of the spruce fir seem interminable, till suddenly interrupted by a rich cultivated valley, into which one appears to be on the eve of falling. Slept at

Sognedal. Hence we pursued the river Gouva, till the road, gradually sloping towards the sea, brought us to

TRONDJEM, on 24th August.

Left it on 29th August in search of the Laplanders. Our direction lay almost due north. Eider ducks in large flocks on fiords, before coming to

Levanger. Sameness of the region varied by the valley of *Ostendal;* soon after which the road branches to N.E. towards the Swedish frontier, which is marked merely by a heap of stones. The scenery, though very beautiful, is very like that we had already seen. Here met a shepherd boy driving home his sheep, with a long pipe on one shoulder and his gun on the other. We tried to blow this formidable pipe (five feet long), but could not. The 31st brought us to

Skattestugan, and being now in the neighbourhood of the Lapps, we determined to start next morning in pursuit of the wanderers.

1*st September.* Mounted our horses and rode twenty miles over the dreary desert, when we first espied some rein-deer. This convinced us that our friends could not be far off; and we soon distinguished the smoke from the huts of

THE LAPLANDERS, three miles distant. There were altogether about thirty persons, with three or four hundred rein-deer, and three or four huts. Their men were mostly absent. Were all *extremely* diminutive, with Tartar countenances—high cheek-bones. A few who had frequented the fairs at Levanger spoke Norske tolerably well. Told us on our arrival that IT WAS SUNDAY, AND THEY COULD DO NO WORK. I must own that this made a deep impression on me. Found the younger part of them employed in milking the deer. Their huts and manner of living are much like those of our gipsies; but in no other respect do they bear the slightest comparison. They have a peculiar fancy for gaudy colours, with which they had worked their caps and gowns. Some wore rein-deer skins; some, cloth bought at the fair; with a girdle containing their needles, scissars, and thread, hanging at their sides. We brought away some skins and horns, but nothing could prevail upon them to part with

their little brass ornaments. Late in the evening one of the old Lapps paid us a visit, bringing with him a fine rein-deer which he had refused to kill in the morning, as we supposed, because it was Sunday.

2*d September*. So thickly had the snow fallen over night, that we could scarcely distinguish the trees at a short distance. Our little inn presented a novel scene, with the old Lapp, his slain rein-deer, and all his family, who said they had come to see our carriage: the hope of getting brandy may have been no little inducement. We gave them some small presents of silk; and set off across the dreary moors in a thick snow storm.

We traversed *Jemtland*, skirted *Swedish Lapland*, passed Ostersund, and on the

6th September reached *Sundsvall*. The whole of this tract presents one immense forest, occasionally intersected by large and numerous lakes: the latter part differs from the former only by some slight symptoms of cultivation on the road-side.—Took the route by

Upsala, and reached

STOCKHOLM on the 14th September.

No. II.

A SPORTSMAN'S NOTES OF HIS TOURS IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN; AND ADVICE TO BROTHER SPORTSMEN.

Game in the South of Norway—On the Shores of the Gulf of Bothnia—At Torneo—Journey and Sport in Lapland—And at the North Cape—Advice to Sportsmen on Food—Carriage—Bugs—Mosquitoes, &c.—A Second Tour in the Norwegian Alps.

So many now visit the north of Europe for the purposes of sport, that we deem ourselves fortunate in being able to introduce the following lively notes descriptive of two different sporting excursions through Norway and Sweden, extending, on one occasion, at least, as far as the North Cape. The advice here given will be of essential value to the sportsman; but the notes will also be found interesting to the general reader. The rank and experience of the writer entitle him to be classed among the very highest authorities.

"*May* 18—. Landed from a merchant-vessel at *Mandal*, in the south of Norway. Found plenty of black game; and am persuaded, that in the right season (August), ten or fifteen brace a-day may be killed with ease. A good many woodcocks among the stunted oaks. I have so good an opinion of that part of the country, that I intend to attack it again.—Went to *Christiania*, and thence to *Stockholm*.—Delayed by the loss of a passport at Magnor *en route*. There I first killed a cock-of-the-wood, not half a

mile from the post-house, and had otherwise good sport in the neighbourhood for ten days. The rest of the route is also a good sporting one, but I had not time to beat it. From Stockholm traversed nearly 800 miles up the country to

Torneo, at the northern extremity of the Bothnian Gulf. Through all this immense line the roads are excellent, and the post-houses quite good enough for a man in health. The scenery is very beautiful. The rivers are full of trout and grayling, and a species of white salmon; on all of them ducks and teal are found abundantly. That most beautiful of the grouse tribe, the Teazel grouse (*Tetrao Bonasia*) is found in considerable numbers: it is killed with the help of a decoy, and is sent frozen on sledges to Stockholm and St. Petersburg.

The whole district from Stockholm to Torneo is one unbroken forest of pines. We travelled against time in order to enter Lapland before the breaking up of the frost, which renders that country impassable; but whenever we were delayed for horses we killed wildfowl in abundance, and a great many dotterel, ruffs, and reeves, and birds of the class of waders. I should judge the fishing to be excellent by the general report of the peasants, and the ease with which they procured fish, with the worst tackle in the world. On approaching Torneo, the quantity of wildfowl was enormous. Every kind of aquatic bird might be seen passing northward to breed—cranes, swans, and three sorts of geese.

I spent several days at *Torneo*, making preparations for the journey across Lapland, and had beautiful shooting at the mouth of the Torneo, particularly at teal and golden eyes. At *Torneo* all travelling in carriages ceases: from that place to

Muio[illegible]aska, and
K[illegible]tskeme, and the
North Cape, a distance of six hundred miles, we travelled sometimes in boats, but generally on foot, while our luggage was carried by rein-deer. The shooting the whole way is *very first-rate*. I was exempted from carrying any baggage on the terms of provisioning the party; and I had never any difficulty in killing game enough for the whole party, consisting of an English servant, a Norwegian, a Swede, and seven Laplanders, who, with their rein-deer, carried the heavy luggage, such as ammunition, cooking apparatus, and a tent.

Ducks of every kind, ptarmigan, and many sorts of snipe, were daily seen. Bears' *tracks* were visible every where, but the animal itself we never met with. White hares are tolerably numerous. I resided two months on an
Island near the North Cape. The fishing was good, but I soon killed all the game.

At the *Grand Fall of Trollhättan*, the sportsman will find excellent quarters; *viz*. good duck-shooting, and brilliant perch and trout fishing. I am not an artist in that way, but from what I *do* know, it appears to me that the night-fly and the May-fly succeed well; and I believe any gaudy fly will do for the salmon. I used to kill eight or ten couple of wild-fowl every day, and a great many snipes.

As to FOOD, I purveyed one hundred and twenty pounds of beef in London, and had it stewed by the man-cook at Mivart's into a strong jelly, which I had poured into the *windpipe of oxen* (to be had in any shambles). It became quite hard, and never turned mouldy. About an inch of it put into a *conjuror* (which is an indispensable piece of furniture), with a ptarmigan or two, or a duck, made as fine a dish as you could get at Véry's, particularly with the addi-

tion of sorrel, the first plant that shows itself when the wind has cleared the ground of snow.

A few pounds of French chocolate are of the greatest use. In Norway and Sweden milk may be had every where; and in Lapland rein-deer milk. A little rice is a good thing; it packs close. In every Swedish town a capital travelling biscuit is sold—the best sort of bread they make.

The best WAY OF GOING to the Swedish peninsula (unless by steam) is from Harwich to Gottenburg by the regular packets, the fastest vessels I have ever been in.

The best MODE OF TRAVELLING is to take a small and strong English phaeton, with stout plain harness for very small horses. The collars should *open at the top*, which makes them fit horses of every size and shape. There should be a seat behind for one servant and the peasant to whom the horses belong; for a very small sum the latter will run all the way.

Independent of the light phaeton, it is an excellent plan to buy in the country a small open waggon: three horses will draw this at the same pace as the phaeton. It will carry all the luggage, the dogs, and the native servant, who will drive it right well.

One of the most useful auxiliaries is a good water-dog, who will hunt the bogs and bring the birds. A pair of Cambridgeshire fen boots, waterproof—a cloak, waterproof, and trowsers *ditto*, are no bad things, where it is necessary to have much boat work, or to throw a fly into deep water. A *knapsack* I found of use.

With regard to BUGS, they are to be met with, as well as the insufferable brute the MOSQUITO. But I found a strong decoction of colocynth or bitter apple a good remedy, or rather preventive of their attacks. The mosquitoes used to sting me in the wrists, and occasion bad painful wounds: I

shall send you a pair of gloves which I had made to wear in the woods, where these insects abound. The bite of the mosquito is best alleviated by causing the blood to flow with the point of a lancet. There is no other annoyance of that kind: I do not believe Dr. Clarke and his *Furia infernalis*, which bit Linnæus and himself.

SECOND SPORTING EXCURSION.

The second time I went across I landed at

Gottenburg. Had good sport here at duck and snipe. From thence to

Swinsund (to my taste the most beautiful place in the North), where I got fair sport at ducks. From thence to

Christiania, and then to

Trarijia, the ancient capital of Norway. Next went to

Roraäs, the celebrated copper mine; and thence to

Schneehattan. Stayed a long time in this neighbourhood, at a place called

Jerkind, in the Dovrefield, and had wonderfully good sport every day at ptarmigan of both sorts, and the long-tailed duck. From Jerkind went to the summit of Schneehattan, a long day and night's work, but well worth the while. Somewhere here killed a few capercaillie and some black game.

I am quite ashamed that my love for every thing connected with Norway and Sweden should have led me to fill so many pages. Such recollections, however, have often of late cheered the dreary hours of sickness; and on this score I hope to be forgiven. Nothing can be more exhilarating than a tour in

these countries, and nothing more conducive to health. The dreadful illness which I had in the wildest part of the Norwegian Alps originated wholly in my own over-confidence in the strength of my constitution and the mad practice of sleeping in the open air, night after night, in cold and damp situations, after a hard day's shooting. A bivouac should be preceded by better fare than I tried to procure.

THE END.

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